THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

5cts

MAY 30, 1914

Beginning **THE FAKERS**—By Samuel G. Blythe

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
Gold MEDAL
FLOUR

Eventually

We take the rich, creamy, wholesome part of the wheat for Gold Medal Flour. It is highly nourishing. The growing child thrives on bread made from—

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

AT ALL GROCERS

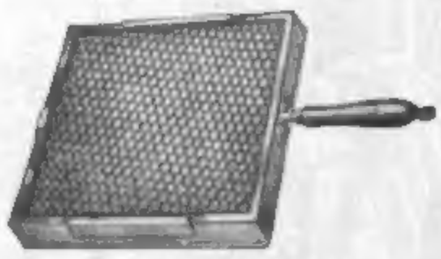
New Perfection No. 3
Three burners, cabinet top, with towel racks and drop shelves. New Perfection glass door ovens for all sizes.

SOCONY
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

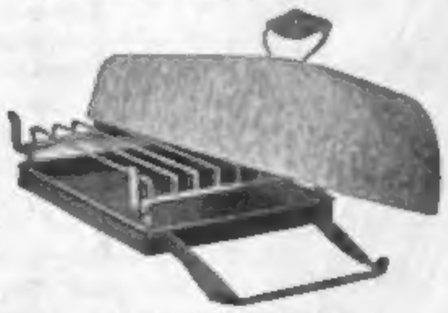
New Perfection No. 2
Two burners, cabinet top, with drop shelves and towel racks. For cottages and small kitchens.

What the Standard Oil Company of New York Offers to Housekeepers

Emancipation from overheated kitchen drudgery in hot weather



New Perfection Toaster
Specially designed for use on New Perfection Oil Cook-stoves.



New Perfection Broiler
Broils the meat on both sides at once, thus retaining all of the juice.

UP to within a few years ago, the housekeeper was obliged to do all her cooking over either a wood or a coal stove. There was much discomfort incidental to the unnecessary, excessive heat generated beyond what was required to do the actual cooking. The greater portion of the heat was wasted in overheating the kitchen.

Today it is unnecessary for any housekeeper to work in an overheated kitchen, for the Standard Oil Company of New York, in the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-stove, has developed to a science the preparation of food in comfort. This stove has now reached a point from which it seems as if further advance must be limited to the refinement of present construction. The grand object—the perfect and complete combustion of the oil, has been attained. The intense heat produced by this perfect combustion is applied to the work in hand in the most efficient and economical manner.

Kerosene is an ideal fuel. It is low-priced; it is efficient; it is everywhere available. It is a liquid fuel, easy to handle and to store. It is safe. It is entirely consumed in burning and leaves no ashes.

The New Perfection oil cook-stove is not new. It has been on the market a number of years, and hundreds of thousands of them are giving satisfaction and promoting comfort in as many homes in this country and abroad.

The New Perfection stove is wonderfully capable. It roasts, toasts, bakes, broils, and will do anything that any other range will do. The stove is clean and requires little attention. There are no fires to kindle. No fuel is wasted. A working flame is obtained from the moment of lighting and it is instantly extinguished when its work is done.

The New Perfection stove comes in 1- 2- 3- and 4-burner sizes, the very latest production being the No. 5 range with fireless cooking oven. It can be used for fast and slow cooking, or for fireless cooking by sealing the oven. The No. 5 is sold complete with oven, broiler and toaster.

New Perfection cook-stoves are made to sell at prices within the reach of everyone. They are handsomely finished and have blue vitreous enameled chimneys, cabinet top, drop-shelves, towel racks and oil indicator on the font. A valuable cook book is given free with every stove. Wherever they go they make friends.

Hardware dealers and general stores everywhere sell the New Perfection stoves. Ask your dealer to show them to you, or write us.

New Perfection No. 61
A handy one-burner stove for camps and wherever a small portable stove is required.

New Perfection Cooker No. 6
Oven and Fireless cooker. Designed to fit where a large stove is not required. Fireless oven exactly the same dimensions as in the No. 5 range.

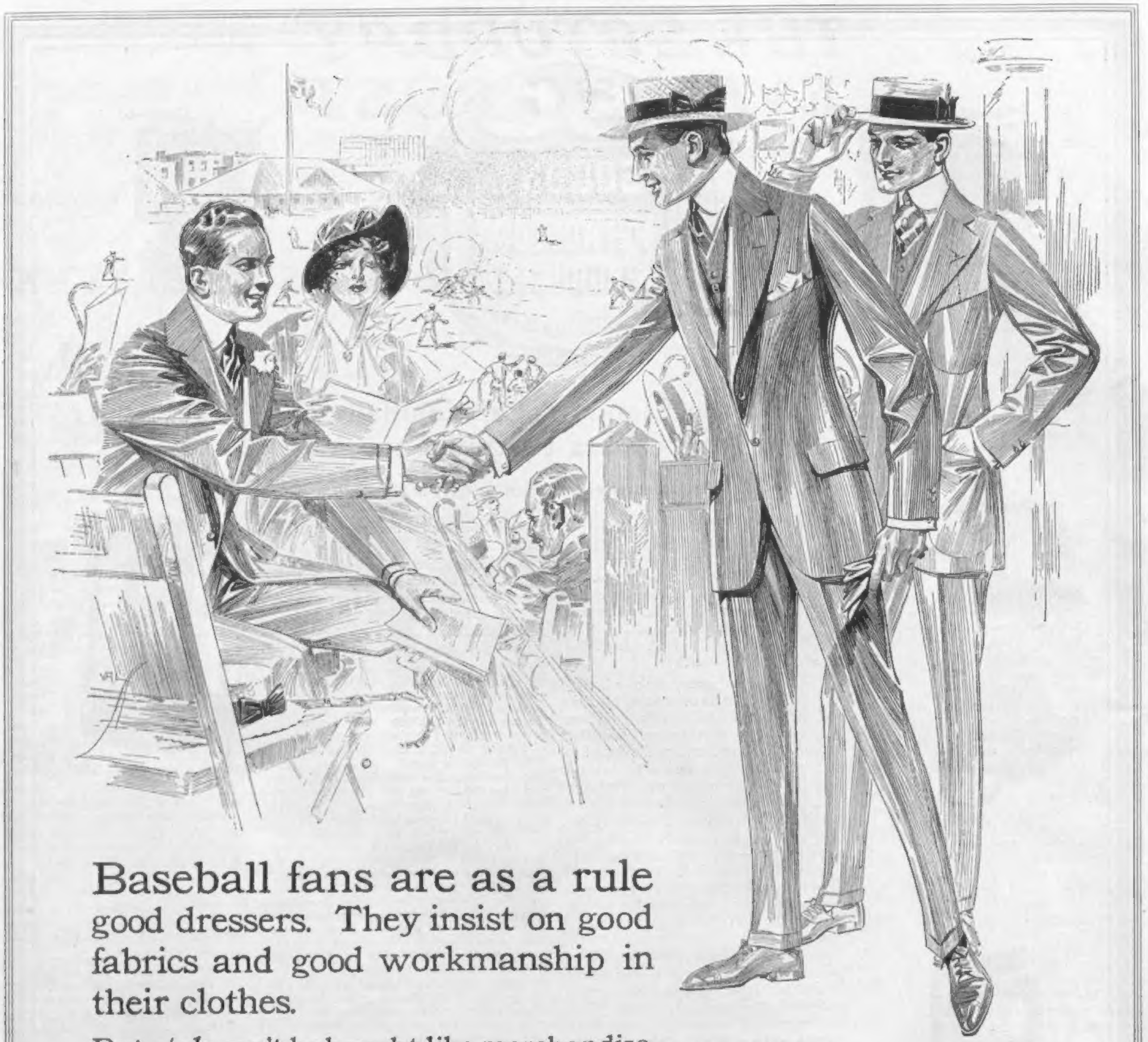
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK
56 New Street *"Perfection" Department* **New York City**

New Perfection Range No. 5
With Fireless Cooking Oven. Complete with broiler, toaster, and sad-iron heater.

The Perfection Heater
This handy portable heater furnishes warmth and comfort to any part of the home; clean, durable and economical.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove



Baseball fans are as a rule good dressers. They insist on good fabrics and good workmanship in their clothes.

But *style* can't be bought like merchandise.

Any maker willing to pay the prices that we do might secure the same rich, all-wool fabrics; might even equal our hand-tailoring.

But when you buy Society Brand Clothes, you get in addition to these things a style that expresses a master-designer's skill—a skill that can be termed nothing less than genius.

You will find it in the drape of the lapel, in the smart swing of the coat, in the supple, graceful lines of the entire figure. The whole effect is decidedly refreshing.

These clothes are a notable departure from the ordinary. Yet they cost you no more. See them at your local Society Brand Clothier. You'll find your clothes-ideals realized at last.

Society Brand Clothes

Made in Chicago by

Alfred Decker & Cohn

MADE FOR CANADIAN TRADE IN MONTREAL BY SAMUEL HART & CO.

FASHION PANELS SHOWING CORRECT STYLES MAILED FREE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1914* *Number 48*

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SENATOR William H. Paxton, universally known as the Old Fox of the Senate, had been to the White House that morning, had wheedled the president into promising an important appointment to a man from the Paxton organization, and was well pleased with himself as he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol. His hat was cocked a bit to one side, he swung his cane jauntily, and he blew little clouds of smoke into the sunshine from the cigar that tilted upward from one corner of his mouth. He smiled genially at the passers-by, and added a bow to his smile whenever any person he met displayed the slightest sign of recognition, which was frequently, for Paxton was serving his twentieth year in Congress and was a familiar figure on the streets of Washington.

The senator was not only pleased with himself, but pleased with the politics he had played, with the president who had helped him play it, with his party, his prospects and his power. Several of his colleagues had candidates for the place Paxton had secured for his own man, and the fight had been lively and at times acrimonious. By a judicious scheme of elimination and some cleverly disposed charges against the others he had brought his own candidate into a front position, and, choosing this particular morning as the psychological time, had descended on the president, persuaded him that the matter should be settled, that the only safe way to settle it was to appoint the Paxton applicant, and had won. He contemplated with serene satisfaction the meetings he would have with the senators who had lost, and framed the speeches of joking condolence he would make to them.

"Hicks, You are Too Good to be Wasting Yourself Here as an Assistant Secretary"

As he passed the corner of Sixth Street he heard the clatter and clang of an ambulance behind him. He turned. The wagons and carriages on the broad avenue slowed down, and in common with all those on the sidewalk the senator stepped out to the edge of the asphalt to watch the ambulance go by and to wonder what unfortunate was in it or waiting for it and the young doctor who sat behind. Apparently the case was an urgent one, for the driver was leaning forward and the clamor of the warning gong was incessant. The ambulance was halfway down the block between Seventh and Sixth streets when the senator reached the curb and joined the people who fringed it, staring at the approaching conveyance with that mixture of curiosity and terror the progress of an ambulance always excites.

Paxton, a masterful man, had taken a sort of a supervisory mental control of the situation. He saw a little boy, whose mother had forgotten him in her interest in the progress of the ambulance, start across the street, dodging between two wagons. The man driving the ambulance did not see the child, for he made no attempt to stop his horses or to turn them.

"Look out, kid!" shouted a man on the curb. "Look out or you'll be run over!"

The mother screamed. The boy ran ahead, laughing at his escape from restraint. The ambulance came swiftly, the gong beating a strident tattoo.

The mother screamed again. Then Paxton, pushing ahead of half a dozen men who started forward, stepped quickly out on the pavement, scooped up the boy and, holding him in his arms, carried him back to the curb and gave him to his mother. He received her profuse and tearful thanks graciously, bowed, expressed his polite pleasure over what he called a slight service and resumed his walk to the Capitol.

"That's Senator Paxton," said one man in the crowd. "The Old Fox."

Everybody was interested. "Senator Paxton," the onlookers said one to another; "Old Fox Paxton." And as Paxton passed out of view the bystanders spoke of him in intimate terms, as if they all knew him well, after the manner of Washington people.

It was halfpast ten o'clock when Paxton reached his committee room. T. Marmaduke Hicks, his assistant secretary, was in the outer office opening letters and sorting the communications into piles.

"Morning, Tommie," greeted the senator. "Much grief in the mail this morning?"

"About the usual amount," Hicks answered, "with one particularly pitiful wail from Primston because you don't land that job for him."

"Fixed it today. Wire Primston to come on. Bring in the letters I need to see in about fifteen minutes. I want to look at the paper first."

Paxton walked into the private office and closed the door. Hicks slit another envelope with his opener, opened it dexterously, took out the letter that was within, glanced at it and tossed it on one of his piles. Then the telephone on his desk rang.

"Hello," he said, as he put the receiver to his ear. "Yes, this is Senator Paxton's committee room. . . . Who's talking, please? . . . Oh, the Evening Dispatch. . . . What's that? . . . Somebody telephoned in the senator rescued a child from death this morning? . . . Hadn't heard of it. . . . No, the senator isn't here yet—expect him any minute. . . . Sure, tell him to come down, we'll be glad to see him."

Hicks hung up the receiver and whistled. "What do you know about that?" he asked himself, and knocked on the door of the private office.

"What is it?" asked Paxton as Hicks entered.

"The Evening Dispatch just called up and said they hear you rescued a child from death on the Avenue this morning."

Paxton laughed.

"Bosh!" he said. "Where did they get that yarn?"

"But didn't you?" asked Hicks, his disappointment showing in his voice.

"No, I didn't rescue a child from death, or anything like it. I'm no hero dashing into the street at the peril of my own life to snatch a babbling, prattling, golden-haired infant from beneath the pounding hoofs of wildly galloping horses. What I did do was to proceed in a decorous and elderly manner across the asphalt at Sixth Street, pick up a little boy who had strayed out there in the way of an ambulance and restore him to his mother. It was no heroic or thrilling rescue. It was simply a precautionary measure, for the ambulance would have stopped anyhow, and that's all there is to it."

"But a Dispatch reporter is coming to see about it. What'll I say?"

"Tell him just what I have told you, and ask him to forget it," and the senator resumed the reading of his paper.

Hicks returned to his desk much grieved. He sensed a story. Hicks liked stories. He realized the advantages of publicity. He had planned to depict the rescue to the reporter with many exciting details and great declamatory effect. He felt the senator was overlooking an opportunity.

The reporter came. Hicks knew him well—Garson, the man who covered the Senate end of the Capitol for the Dispatch.

"Senator in?" asked Garson.

"No," Hicks replied. "He was here, but had to go to a committee meeting."

"Our people telephoned up to me they have a story that the senator rescued a kid from death down on the Avenue this morning. Heard anything of it?"

"Yes," said Hicks; "he told me about it. Good story too."

"Well, they've got the yarn and they want me to verify it. Can't get a statement from the old man, can I?"

"He isn't here," repeated Hicks; "but it's true. What have you got on it?"

"Oh," said Garson casually, "I don't know the details. All they told me was that the old man was coming along the Avenue simultaneously with an ambulance that some fool of a driver was pushing past the speed limit to pick up a souse or something that one of the intelligent first-aid corps had diagnosed as a fractured skull. A kid ran in front of the horses, and Paxton chased out and grabbed the kid just in time to save it from being run down, and restored it to its distracted mother, as our story will undoubtedly say."

As Garson talked, Hicks fashioned the incident into narrative form, aided by an active and useful imagination.

"That's right," he said, "those are about the main points. The ambulance was coming to beat the band, and the driver didn't see the kid. It was only a little bit of a boy, just able to toddle along, and there wasn't a chance. Everybody was paralyzed with fear—that is, everybody except the senator. He dashed out, plucked the golden-haired child from beneath the pounding hoofs of the wildly galloping horses"—Hicks had seized on the senator's irony—"and jumped aside just in time to escape death or severe injury himself and to save the child from being awfully mangled on the pavement. The senator carried the child back to the curb and gave him—I guess it was a him—to the hysterical mother and resumed his walk to the Capitol, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the witnesses of the heroic deed."

"Say," commented Garson, "you talk like a man in a best-seller. Back up! What's the kid's name?"

"He didn't stop to inquire."

"But it's straight goods, is it?"

"Sure, and it's a good story. It isn't every day a senator as well known as Senator Paxton pulls a thing like that."

"All right," said Garson. "Let me use your phone, will you? They want it in a hurry for a flash in the noon edition."

Whereupon Garson called his office and verified the thrilling rescue, unconsciously repeating some of the phrases used by Hicks.

"Tell them to put some feathers on it," whispered Hicks.

"Oh," said Garson as he hung up the receiver, "they'll do that all right. There isn't anything else in sight for a flash."

Hicks waited impatiently for the noon edition of the Dispatch, which went on the streets at a quarter to twelve. He was highly gratified to find a large black heading across the entire top of the front page, reading: "Senator Paxton Rescues Child From Horrible Death," and a much-paragraphed story beneath reciting, in the most vivid language at the command of one of the desk men on the Dispatch, the circumstantial story of the rescue, wherein the principal figures were the famous senator, who was "heroic" in every other line, the weeping mother, who was "distracted" as frequently, and the child, who was a "prattling, sunny-haired babe" proceeding laughingly to his inevitable and frightful doom had not the heroic senator been on the spot and quick to act. There was a four-column picture of the senator, hurriedly taken from the cut rack, and the smaller headlines screamed of heroism and courage and bravery and modest deprecation on the senator's part.

"If that ain't a peach I don't want a cent," commented Hicks. When the second edition came up Hicks was sorry to observe the seven-column head had been dropped, the leads taken out of the article and the picture of the senator reduced to two columns in width; but an artist had drawn a decoration to go with the picture of the senator—a bold freehand sketch of that agile statesman reaching beneath the upraised hoofs of two infuriated horses and taking therefrom a child that looked up with joyful trustfulness into his steel-blue eyes.

He was a little uneasy, however, for Paxton, though not averse to publicity, was particular as to its character, and he awaited the senator's coming with some apprehension. Soon after three o'clock Paxton stormed in with a copy of the Dispatch in his hand.

"Hicks," he shouted, "what sort of rot is this?"

"What do you mean, senator?" asked Hicks innocently.

"This—this hysterical balderdash about me being a hero."

"Oh, you mean that story in the Dispatch?"

"Yes, I mean that story in the Dispatch! I thought I told you to stop it."

"How could I stop it?" protested Hicks. "They had it. I didn't give it to them. What's the matter with it? Isn't it a good story?"

Paxton laughed. "Good story," he repeated. "I should say it is a good story. It's so good that forty senators have already advised me to apply for a hero medal and have offered to testify to my general heroism, and I won't hear the last of it for weeks."

"But," insisted Hicks, "I don't see how it will do you any harm, and it may help you a lot out home."

Paxton looked curiously at Hicks. He crumpled the paper and threw it on the floor. Then he laughed again.

"Hicks," he said, "you didn't try to stop it, now did you?"

"No, sir; it was true and I couldn't see any harm in it. It's fine publicity."

"In fact," continued Paxton, "you rather pushed it along."

"Well," confessed Hicks, "I may have added a thrilling detail here and there."

"Thinking, no doubt, that you are working for an actor instead of a senator, or that I do a high dive in a circus and need attention from the press?"

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, "not at all. It occurred to me that it would be a shame to waste the incident, especially as there can be no political comeback, and I let it go. I would be glad to have a story like that printed about me."

Hicks Found the Study of Coke and Littleton and Kent a Tedious Business

"I am sure you would; I am sure you would," said Paxton, and he sat down, lighted a cigar and looked at Hicks for a long time, watching that young man as he worked busily at his typewriter.

"Hicks," said Paxton finally, "you are too good to be wasting yourself here as an assistant secretary."

"That's what I think," assented Hicks, turning quickly from his desk and facing Paxton expectantly.

Paxton smiled. "I am glad my views on the subject coincide with yours," he said.

"Well?" prompted Hicks after a moment's silence.

"Oh, nothing," Paxton replied as he rose to go into his private office. He stopped at the door. "I'll study it over," he said. "I have an experiment in mind I think I can work out with you."

II

TOMMIE HICKS changed his name and style of appellation from Tommie to T. Marmaduke in his senior year at high school in Salestown, a county seat in Senator Paxton's state, where Tommie was born and lived until he came to Washington. To be sure, nobody in Salestown took the change seriously and all his boyhood friends continued to call him Tom and Tommie, but in Washington he used T. Marmaduke for himself and found it was accepted without question. They are familiar with such things in Washington.

He was a delight to Senator Paxton, who saw in him undeveloped traits of demagogism that he was sure, with proper cultivation and conservation, would enable Hicks to gain a success in politics. Paxton hated demagogism but he enjoyed demagogues. He made friends with the fakers who came to Congress—and there were many of them—and took a huge pleasure in urging them to greater efforts for the relief of the common people and all the quackery that goes with the professional propaganda of that sort. It was a pastime with him, not dangerous, for at the time the Republican organization was so firmly in power in the Congress and in the nation that even the astute Paxton could see nothing ahead but years of uninterrupted rule for the conservative organization of which he was one of the leaders. Paxton had great private contempt for the people as a mass, holding that they allowed themselves to be fooled so easily that they deserved nothing more than they allowed themselves to get, and using as examples and proofs for his arguments various political charlatans who attained and held political place entirely by their charlatanism.

Hicks was a type. Even as a small boy he liked to be conspicuous and aspired to lead, and was indifferent as to the methods he used to gain his ends so long as he succeeded. He invariably proclaimed himself the leader in every boyish enterprise, and often had force enough to hold himself at the front. He never went to a party without resorting to little expedients to make himself stand out from the other children at the gathering. At a picnic he was the boy who did the loudest shouting. He insisted on being the captain and pitcher at the ball games, and always had an excuse ready for his failure to pitch winning ball. If another boy swam farther than he did, Tommie, observing his defeat, immediately organized a cramp within himself and gasped with pain when he reached the shore. If another boy ran faster than he did, Tommie said his foot hurt. When he told his tales, with his companions not present, Tommie always caught the most fish, gathered the greatest number of hickory nuts, knew where most birds' nests were, and he never by any possibility acknowledged he was not entirely familiar with any topic of current boyish discussion.

A great egotist, he was not particularly offensive, even with all his proclaimed smartness, for he was good natured and affable. Moreover, he was smart. His mind was brighter than the minds of most of the other boys, and though he never did get the highest marks in his classes he always made the showiest recitals and never failed to take advantage of a situation that would lead to his own elevation in the classrooms of the school. He skimmed through everything he could skim through, claiming all there was in sight, but, if put to it, he often could and would make good his boasts. And he had a talent for publicity. Thomas Wentworth Hicks, his father, a judge of a local court, often looked at Tommie speculatively and wondered where he would come out. The father hesitated to guess. Tommie's sisters were awed by his showiness, as were most of the other girls of his age, and Tommie's mother shook her head over him and complained: "He's too smart."

Tommie continually thrust himself before his elders in the hope that he would get a few commendatory words. He listened to the conversations between his parents and the people who came to his father's house, storing in his retentive memory what they said, in order that he might show off later by repeating the wisdom of the comment to his boy companions and claim it for his own. He cultivated the big men of the village as much as he could, and hung about law offices and his father's court, trying to impress himself on the men who were there, and was supremely happy when some lawyer or merchant patted him on the shoulder and told him he was a "bright kid."

Tommie edged his way through high school along the lines of least resistance. He studied Latin and Greek because his father wanted him to, but he hated both languages. He was one of the first in his class to find out about the use of translations, and when they reached Cicero and The Anabasis, after he had somehow mastered the intricacies of the readers and prose composition and conjugations and declensions, and had a dim realization of verbs and their roots, he procured interlinear translations and often read from these books instead of from the text when called upon to translate in the class. His nerve carried him through. He found a book that contained the English equivalents for his composition work in these languages, and used that instead of studying; also, at examination times, he resorted to these translations and boldly copied the answers to his questions, regardless of the fact that the students were supposed to be on honor. He was prominent in the literary societies, having taken great pains to be elected to the oldest and strongest one, and he developed himself into a rather fastidious dresser, wearing better clothes than his companions, and being the first boy of those of his particular set who donned a cutaway coat.

He was rather fond of feminine society, largely because he could make more of a personal impression on the young ladies than he could on the boys, who probed into his superficiality farther than the girls did; and he never lost an opportunity to associate with men older than he was, nor did he fail to try to impress himself on them as their intellectual equal. There was a lecture course at the high school, and six or seven platform orators came each year to talk to the students. T. Marmaduke invariably sought out these lecturing stars and introduced himself to them. In his senior year he contrived to have himself elected manager of the course for that year, and he took great pains to meet the orators and always referred to them as his friends. No man of prominence came to the village who was not besieged by young Mr. Hicks, usually with a request for his autograph, and led into a conversation that would enable T. Marmaduke to say later, in some company where he could make an impression: "I was talking to my friend, Mr. White. He's a member of Congress, you know, and he said to me ——"

He showed an ability for florid oratory and, though he did not shine particularly in the debates of the literary society, he was much superior to most of his classmates

in declamation. He could string words together so they sounded well, and his perorations always were flowery and usually cribbed from his father's set of Notable Speeches and Debates. His graduation oration was highly commended. It discussed The Trend of the Times eloquently and learnedly, and Tommie stole most of it from a bound copy of the Congressional Record he found in the office of a young man friend of his who was studying law.

He wanted to go to college and had selected Harvard as the institution of learning on which he would confer his talents; but his father died soon after the younger Hicks graduated from high school, and college was out of the question. Some years before he had decided to become a lawyer. He felt he had a talent for the law. Also he was interested in politics, and he knew that most of the politics of the country—the showy part of it, at least—is in the hands of the lawyers. So he entered the office of Judge William Percival Smith, the lawyer of Salestown, to study law, and after the proper period of apprenticeship to take his examinations and be admitted to the bar.

T. Marmaduke Hicks, aged nineteen at the time he began the study of law, was a tall, good-looking youth who had taken earnest and frequent stock of his personal attributes. He wore his hair long, brushed it back straight from his forehead and affected gay ties and clothes of extreme cut. When trousers were baggy T. Marmaduke's were baggier than any of the baggy ones worn by his associates; and when trousers were tight T. Marmaduke's were the tightest in the village. He went to the city as often as he could, and was the first to appear in a straw hat with a brilliant ribbon on it. He denied himself some necessities to buy a pair of patent-leather shoes with pearl-colored tops, and he was the first young man in those parts to wear spats.

Hicks found the study of Coke and Littleton and Kent a tedious business. He much preferred the appearances he could make in the minor courts, and never failed to be at the courthouse when the various terms of court were in progress. He took his prerogative of sitting in the inclosure devoted to members of the bar with a grand air, and became acquainted with all the lawyers of the county and with those from other sections who came to try their cases there. He had a smattering of legal phrases which he used on every occasion. He spent little time at his desk. His father left some money, and T. Marmaduke lived at home with his mother, who thought him the most wonderful person in the world and supplied his financial needs as well as she could, fondly looking forward to the day when he should take his father's place at the local bar.

The presidential campaign of 1896 gave Hicks a further excuse for neglecting his law studies and an opportunity for mingling in politics. He loudly supported the gold standard, was vociferously for McKinley as against Bryan, organized the young men of his village into a first-voters' club although he was not yet a first voter himself, and wrote many letters to state and national headquarters telling of the good work he was doing "for the cause." He proudly exhibited the replies he received, and by dint of persistent effort and many letters managed to secure a brief communication from Mark Hanna himself, thanking him for the interest he was showing in the loyal endeavor to redeem the country from the Democracy, and, as Mr. Hanna's note had it, "saving us from the ruin and disaster that will inevitably arise if we adopt the heresy of free silver as preached by the enemies of the republic."

When there was a big speaker in the neighboring city he borrowed enough money from his mother to enable him to go to hear him, and he never came away without shaking hands with the orator and saying a few kind words for himself. He would loaf for hours about a hotel corridor awaiting a chance to edge up to a spellbinder and grasp him by the hand.

"Aw, come on, Tom," a companion said one day; "what's the use of sticking round here just to shake hands with that hot-air artist? He don't care anything about you."

"I know that," Hicks replied, "but I care something about him." And he waited.

The speaker, who was Senator Paxton, came down into the lobby. Hicks rushed over and extended his hand.

"I am Mr. Hicks, senator," he said—"Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown; and I want to shake you by the hand and tell you how much inspiration I get from your magnificent speeches."

The tired campaigner looked at this ardent young man curiously.

"Well, son," he said, "I'm glad you like 'em. What did you say your name is?"

"T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown."

"Glad you like 'em," repeated the senator. "Come and see me if you ever happen to be in Washington." And he moved away.

"There," exulted Hicks to his companion, "you see what that means. He asked me to come and see him in Washington. Like as not he'll get McKinley to give me a big place after election."

"Huh," scoffed the other, "I can see him giving you a place! What a nerve you'd have to ask him for one."

He Came to Dinner Ten Minutes Late, and Made an Impressive Entrance

Hicks looked at his friend compassionately. "Charley," he said, "maybe he won't give me a place, but you can bet your life it won't be because he won't have an opportunity."

"Do you mean you're going to ask Billy Paxton for a job?"

"Sure!" Hicks replied. "I'm doing a lot for McKinley and I know darn well that I won't get anything for it unless I do ask. Besides, he told me to come and see him."

"Told you to come and see him," mimicked his friend. "Why, I heard him tell that to forty other people."

"That may all be," assented Hicks genially; "but perhaps the other thirty-nine won't accept the invitation."

III

AFTER the election Hicks wrote another letter to Mark Hanna, recalling his own efforts in the campaign, but generously giving Mr. Hanna due credit. He received a short reply thanking him for his congratulations, a short letter signed with a facsimile signature done by a rubber stamp. Hicks carefully traced the rubber-stamp signature with a pen, giving it the appearance of an autograph signature, and showed the letter round Salestown as an evidence of his political acquaintance with Hanna. Also he wrote to Senator Paxton, congratulating him on his "noble efforts which had borne such glorious fruit" and saying therein that he contemplated an early visit to Washington, when he intended to call on the senator and congratulate him in person. The senator wrote that he always was glad to see his constituents, and Hicks carefully preserved that letter.

He had decided to go into politics, to get an office, to become a statesman. Judge William Percival Smith advised him to take up stenography and seek a secretarial position first, and Hicks thought that might be a good idea. He stopped loafing, abandoned his law books and applied himself to shorthand. He could work when he wanted to, and he spent hours over his stenography and practicing on a typewriter. By inauguration time he was fairly proficient at taking dictation and had a good speed on the machine.

"Mother," he said at the dinner table one day late in February, "I think I'll go down to see McKinley inaugurated and call on Senator Paxton."

"That will be nice," assented his adoring mother.

"Probably," continued Hicks, "I shall not come back."

"Won't come back? Why, Tommie, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I guess I'll take some place under this new administration. Mark Hanna and Billy Paxton will get me a good job. I have letters from both of them, you know."

"Mark Hanna!" gasped his mother. "Do you mean Mr. Mark Hanna?"

"Sure, Mark Hanna; old friend of mine; fine old chap too. He knows I did a lot of work for McKinley."

"What place will you take?" asked Mrs. Hicks, gazing at her son in frank admiration.

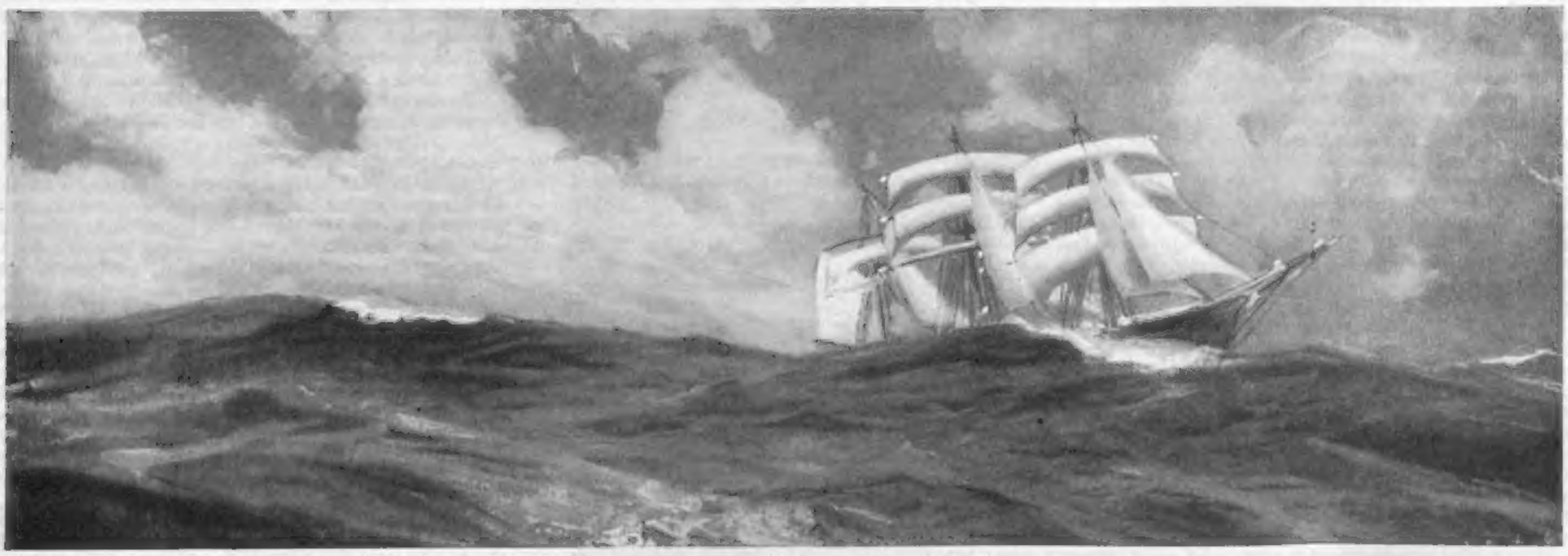
"Oh, it's too early to say about that. Something good."

"Don't you let them appoint you ambassador," warned Mrs. Hicks. "I couldn't allow you to go away off to a foreign country."

"Of course," responded Hicks, holding out his plate for another piece of pie, "if they insist on my taking an ambassadorship I suppose I would have to oblige. But," and he smiled across at his mother, "you needn't worry much about that, I guess. I'll pick out something, and put up such a fight they'll have to take care of me."

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SQUAREHEAD



For a Month the Polgrave Bucked the Westerlies

By William Brown Meloney

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

KRAGERÖ gasped in wonder when, as winter was setting in, Eric Sigurdsen returned to take away his widowed sister, Beala Svensen, and her little daughter, Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes. Life in the Norse fishing village paused in amazement just to behold him. Many a son of Kragerö had fared out of its fiord and gone down the Skager-Rack, but never had one come back like this.

It was hard to believe that this man of the world, with a diamond as large as a hazelnut on one of his ropelike fingers and another, its mate in size and refulgence, in his magenta satin scarf, was the tow-headed fisher boy who ten years before had gone away to sail on deep water. Kragerö saw nothing at which to smile in the ornateness of these gems—no incongruities; no bad taste in Eric Sigurdsen's apparel. It had no esthetic conscience to be upheaved by magenta satin ties and green plaid tweeds and yellow-topped shoes.

To the unsophisticated villagers these things were but the habiliments of the miracle that had happened; but what drew and held their imaginations above all his other belongings were a thick golden watch chain across his wide chest and, hanging midway on it, a nugget charm the size of a pigeon's egg. This chain and this nugget were symbols of the miracle. They were literally a part of the golden hoard he had wrested from the mountain breasts of California. That nugget was the first of his riches the earth had given him.

"As you see this nugget so I found it!" he loudly boasted to the oldtimers on the one night he spent with them in the inn of the Northern Light.

And for the most part they were old men, who awesomely passed the nugget and chain from seaworn hand to seaworn hand. The past three seasons had taken heavy toll of Kragerö. The youngest there was Olaf Greig; and, being the youngest, it was to him that the nugget and chain came last to heft and to admire; but without so much as a word he returned them to Sigurdsen and his silence went unnoticed, for the parting drink had been tapped and stood ready. Otherwise the fact that Greig had nothing to say would have occasioned no comment. This sea orphan was not one to talk. Since the great fleet disaster two years previously of which the lad was one of a handful of survivors, who owed their lives to him, he had come to be known as Olaf the Silent. It was this disaster that had widowed Beala Svensen.

"It's like one of the Edda tales—eh?" said Old Jon Thorsen a few minutes later, turning from closing the inn door on Sigurdsen and as he spoke slipping into his trousers pocket three goldpieces, which the miner had left in his knotted palm. A murmur of assent was answering him through the pipe-smoked atmosphere when his gaze picked up Olaf Greig in front of the hearth. "There!" he exclaimed, pointing at the lad. "Just as you see my smack partner now so I saw Eric Sigurdsen ten year ago! Standing that way at that very fireplace he was!"

All eyes centered on the boy at this. Olaf, his back toward the company, was staring down at the flames, lost in a study of their play. Against the yellow, leaping light his tall, sea-booted form stood out like the trunk of a young oak. Thorsen had to call him twice to bring round his curl-matted blond head.

"But Eric was never the makings of such a man when he was eighteen—never!" said the host of the Northern Light, beginning the distribution of a freshly filled set of mugs, an installment of Sigurdsen's largess. A chorus of indorsement answered this comment, for it was known of all there that no man or boy in Kragerö, or for miles up and down the coast, was Olaf Greig's equal in strength.

In this moment the lad became aware that he was the subject of discussion. He shifted uneasily, self-consciously returned, with something of defiance, the drink-fuddled gaze of those who stared at him, and then, jamming on a storm cap, made for the street.

"Going home," was the answer he gave to Thorsen's query as to whither he went. He did not drink and nobody sought to detain him, but he paused a second in the closing of the Northern Light's door. Jon Thorsen was speaking.

"It's like it is in the Scriptures," was what he said: "'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Eric Sigurdsen is one in a hundred thousand. Aye, one in a million!"

Sigurdsen had left behind him at the Northern Light the price of much drink, and so it was not until an early morning hour that Thorsen tacked homeward. A blur of light from the window of a shack by the waterside, which Olaf shared with him, was his leading beacon; but this morning his partner was not sitting up with a book. By a candle's spluttering gleam he was putting the finishing touches to the rigging of a model brig, a dainty thing to be held in the palm of one hand. And an hour later, while old Jon lay snoring, Olaf stood on the quayhead waving goodby to Hildigunn Svensen—Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes—where she stood between her uncle Eric and Beala, her mother, at the rail of the steamer that was carrying them away from Kragerö.

The model was in the girl's hands, but Olaf could not see that her tears were falling on it like rain; the distance was too great. Besides, there was a mist in his own eyes, which had come there when he had put the little brig in her clasp and she had reached up and kissed him full on his broad mouth. With the exception of his Tromsö mother, whom he could not remember, this girl of twelve was the first woman to touch her lips to his.

Eric Sigurdsen had spent but two days and three nights in Kragerö. There were some who said they would not believe he had been among them if it were not that Beala Svensen and Hildigunn were gone and that so many had strange American goldpieces to show for it. His coming and going were like the passing of a comet, and like the passing of a comet he left old men and women nodding and whispering of the past; but also he left a boy stargazing.

Winter's hard clinch was loosening on Kragerö, its tattered white cloak drifting down the Skager-Rack, when a letter—the first he had ever received—came to Olaf Greig from Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes in far-away California. His blue eyes glittered as he spelled from the childish scrawl the message that she would never cease to think of him, and finally this tremendous sentence:

"Uncle Eric says that if you should come to California there would be work for a man like you. Come!"

In the hour that brought that letter Olaf found Jon Thorsen in the Northern Light and told him he was going away. And Thorsen said, as he had before: "'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Eric Sigurdsen is one in a hundred thousand—in a million! Better stay here fishing, Olaf." And there he paused at what he saw in the youth's eyes—that light of long, far-flung dreams that freezes the tongue of age. His last weak attempt at argument was: "How can you go? You have no money to pay for your travel."

"I'll go to the Golden Gate as a sailor goes—round the Horn!" the boy answered; and when May was yet young he had found him a California-bound ship, an Englishman, and was sailing out of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

On the last day of July at midnight he was stamping his feet in the forecastle of the Falls of Dee and beating his arms round his body, like the rest of his watch, in an endeavor to make the blood flow again in frozen toes and fingers. For six weeks the Falls of Dee had been trying to weather Cape Horn; for six weeks she had been bucking the dreaded westerly gales of those latitudes; for six weeks the voices in her had been lifted in blasphemy—but never once had Olaf Greig complained. He was smiling now when all his mates were cursing their lot with gall-steeped tongues.

"What makes you smile—eh?—always as at a joke?" demanded an old cockeyed Swede who, during these hard times, had more than once marked the unvarying happiness of the boy's expression. And, foolishly and youthlike, boasting, Olaf answered, using his own Norse tongue, for he knew little English:

"I go to sea no more after this. In California I go to work in the gold mines."

With a scoffing laugh the Swede translated this to the forecastle and the forecastle remembered it.

Suddenly one September midday Olaf Greig saw the land of his dreams ahead. He saw it from the highest point in the ship—from where he had been sent to reeve the halyards for the Falls' house flag. Standing on the mainskysail yard, with an arm round the bare pole, and swaying with it as though part of it, his eyes snatched it to him. And of a truth it was a golden land. The Marin Hills and the Coast Range, which loomed up at the end of the vista formed by the gleaming Gate, had already put on their autumn garb. With the sun shining through a shimmering haze on this brown dress, they seemed, in fact, burgeoning of the yellow riches of which the watcher had come to ravish them. Nor as the ship sped landward did the likeness grow less.

"Won't Hildigunn be surprised, and Beala and Eric too?" he was repeating for the twentieth time in his excess of joy, when a hail from the deck started him descending.

As he reached the crosstrees, his eyes cast down, he, sailor and waterwise though he was, paused in fascination of such small boatmanship as he had never believed possible. Little open craft, some carrying two and others three passengers, were reaching up to the lee side of the Falls of Dee and fastening to it with long iron hooks. For a second one of the narrow cockleshells would cling to the huge surging hull, risking destruction, courting death, and in that second deliver an occupant or two over the ship's rail. The next instant the cockleshell, apparently fit only for a summer lake, but now ten miles from land in the deep sea, was safely trailing astern at the end of a long line attached to its iron hook. It made Olaf's sailor blood hot

with admiration. This was a great country to which he was coming—a marvelous land, indeed, whose watermen could do things like that!

Some of the strangers ran aft to where the captain stood beside the pilot, and the boy saw them force cards into his hands. One knocked another down. He guessed they must be traders, the Yankees who, Jon Thorsen had told him, could outwit a Stockholm ship chandler; but he had no more than a moment of his wonder to give them. Another cockleshell was riding almost flush with the Falls' rail amidships. In the instant that he caught his breath, expecting to see the boat crushed, a man in such a garb as government folk wore in Norway—a long black coat and a tall, shiny hat—leaped aboard. And he had just time to mark that this man landed on the deck with an ease and lightness that none of the others had shown, when a hail from the mate stopped his descent and sent him climbing aloft again to furl the slatting skysail.

Once again in the hour that followed the boy glimpsed the man in the tall, shiny hat talking to the captain on the poop. And he could not know that this person, whom he took for somebody of importance, was Bull Wilson, king crimp of the port; but, even had he known it, he had no time or interest to give to what went on below him. There was the welcoming land for an eye feast and the furling of many sails for his hands.

Not until the ship lay anchored in the stream off San Francisco did Olaf's feet touch deck again. As he swung out of the rigging, drunk with the drink of his dreaming, the man in the tall hat and frock coat met him and, more wonderful than all, hailed him by his own name.

"Yuh bound fer th' mines—eh, Greig?" he asked in English, only to repeat the question immediately in a bastard sort of Norwegian.

"Oh, jes—jes, sir," stammered the boy, removing his cap and not daring to look above the diamond sparkling in the middle of Bull Wilson's blue necktie. "Ay go bay Eric Sigurdsen's—bay Coffee Creek in day County Trinity."

"Right enough!" And Bull Wilson pretended to read from a card: "Got yuh on m'list. I'm Sigurdsen's agent—his labor agent. Yous is de kind dey need in de mines!"

The kindly pat on the shoulder that accompanied the last brought Olaf's abashed gaze up to Bull Wilson's face, but he did not mark then its thin, cruel lips, or the small, crumpled ears—cauliflower ears, prizefighters call them. This important person was simply a part of the whole wonderful golden scheme of things that was enmeshing him.

"'Ere, me square'ead pal, 'ave a wipe!" cut in a Cockney sailor, reeling between them and pressing a whisky flask to Olaf's lips.

The boy gave the sailor a push that sent him twenty feet. It was an exhibition of strength that brought a low whistle from the crimp; but there was no time to be lost.

"Come! Over de side wid yuh, me lad!" he urged. "It's all right! Yuh dunnage's in de boat. Quick—'fore de skipper comes for'ard an' stops yuh!"

There was no danger of interference from that quarter, though, for it was money in the ship's pocket to let the crimps take her sailors; by their desertion all they had earned on the passage out would be forfeit to her. And, eager to put foot on the shore of his dreamland, congratulating himself that he was so soon and so easily to escape the vessel on which he had signed until she should reach England again, Olaf Greig dropped over the side into one of the Whitehalls he had admired so much at sea. The Cockney was already there, and with him was the cockeyed Swede.

"Ay got a yob bay day mines!" cried the Swede at sight of Olaf. "Ay goan to make fave tollar a day too!"

And thereat the boy's imagination leaped. Five dollars a day! That was twenty kroner! For one day's work in this land of gold he was to receive as much as a month in the home fisheries brought!

As these figures raced through his brain the boat passed under the stern of a big merchantman at anchor and so near that he spelled her name and port—the Seafarer, of London. By the few men he saw aloft bending sail and by her deep lading he knew her for an outwardbound, and his heart was stirred of pity for her and her sailors. They were going away from the golden shore! Why could not they know enough to stay?

That night, as the city clocks struck ten and the bells in the harbor echoed the hour, Olaf Greig stood against the bar of Bull Wilson's boarding house, the Bowhead, gazing into the blue eyes of Olga, the crimp's wife. They were alone. The few whom drink had not put to bed on the floors above had gone seeking adventure along the adventurous Barbary Coast. For nearly an hour this woman had held the boy in conversation, held him by an attraction with which he had never yet reckoned. He thought he liked her and that his heart had opened to her because her hair was yellow and her eyes blue, and because she was the daughter of a woman of Tromsö, which was his mother's birthplace.

Often, as he talked or listened, his eyes went to the street door expectantly; for when Bull Wilson had gone out he had told him that it was to purchase the railroad tickets to carry him and the other sailors to the mines in Trinity County. And always the woman's eyes followed the boy's, but not with expectation of her spouse's return. Suddenly she leaned far across the bar, the light of a strange desire in her face.

"You are a pretty boy, sailor—do you know that?" she laughed tremulously, and one of her hands closed on his.

Olaf reddened; his breath caught at the insinuation. With a feeling akin to fright he drew his hand away. The woman frowned; and then, laughing tremulously again, she whispered:

"I believe you now—that you've never touched a woman's hand before."

There was hardly anything Olaf had not told this slattern Circe about himself, even including that. And as he was struggling to save his senses from the spell that was closing on them—he felt like one who had been under water too long—the street door banged open and Bull Wilson entered.

"Come, sailor!" he called, ignoring the woman and signaling the boy to follow him into a dimly lighted hallway that led toward the rear of the Bowhead.

"Don't go with him!" Olaf thought he heard the woman whisper; but, without fear and glad to escape her, he obeyed the crimp.

With the utterance of that warning whisper, Olga Wilson hesitated a second and then stole from behind the bar and into the hall after them. She overtook her husband as he bade Olaf enter the silencing room, a dim, gaslit, sound-proof hole the ice-chest door of which stood open on his right.

"Please, Bull!" she pleaded. "Don't do him up!"

"Gwan! Beat it! You're soused!"

"He'll shanghai you! Run! Run!" she shrieked at the boy in his own and her mother's native tongue; and her arms encircled her husband's.

"I'll Go to the Golden Gate as a Sailor Goes—Round the Horn!"

At this warning Olaf Greig instinctively leaped toward the door, only to pause as he saw one of Bull's fists strike the woman and fell her. In that instant all the chivalry of youth lighted the fire of a consuming, berserk rage. And above the roar of this blaze he heard the primitive racial call. He was Norse. This woman was Norse. Her mother, like his own, had been a Tromsö woman. With the cry of a wild beast he flung himself at Bull Wilson who, sneering as had been his wont in his prize-ring days, certain of the outcome, calmly waited to receive the attack.

There could have been only one result of that clash. The skill of fist, the brain cunning, the cold blood, that had made Bull a champion of champions, were still his despite his forty-odd years of age and long retirement. He ground the Norse boy as a mill grinds grist. Thus it happened an hour afterward that Olaf Greig, triced hand and foot, and unconscious, was sold, with the Cockney and the cockeyed Swede, across the main hatch of the Seafarer, of London, the ship to whose people his heart had opened in pity only that afternoon. And thus it happened that as this Liverpool-bound merchantman cleared the Gate in the morning light it took the strength of her three mates to prevent this squarehead from jumping overboard and to tie again the hands and feet they had loosened to put to work.

Toward the end of the day the captain and chief mate, with pistols in hand, freed him again and lifted him upright where he had been lying prone beside the hatch on which he had been sold. He was dazed; his strength was spent. His limbs trembled under him. A handshove would have toppled him over; and, realizing this with something of shame, his masters put their weapons away. As they pocketed the pistols a lurch of the ship dropped him on his buttocks. He did not attempt to rise. The shock sent his bruised and swollen hands to his chest, which gaped black-and-blue with heelprints through his rent shirt. From the chest they went uncertainly to his raw face and finally clasped his rocking head; but he uttered no sound, not even when the captain leaned over him anxiously and, with no tender hands, felt of his ribs and his limbs for breaks.

"Seems all right," he announced, finishing the examination.

"But we'd better not turn him to till morning, sir," suggested the mate doubtfully; and with that, their voices sunk to a murmur, they went aft together.

Where they left him there he continued to sit until, of a sudden, the breeze freshened and bore down the vessel's lee rail to an angle that revealed a low, indefinite shadow along the ocean's rim to the eastward. That shadow was land. It stirred Olaf's bewildered, groping brain—gave it something to fasten on.

Slowly, painfully, he rose to his feet, and as he reached

A Week They Had Been Fighting Their Way Toward the Land

his full height his face came on a level with a glistening, brass-bound glass port in the house at his side. In its mirroring surface he saw himself, and the memory of what had happened returned like a floodtide—engulfed him. That receding coast in the distance was the land of his dreams!

His blackened eyes leaped toward it. A low moan escaped him, and as his puffed lips shut again the setting sun's blood-red disk dyed sea and sky and coast a crimson hue. A reddish glow shot through the sails of the ship. All the world was incarnadine, even as was the soul and brain of Olaf Greig. In that moment he was ten thousand of his Viking ancestors aflame with blood lust—an unquenchable desire of vengeance.

"I will come again! I will come again!" he swore, his right hand uplifted in witness. By the gods of his heathen forebears he swore it—by Frey, by Njord, by Odin! By Odin's ravens of thought and memory, Hugin and Munin, he dedicated himself! The Christian God of his own childhood had departed from him.

Barnacled, foul of bottom, undermanned, the Seafarer made a long passage home. It was the end of September when she cleared the Golden Gate. March was a week old when she went up the Mersey. As her last mooring line was made fast a blond-headed young giant known fore and aft as the Silent Squarehead went over her side, alone and penniless. Under one arm he carried a thin bag of clothes purchased from the ship's slop chest. It represented his part of the earnings for the half-year's toil. The rest had gone to make up the blood money the ship had paid Bull Wilson for him.

Twenty-four hours later Olaf Greig was outwardbound for San Francisco. Three months' wages he had signed away to a Norwegian boarding-house keeper for the chance. What manner of ship the Palgrave was mattered not to him. She was bound toward the Golden Gate. That was sufficient. He had not paused to write so much as a line to Jon Thorsen. Eric Sigurdsen, Besla Svensen, Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes—all in Kragerö might never have existed; in fact, there were only two persons in the silent red world in which he was living now—himself and Bull Wilson.

The one link that connected past and present was little Hildigunn's letter, now a year old; but no tender thought, springing from the days when she had called him Olaf the Happy, prompted his keeping the blood-stained scrap of paper. It was the symbol of his oath, the silent acolyte of his terrible passion. It was the one thing Bull Wilson had not taken from his pockets the night he had beaten him and sold him as they sold cattle at the Kragerö fairs.

Summer, the season of his own Northern summer, but the wintertime of the South, found him again off Cape Horn in an ice-sheathed ship. For a month and until her foremast went by the board the Palgrave bucked the westerlies. Then she put back to the Falkland Islands. August saw her at last enter the Pacific. A September hurricane took her three topmasts from her to the westward of Valparaiso. A wail went up from her forecastle.

"This iron bucket'll never fetch Frisco!" proclaimed an Irishman the morning the ship's head was turned toward the Chilean port to seek repairs.

"Jes, we goan come bay Frisco in good time," said Olaf solemnly in the broken English that was now his. And for the rest of that day the forecastle had something else besides ill luck to talk about. It was the first time that anybody there had ever heard the Squarehead—thus was he called as he had been on the Seafarer and on the Falls of Dee before her—say more than Jes or No.

More than half the crew deserted in Valparaiso, but Olaf Greig was not one of those. The Palgrave was bound toward the Golden Gate. She would have been sinking before he could have thought of leaving her. The Palgrave finally would carry him to where his enemy lived and trafficked; sooner or later she would set him down there, and then ——

With his bare, unweaponed hands he planned to wreak his vengeance, and the broad day was to look on. And after he had beaten and trampled Bull Wilson as the crimp had beaten and trampled him, and broken across his knee, as one would break a stick, the arm with which he had struck the woman who had sought to befriend him—that was to be the last touch—then ——

The plan went no further than that. There was no afterward, no reckoning of consequences. The death of his enemy would be the end—that was all. The course of his passion was like the irresistible motion of one of his native glaciers. Of the law, of what might happen to himself, of the possibility of his own death or life, he held no comprehension. That accident or death, or any other agency, might remove the boarding-house master from his vengeance never suggested itself.

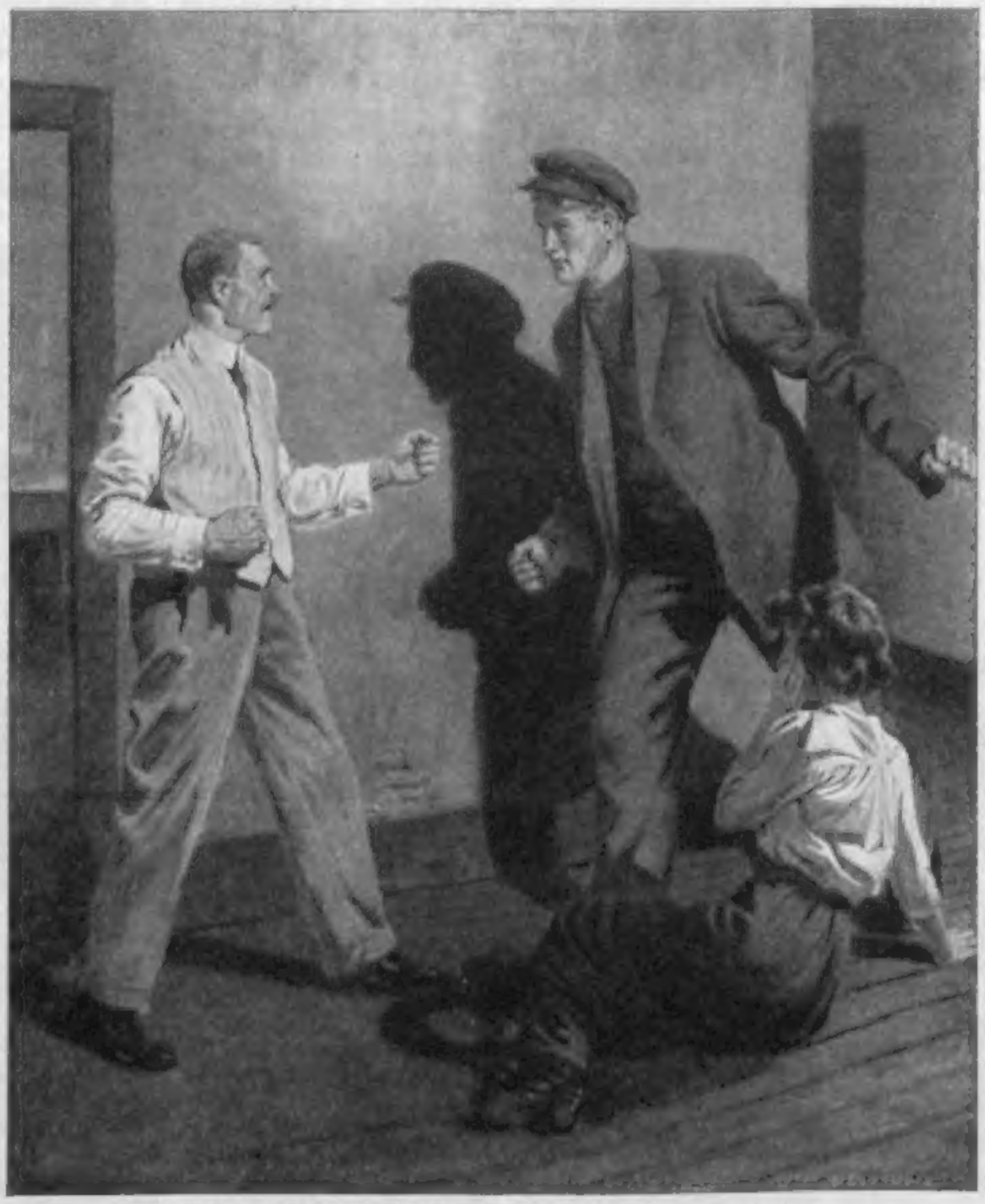
After two months' delay in Valparaiso the Palgrave sailed a third time for her destination. Baffling winds stayed her passage through December; contrary gales beset her in January. It was on November second, nearly eight months out from the Mersey, that Olaf Greig, on the lookout at daybreak, sighted the Heads of San Francisco. And though they loomed up gray-browed and white-toothed under the onslaught of a westerly storm, he nevertheless strained his eyes to discover a small boat carrying a man with a tall, shiny hat; but no boat came off from the land to board the Palgrave. No small boat could have lived in the sea that was running.

Not until the ship lay anchored in front of the hill-sprawled city did the crimps and their runners appear; and as he realized that Wilson was not among them something akin to doubt assailed his passion. It began to pass in a moment, however, for the second man to solicit him and offer a flask was a Wilson runner. Olaf wanted to ask him where Wilson was, but he dared not. He was fearful his purpose might be guessed. He remembered nearly all the runners, but the fact that they did not recognize him made him suspicious. Perhaps this was but a pretense on their part: so he got another sailor to make the inquiry, and when this man brought him word that Bull Wilson was not only alive but more prosperous than ever the Squarehead scuttled into the ship's dark sailroom and sat there alone for nearly ten minutes. As suddenly as he had disappeared from the deck he reappeared and, going up to Wilson's runner, said:

"Ay go ayore veet you."

Without a belonging he went over the rail into the Wilson Whitehall; and, seeing him do this, the Palgrave's skipper and her young chief mate could not believe their eyes. They had a warm feeling for this Norse blond head, who had stuck by them and the ship with an incredible loyalty. They hailed him from the poop, beckoned him back, shouted warnings against the crimps; but his only answer was a dogged shake of the head.

And the runner, fearful that this sailor might change his mind and demand to return to the ship, signaled the boat puller to lay to his oars the while he patted the giant familiarly on the back and whispered him ruby promises.



With the Cry of a Wild Beast He Flung Himself at Bull Wilson

The runner knew that he had accomplished a feat worthy of Bull Wilson himself—the pulling of this seaman out of a ship that owed him eight months' wages. He had done something to brag about in this season when the whaling fleet was paying a bonus of two hundred dollars a man; but in the glow of his artistic pride—and let it not be forgotten there is art in all things—he did not mark that this squarehead listened with no eagerness to his panderer's tongue. Silent, grim, his jaws clenched, his hands locking and unlocking where he held them between his cramped knees, his eyes half shut, his head nodding now and then, Olaf sat until they reached the shore.

"Take it from me, sailor, yuh'll git a real welcome at de Bowhead," said the crimp, exhausted by Olaf's silence. As he spoke he was hustling his game into the covered wagon that awaited them at the boat landing. "Bull Wilson's de man tuh treat yuh right."

"Jes," assented Olaf, taking a seat on the bottom of the wagon and letting his legs hang over the tailboard. He and Crocky, the runner, were the only passengers, but with a decisive shake of the head he refused to ride beside him on the driver's seat. It was thus he had ridden the first time through San Francisco's crowded downtown streets to the Bowhead. He remembered how easily he had alighted as the wagon had backed up to the curb in front of the boarding house. He wanted to be in readiness to spring. This was one of the things he had thought about in the darkness of the Palgrave's sailroom.

The wagon had made half the distance from the waterfront toward the Bowhead when a messenger boy, with a bundle, attempted to crawl up beside the man on the tailboard, missed his footing and fell sprawling. Hurt and spiteful, he picked up a stone and hurled it straight at Olaf. It clipped the Squarehead cruelly on the chin and drew blood.

"That rat hit yuh, sailor?" called the driver, pulling up and looking back to where Olaf sat as motionless as a cigarstore Indian.

"Naw," he answered, his gaze balefully fixed on the boy running round a corner. Nothing must delay him now; and, as he wished it, the driver whipped up his horse again.

And five minutes afterward the wagon stopped suddenly and began backing. It was in front of the Bowhead, and standing in the open door, with his silk hat acock his shortly cropped gray head and a larger diamond than ever in his blue-striped shirtbosom, was Bull Wilson. He was smiling the stage smile with which he was wont to meet that covered wagon when it returned from a ship. As the vehicle's end squared with the curb he advanced on it. In the second that he put out his stage hand of welcome a human avalanche, uttering a wild, inarticulate cry, launched itself at him.

A quarter of an hour later—not more—Bull Wilson was kneeling beside the unconscious form of Olaf Greig where it lay on the floor of the room with the ice-chest door. At his side, watching what he did, stood Olga, his wife, and Crocky, the runner.

"If he'd ever landed on me oncet wid dat," said Bull, shaking his head, "dere'd have been a wake in de Bowhead tuh-night!"

He was holding up the limp arm into which he had just driven a hypodermic of morphine. It was bare to the shoulder. Below the elbow it was of the hue of bronze; above as white as Parian marble. Michelangelo must have had such a model for his Moses. But it was its capacity of terrific strength, not its beautiful formation, that made Bull Wilson run a hand lovingly along its length.

"Gee, what a pile driver!" he exclaimed in admiration, patting the full, round biceps. "Wid half a head an' arms like dese dis squarehead cud clean up de Nigger an' Jeff an' a couple o' John-Nells in a night—make'm all look like t'irty cents! Take a pipe at dat chest!" He pulled back the torn front of Olaf's shirt. "It's a hunderd-gallon bar'l!" Then, with a sigh, he dropped the arm and, standing up, added: "An' tuh t'ink he's jest a plain nut!"

"What's gettin' me, though," cut in Crocky, "is, what set him nuts on yous, Bull? Sure yuh never seen him—never handled him?"

"Maybe I've handled him. I dunno; but I ——"

The woman interrupted:

"It's that young Norwegian you beat upan' shanghaied more'n a year ago—the one that wanted tuh go tuh th' mines."

(Continued on Page 52)

The National Pastime—Indoors and Out

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"Look at 'Em! A Royal Flush in Diamonds!"

A BASEBALL fan would be all right if he could forget it once in a while. Whenever I meet one I'm reminded of that line in Huck Finn—"Harmless when not out of his head."

A fan is usually a good fellow; but he can't understand that the man who plays baseball for a living doesn't want to eat it, drink it, sleep it and talk it. I suppose I've met thousands and thousands of fans, ranging all the way from true sports to the rednecks who want to lynch you for kicking away a close game, and not one of 'em would ever let me talk anything but baseball. I try to be polite to 'em, because it's better to have boosters than knockers sitting over behind third base; but the other day I handed a fan a jolt that he'll remember for months.

He was a nervous little party with noseglasses and whiskers which he weeded all the time with one hand. The whiskers prejudiced me against him at first, because I've never been able to figure out why a man should go to a lot of trouble to raise a crop of hair on his face when it grows wild on the top of his head. I met him on a street car.

"Excuse me," says he, edging up alongside, "but you're Mike Purcell, aren't you? I've watched you play ball for so long that I feel as if I know you. The very first week you joined the club I said to the boys: 'There's a shortstop for you!' It's hard to fool me on a ballplayer. I can tell a star as far as I can see him."

Well, that was fair enough. I'm always willing to listen to any man who starts in by telling me how good I am. Some of the boys pretend they don't like that sort of stuff; but, take it from me, they do. Whiskers handed me his card and it turned out that he was a statistician or something with an insurance company. Figures were his long and heavy suit; and, say, he certainly had 'em trained. He could make 'em lie down, roll over, double up, and march in a column a mile long; but the best thing he did was to string 'em out five points beyond the decimal.

He passed me a line of talk so full of figures that it sounded like a census report. Part of the time I was treading water and the rest of the time I was coming up for air. The best I could do was to look wise and nod my head once in a while. He had a new system of figuring fielding averages that would be a wonder if anybody besides himself could understand it. By and by he started in to demonstrate to me just when and where we won the World's Series from the Panthers. He was so darned sure about it that I had to break in on his argument.

"No," says I; "your dope is all out of line. We licked the Panthers the second week in September."

"Eh?" says the human multiplication table, digging into his whiskers as if he wanted to pull 'em out by the roots. "But the World's Series was not played until October!"

"Right you are," I says; "but, even so, we licked the Panthers in September. If you're ever in St. Louis go to the Transcontinental Hotel and you can see the table that the World's Series was won on. It's in Room Three-nineteen."

"Table!" says he, rooting into his whiskers harder than ever.

"Mahogany table," says I, "with bum legs and a marble top."

Then I got off the car and left him standing there, teasing his whiskers with both hands and trying to make up his mind which one of us was crazy. Unless he reads this he'll never know that he was being tipped off to some inside stuff.

That World's Series was decided a month before it was played, and it was won on a marble-topped table in Room Three-nineteen at the Transcontinental Hotel, in St. Louis. Here is the story:

We needed another winning pitcher. I've never yet seen the ball club that wasn't in the same fix. Winning pitchers can't be bought—they must be developed. They can't be bought because the mints don't work nights. There isn't enough money in circulation to pay for one. If you think this is a joke ask to see the price tag on Matty or Walter Johnson.

We not only needed a winning pitcher but we had to have one or drop out of the first division. We had three good men in Jim Ainslee, Tod Sholter and Myles McNabb; but McNabb—the best one of the trio—was getting old and he could work but once a week. That left a gap in between, and to fill it we had only Ainslee, Sholter and a flock of has-beens and never-was-ers.

We needed another good man the worst way; and it was up to Silvertip Jamieson, our manager, to rustle up one if he expected us to have a fighting chance for the pennant. He turned the ivory-hunters loose, with instructions to go the limit.

It is remarkable what a number of pitchers a few scouts can scare out of the tall timber between the Twilight League and Southwest Texas. A scout is a good deal like a detective—he thinks he's got to find something or the boss will accuse him of laying down on his job. If he can't find the real thing he digs up a counterfeit and gets credit for being busy.

Pitchers came rolling into the training camp by the carload, and some of 'em couldn't be trusted to pitch hay into a barn. There were tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones, righthanders and lefthanders; and there was one foolish boy from Oklahoma who pitched with either hand and called himself The Amphibious Wonder.

Fatty Fitzgerald, our retired catcher, who does nothing now but coach young pitchers, gave the bunch the once-over and roared like a lion.

"I want a commission in lunacy to sit on these scouts of ours," says Fitz. "The pitchers they have shipped us so far are worth about seven dollars a ton on the hoof."

One recruit pitcher reported late—a long-legged, lop-sided Shanghai rooster of a kid named Doty—Maxwell Doty. I think one of the scouts caught him in a beartrap somewhere in Wyoming. He had all the earmarks of a farmer and he walked as though he was used to following a plow; but, suffering centipedes! How that kid could pitch!

He had an audience the first time he began to warm up and get the kinks out of his arm, and before he started for the shower room the jury was for him sixty ways. It seems that he had been working some all winter and his arm was in first-class shape.

His fast one was better than Jim Ainslee's best and had more of a hop to it; and he knew where his slow one was going when he cut it loose.

Give a man a good fast ball, a good slow one, and absolute control of 'em both, and there isn't much more to it — except, of course, the heart and the head. It's necessary for a pitcher to be game and he ought to be able to think every so often. We didn't know much about Doty's heart, and his head was shaped too much like a turkey egg to suit me; but he seemed to have everything else that he needed. After the third day with Doty old Fitz was going round with a broad grin on his face.

"If this fellow's nerve is all right," says Fitz, "we've got a winner sure. It don't make any difference whether he's a pinhead or not—the catchers can do the thinking for him. All they've got to do with that boy is to show him where they want him to put the ball. I can give him a sign, shove the mitt down and shut my eyes – bang! right into the cup every time. If he can keep that control—even when he's scared—he'll be all right. A whole lot depends on the start he gets. Let him lick a few second-division ball clubs and get confidence, and after that you can shoot him at the tough ones. Yes, sir—he looks like a million dollars to me!"

It's queer about pitchers—you never know when a star is going to turn up or where he'll come from, though it's a safe bet that it will be some little whistling station that nobody ever heard of. The best pitchers in the world come from the small towns—very few of 'em are big-town boys. Every so often a kid is born with the ability to throw a stone where he wants it to go—the rest of it is training and practice, though all the training and practice in the world won't make a pitcher unless he's born to be one.

It took Doty some time to get acquainted with the gang. He was the most bashful chap I ever saw in the beginning; but the boys didn't josh him much. We all wanted him to have the best start possible. A pitcher is bound to go a lot stronger when he knows that the men behind him are his friends. If Doty had been an infielder, say, trying for somebody's job, it wouldn't have been made so easy for him; but he was a pitcher and we all knew we were going to need him. It makes a difference, you bet!

At the training camp Doty used to come up to my room and look on when we played poker. He would sit on the bed for hours and never say a word. Once we asked him whether he wanted to play, but he blushed and shook his head.

"I don't know enough about the game," says he; "but I'm learning. By and by I'll be able to give you boys a whirl."

That tipped us off that he was broke and wouldn't have any money until the season opened. It was a cinch he wouldn't have any too much then, because it's only the pitcher with a strong minor-league reputation who gets a chunk of coin out of his first season in the big league. Doty had no more reputation than a rabbit and nobody had ever heard of him. As a matter of fact he signed for two hundred dollars a month—and I'll bet he thought it was a lot of money.

II

WE OPENED the season away from home and Silvertip kept Doty on the bench for quite a while, waiting for something soft. In addition to that he wanted him to get used to the crowds and the noise. We all took turns shooting confidence into him, because we wanted him to win his first game. A licking right off the reel might have set him back a whole season. You have to figure all these angles with a green pitcher. There's nothing in the world like a good start.

When we got up against the Canaries—the weakest-hitting team in the league—Silvertip turned Doty loose on 'em.

"If he can't beat these lizards," says the boss, "he can't beat anybody! If he does beat 'em he'll feel just as good over it as if he'd trimmed a sure-enough ball club."

Doty won his opening game all right enough; but, at that, there was some credit coming to us. We stepped up there in the first half of the first inning, before Doty even took the ball in his hand, and we whaled in four nice juicy runs—and that's the stuff that puts heart into a pitcher.

Pitching winning ball for us isn't like doing it for a weak-hitting outfit, where a pitcher knows before he starts that he's got to be fifty per cent better than the man he's up against in order to get an even break. We wallop the ball behind our pitchers, and when we start hitting we generally go right down the line. Our twirlers walk into the box with a certain amount of confidence. They know they're going to have help in winning the game, and a run or two by the other folks won't lick us.

We staked Doty to four aces, and the kid pitched like a veteran. The Canaries got him in the hole twice, but Monk Mundon, our first-string catcher, steadied him down with a little talk; and Doty braced up and pitched himself out of trouble in a way that was beautiful to see. The Canaries got only five hits off him, but they didn't even get foul tips when men were on the bases. Monk called for the fast one, up round the neck, and Doty put it there—a white streak under the chin. They didn't score on him and nine of 'em fanned. It was a happy bunch that went to the clubhouse after the game. It was a toss-up as to who was the most tickled—Silvertip, Fatty Fitzgerald or Doty himself.

The kid said the big league wasn't as tough as he had expected, and that was taking quite a lot of credit for licking a lot of cripples; but we let him get away with it. We told him that so long as his fast ball was working, shoulder-high and inside, all clubs would look alike to him. It annoys a batter quite considerable to have to pick a ball off his ear and hit it somewhere.

That was the beginning of Doty's winning streak—fifteen games in a row and nine of 'em shut-outs—and there's no telling how far he would have gone if we hadn't booted the sixteenth away behind him. He let the Gamecocks down with three hits in eleven innings, and we lost by a two-to-one score.

All the sporting writers in the country had hysterics trying to dope out how a raw kid, with about as much intelligence as a rabbit, could go on licking the best-hitting clubs and the wisest heads in the league game after game. They haven't explained it yet; and the only point where they all agreed was that Doty didn't have any license to do it. Any fool could have told 'em that.

Some of 'em took to analyzing his pitching motion and printing photographs of the way he gripped the ball. If they could have found out where he was different from other pitchers they would have laid his winning streak to that peculiarity. I think they were all barking up the wrong tree.

I've studied Maxwell Doty just like a kid studies a new monkey in the zoo, and I believe the secret of his success as a pitcher isn't in his right arm at all, but in his number six-and-five-eighths head. He wins baseball games because he thinks he can. There's a whole lot in that. Take it from me, mental suggestion works on ballplayers just the same as on other folks. I'll grant you that Doty can put a lot of stuff on a baseball; but so can Billy O'Day—and Billy hasn't won a game this season. He's afraid he's going to be licked—and he is.

Take another instance of what mental suggestion will do for a ballplayer: Jack McShane, our pinch hitter, used to play regularly until his legs went bad. He never hit over .270 in his life. Silvertip asked for waivers on him, and while Jack was waiting on the bench the boss sent him up three times to hit in the pinches. Jack peeled off a double, a triple and a home run. He's getting four thousand dollars a season now just for going to the bat two or three times a week—and he's worth it. He can't field a ball to save his neck; he can't outrun an applewoman; and he's not even a good coacher, because he is mostly bone upstairs—but how he can belt 'em in the pinches!

There isn't a pitcher in the league who doesn't hate to see McShane come up out of the pit, dragging his big black bat behind him. Why? Because deep down in his gizzard Jack really believes that he's got something on the best pitcher that ever lived. He thinks that Matty himself isn't able to throw him a ball that he can't hit on the nose. He's so sure of it that he isn't even anxious; and the way he can look at two and then crack the third one to the fence is a caution! His system is to let the pitchers do all the worrying. Three times out of four he delivers the goods. Explain it? I can't! You'll have to take my word for it.

Doty is another Jack McShane. After he had licked three teams in a row he got the notion jammed crossways in his little teacup of a head that there wasn't a club in the league that could beat him. He had it settled in his own mind that the batters were more afraid of him than he was of them, and that's a mighty useful idea for a pitcher to have. It keeps him from choking up when the bases are loaded, the count is three and two, and the next one has to be over.

Call it confidence if you like; it's really a deeper and stronger feeling than that—more like what the nut specialists call a fixed delusion. And what difference does it make whether it's a delusion or not, so long as it produces effects and wins ball games?

The thing that you're afraid of is the thing that will get you in the long run every time; and they say that where there's no fear there's no danger. I can't go so far as to indorse that last statement in full, but this much I do know: Doty isn't afraid of the most dangerous batter in the league. I've seen him stand up there, three and two on the Dutchman, and the bases loaded for bear, and laugh at Honus as he let the big one fly.

It's a queer proposition all round and I don't pretend to understand or explain it. I've looked at it from several angles, and I've come to the conclusion that mental suggestion works better on a fellow with just room enough in his head for one idea at a time. I've tried it on myself, but it didn't get me anything.

"It's Hard to Fool Me on a Ballplayer. I Can Tell a Star as Far as I Can See Him"

I can't hold a thought in the face of a lot of other notions when they come crowding in. I can go up there to the bat with my mind all framed up for a hit, but I get to thinking about the amount of stuff the pitcher has got on the ball, and double plays and infield flies and blind umpires—and the original thought gets lost in the shuffle. In the end I have to dig my spikes into the ground, grit my teeth and pray for luck.

III

WHILE Doty was winning ball games he was losing out at the indoor national pastime. We got our first paychecks in Boston, and as soon as he could get his cashed Doty was right on the job, hunting up poker games.

Silvertip isn't so cranky as some managers. He knows that, rules or no rules, a certain amount of poker is sure to be played. He bars a table-stakes game, but with a decent limit and eleven o'clock as the deadline, he never says anything. I've heard that before he was married he paid better salaries than he does now—and got most of the money back in the poker games.

Doty went hunting for trouble and he found it. It wasn't exactly the sort of a game that an amateur would have picked out. There are some fairly tight poker players with our clubs—sure-thing boys who can wait all night for the cards to come, and bet 'em good and hard when they do arrive.

I've heard that I play 'em pretty close to the chest myself—but I've got to do it, with Walker, Owly Elliott and Jib Smith in the game. Those birds won't spend a white chip to help out a short pair; a raise before the draw means aces-up or better, and when they begin tossing in the reds and blues afterward you can put three kings back in the deck without regretting it in the least.

This was the sort of a contest that Doty picked out for himself. A lamb in a slaughter-house would have stood a better chance. We sold him a ten-dollar stack and it lasted him almost as long as his cigarette. The poor boob always wanted to see the next three off the top of the deck; and, to make it worse, he had a notion that everybody was trying to bluff him. Then, when he got off loser, he went crazy.

There are a few baserunners in the league who will start down from first on anything. We say they run hogwild. Doty was a hogwild poker player. When he was losing—which was pretty much all the time—he would draw four cards to an ace, back-raise on a pair and call with any old thing whatever. That system will break a Rockefeller; for, though you may catch a man bluffing once in an evening, the rest of the time he's likely to have 'em.

Just to make it more binding Doty couldn't get rid of the notion that poker is mostly luck anyway, and that it's the cards you call for in the draw that do the work. Under certain conditions there may be an element of luck in the game, but in the long run, and playing with a bunch of hardshells, poker comes nearer being an airtight cinch.

Doty's first check lasted him two nights and then he had to borrow a ten-spot to tide him over the next two weeks. When the second check came it was the same thing over again, but he lasted a little longer. One night he had a lucky streak and lost only about seven dollars. When the cleaning process was finished he went to bed with his lower lip hanging, and we held a council of war. I wanted him barred from the game.

"Playing poker with Doty," says I, "is grand larceny from the person. If I needed the money I wouldn't mind shaking the pennies out of a kid's bank, or I might sandbag a blind man and empty his tin cup; but separating this poor loon from his paycheck is my notion of rotten sport. He ought to be playing five-cent limit with the women."

"Listen to him, boys!" says Elliott. "He's sore because Doty paid five dollars to draw to a pair of treys and took in another trey and a pair of queens against his pat flush!"

Well, I don't pretend that I had forgotten the circumstance. It makes a good poker player sore to have a sucker take a blind stab and hook up the winning hand when anybody with sense would have stayed out. That's the worst of a hogwild player. Sometimes he puts a thousand-to-one shot over on you—and pats himself on the back for using judgment.

We had quite an argument about what we ought to do. Most of the boys thought that if Doty had the gambling fever the only cure was to let it run its course.

"He'd only carry his dough to an outside game or lose it shooting craps. Mike, if you're so stuck on getting rid of him, why don't you tip it off to Doty on the q. t. that he's a wee bit outclassed in this company?"

That was Walker's suggestion and I acted on it, getting the thanks a fellow usually gets for a disinterested action. Doty didn't say it in so many words, but it was plain to me that he thought we didn't want to give him a chance to get his two hundred back again.

He had fixed delusions about poker, too, one of 'em being that luck is bound to turn sometime. He explained that much to me.

That made me sore and I washed my hands of him. You can't save a fool from his folly or build a moral fence that will keep habit within bounds. The born gambler will gamble, whether you provide tools for him or not. I wish I had all the money I've seen won and lost with two cubes of sugar, spotted as crap dice!

Doty became a regular contributor. Every payday he walked right in, laid down his check, and walked right out again. For all the chance he had he might just as well have indorsed it and mailed it to us to be split five ways. When he went broke he played on tick and run tabs with us, paying up every two weeks.

The poor kid didn't even hold out enough money to buy a new summer suit. All the rest of us blossomed out in pin-striped flannels and Panama hats; but Doty wore the same old heavy thing he brought to the training camp in

March—a double-breasted blue serge suit made by some hick tailor who probably hadn't seen a fashion card in ten years.

Because he always looked shabby and never spent a nickel, Doty got credit for being close-fisted. One of the boys caught him going into a cheap-lunch joint for dinner, and after that he was called the miser on the sly. You see, when a ball club is on the road each man is allowed three dollars a day to eat on—and he's supposed to spend the three dollars for food. A penny-pincher will eat waffles and coffee for breakfast, a bowl of soup at noon, an Irish stew at night—and sink about two and a quarter to the day. That's what they figured Doty was doing; but I know now he was holding out that money to gamble on. Tod Sholter, who roomed with Doty on the road, had a hunch how things were going and made a few sarcastic cracks from time to time—but not when Silvertip was about. We've never had an informer on the payroll.

You'll recall there wasn't much of a battle in our league that year. It was more like a pursuit race. Doty was stacking up victories every time out, Ainslee, Sholter and McNabb were all going great guns, and the team was hitting hard and consistently. There are seasons when all the breaks in the luck are with one club, and this was our turn. In July we had such a long lead that it seemed as though nothing but a trainwreck could beat us; and naturally we began to count on the World's Series money as already in our pockets—twenty-five hundred dollars apiece at the lowest estimate, and from that up to four thousand dollars.

It's funny how the spirit of extravagance hit every one of us about the same time. Sholter began talking about the piece of property he was going to buy out near Walla Walla, where his folks lived. Fatty Fitzgerald paid nine dollars for a hat—marked down from fifteen because the season was half over on straws. Silvertip gave his wife a pair of diamond earrings on her birthday. My wife ordered a mahogany sideboard for the flat, and I loaded up with clothes and things.

Thinking about that soft money coming to us in October had unsettled our notions of economy—we were spending it in advance.

The poker game got a little steeper and once in a while we played table-stakes. Doty's I O U's got bigger. The time came when his check wasn't enough to cover 'em.

"Oh, well," says some fool at the table, "that's all right, kid. Charge up the difference against your split of the World's Series."

"Is—is there any objection to that?" asks Doty, looking from one to the other of us.

I wanted to object; but I remembered how he'd acted before and I kept my mouth shut. It didn't seem right to me to let the boy run up a tab against money that he only hoped to get and which a switch in the luck could beat us out of.

"No objections?" says Doty. "All right, boys! Put me on the slate for a couple of stacks and I'm playing fifty behind 'em. I feel lucky this evening."

IV

WE WERE at home the last week in July and the first half of August. When the team isn't on the road I'm as quiet a married man as anybody and I don't play much poker. In the first place, my wife won't stand for it. In the second place, if I do play she finds it out and asks for the winnings. That sort of thing makes a losing session come high.

While we were at home I lost track of the poker bunch, but I understood the game had been running three or four nights a week, with the roof for the limit and Doty slipping his paper to everybody. I had a couple of his I O U's myself—one for fifty and one for seventy-five; and, as it turned out, I didn't have a chance to get any more.

My wife, still thinking about that soft October money, invited herself to go West on the last trip of the season. I'm not what you'd call a seasoned and hardened married man, but I've learned some things in two years—and one of 'em is that when Bess wants to do anything I save time and trouble by saying Yes right off the reel. I knew her being with me meant no poker and, to tell the truth, I wasn't sorry. I was a winner on the season and satisfied to keep that way.

Our first stop was with the Canaries—still at the tail-end of the league—and we figured to wallop 'em four straight and pass on without drawing a long breath. Doty had had their number all the season, so the boss sent him in to pitch the opener.

Before the game I overheard snatches of a talk between Doty and Owly in the clubhouse. Owly was arguing and Doty seemed to be begging.

"I'm only telling you what the boys think," says Owly.

"But—it ain't fair!" says Doty. "It ain't fair! Can't you see it don't leave me a chance? And look how deep——"

After Doty had left the dressing room I asked Owly what was doing.

"We've barred him from the game," says Owly. "Confound it, we had to do it to keep him from owing us a million dollars!"

"Is he hooked in deep?"

"Deep enough! I wish this I–O–U thing had never been started."

I knew then that if those hardshells were getting conscience stricken they must have the kid gaffed for further orders.

Well, sir, there wasn't but just room enough for his troubles in Doty's little peanut of a head that afternoon. Whatever the thought was that he was holding crossways in his belfry, it certainly didn't have anything to do with pitching winning baseball. The kid didn't have a thing in the world and he couldn't locate the plate with what he did have. He pitched like a sandlotter, which means that he was even worse than a busher. Silvertip yanked him in the sixth; but by that time the game was gone.

All good pitchers have bad days now and then. I didn't really begin to worry about Doty until the fourth day, when the boss sent him back to close the series and fight for an even break. The Canaries had licked us two out of three and were twittering about it. Between his games the kid had been mooning round the hotel, smoking cigarettes and looking as though he'd lost his last friend. He tried to persuade the poker players to let him have a final whirl, but they stood firm.

His second game against the Canaries was even worse than his first. His control was gone and so was his nerve. He showed that by walking out of the box to talk with Monk Mundon every time he got in the hole. The real Doty would have laughed at those weak batters and fed 'em the fast one between the ear and the shoulder. Once more Silvertip pulled him out; and the Canary coachers told Doty that he was about through and that they knew when he broke in that he was too lucky to last.

A Long-Legged, Lopsided Shanghai Rooster of a Kid Named Doty

"I dunno what's the matter with me," says the kid as he started for the clubhouse. "I guess I'm all in."

"Forget that!" growls Silvertip. "You'll be all right when we get to Chicago. There's a team you can beat by just walking into the diamond."

But in Chicago they knocked Doty out of the box in the second inning—and you can bet that gave us something to think about. I don't know of anything that can worry a ball club like having the winning pitcher go wrong; and we had something special to worry about.

With Doty in shape for the World's Series, we figured on a cinch with the Panthers. Those fellows have always been suckers for a right-hander with a good fast ball. With Doty out of it the battle would be a desperate one, with the odds the other way. It meant a matter of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars to every man on the team—the difference between winning and losing the big series.

The newspapers were full of Doty's collapse, as they called it. Three games in a row he'd been taken out or knocked out. Some of the critics explained just how it happened and what made him go to pieces. It's queer how a newspaper man who can't catch a foul tip in a clothes basket can pick a real player apart joint by joint and find out exactly what ails him!

Silvertip was as much worried as anybody and as puzzled. I suppose the real answer never occurred to him—certainly he wouldn't have believed that five or six men who should have known better had made the kid a nervous wreck by winning a big chunk of his World's Series money in advance.

This was the situation when we reached St. Louis and rolled over to the old Transcontinental Hotel. We won the opening game with McNabb in the box, and as I was leaving the clubhouse Tod Sholter touched me on the arm.

"Mike," says he, "Max Doty owes you some money. Come up to my room as soon as you get to the hotel. I want to see you."

"What business is it of yours?" says I. "Where do you come in on this?"

"It ain't where I come in—it's where the kid is going to come out that counts. If you don't want to see me you can see Silvertip about it."

Well, I didn't want to see Silvertip. I knew what he'd say; and, besides, I'd been feeling rotten enough about my part in the Doty business. When I opened the door of Tod's room, Walker, Jib Smith and Owly Elliott were sitting on the bed, and Hetherington and Dowling were over in one corner.

"Hello!" I says. "Is this a mass meeting of Doty's creditors?"

"Just that, exactly," says Tod. "Sit down."

Sholter is one of those serious-minded, slow-talking country fellows. Without raising his voice once or giving anybody a chance to interrupt him, he told his story.

"Boys," says he, "I've known right along that there was something doing with Doty, but I never knew how serious it was until the other night in Chicago. I went upstairs late and found Doty crying over a lot of torn paper on the writing desk. He didn't want to tell me what was the matter, but I made him. It took me two hours to get at the truth.

"That kid has got a girl out in Nebraska somewhere—it doesn't seem possible, but he has—and she expects to marry him after the World's Series is over. He'd been trying to write her a letter to say that there wouldn't be any wedding—first, because he wouldn't have enough money; and second, because he was all in as a pitcher.

"He talked a lot of nonsense about his ruined life and how he'd be better off dead and all that sort of thing. You know what notions a kid gets sometimes. . . . I'm not going

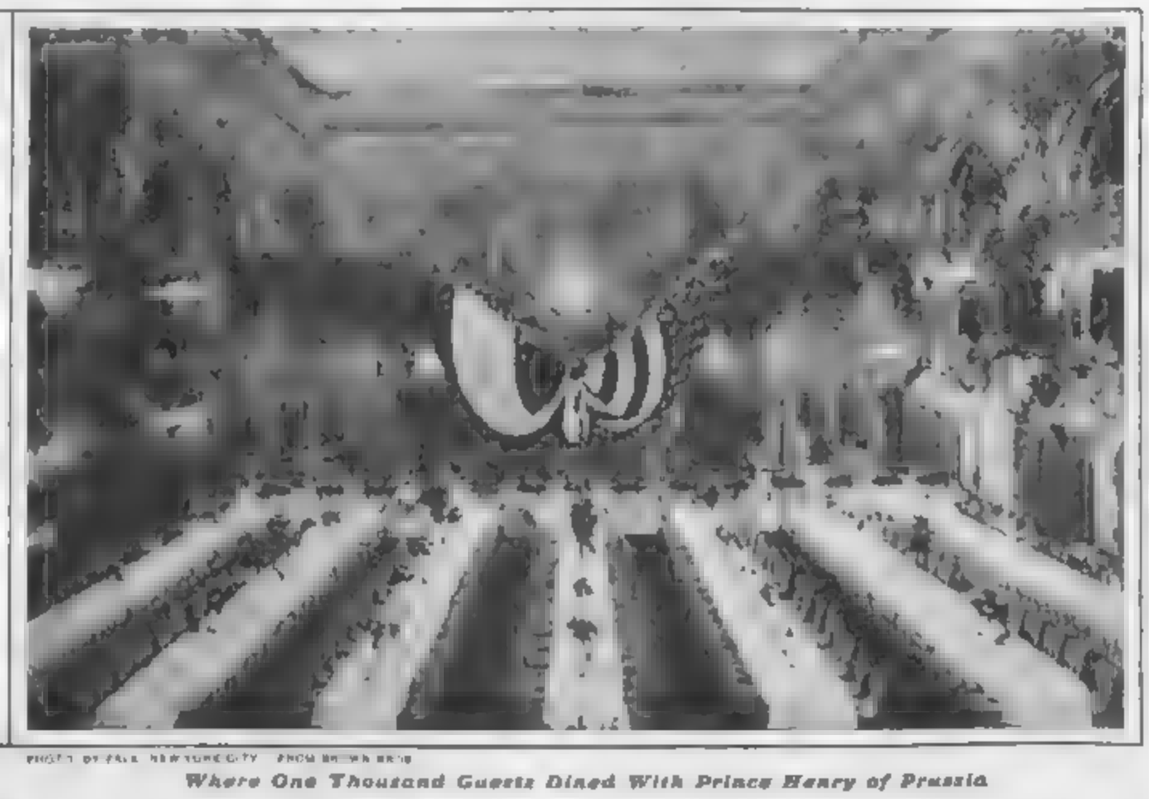
(Continued on Page 37)

She Plays Casino With Him and Beats Him Out of All His Small Change

PULLING OFF A BIG DINNER

How Organization Feeds You Occasionally at Ten Dollars a Plate

Oyster Openers Preparing Oysters to be Served at a Big Banquet



Where One Thousand Guests Dined With Prince Henry of Prussia

By John Mappelbeck

THE steward of the Van-Waldorbilt took down a bulging letter file. It held several hundred sheets of thin paper, each bearing the typewritten menu of a dinner given at that hotel during the past winter. "There's the story for the season," he said; "but it isn't finished, because the season isn't over yet. Some of these were small private dinners of a dozen plates, but most of them represent public banquets of a hundred plates and upward. Half a dozen hotels in New York now do as large a business as ourselves.

"Not so long ago," the steward added, "a dinner for seven or eight hundred guests was an event with us—a great big banquet. We had maybe two or three of that magnitude in the winter and looked forward to them with anxiety. The chef's department and my own had busy days ahead, and when the night finally came the boss stayed down until everything was safely over. Our mechanical equipment for handling the food still needed improvements, and the human organization to handle the equipment had to be built up. Everything was excitement and tension. Nobody knew what might happen. Smoke made in taking the flashlight picture might mysteriously disappear in the hotel's ventilating system, to emerge later in a guest's room and cause trouble. The kitchen force might slip up or the waiters fall down.

"Nowadays, however, we serve a dinner of from one thousand to fifteen hundred plates almost as a matter of routine; and, though we now call fifteen hundred people a big banquet, everything goes off on a smooth schedule."

New York's dinner industry is a big one. No accurate statistics have ever been compiled to show its magnitude, but there are some interesting estimates.

Just after the guests sit down to a banquet, and while the tables are still in nice order, a flashlight photograph is taken. One concern in New York makes these pictures at all the large hotels, and the manager estimated that seven hundred and eighty thousand diners had been photographed by his concern during the season of 1913-14.

Banquets for Fifteen Hundred

THE New York public-dinner season lasts from October to April, about six months; though, of course, banquets are being given throughout the year. One of the largest hotels serves an average of three banquets each week night during the season, or a total of about five hundred. There will be an average of one hundred and fifty guests at each dinner, or seventy-five thousand for the season. About six of the largest hotels do a business of equal magnitude, making a total of nearly half a million diners, and the business in the smaller hotels and restaurants will probably bring the grand total up to a million. At an outlay of ten dollars a plate, therefore, there is an expenditure of ten million dollars—if exact figures could be gathered probably it would be much more.

The dinner industry is constantly growing, for dinners play a vital part in the business, social and political life of the town. All the industries have organizations to promote their interests.

New York is a favorite city for conventions, conferences and movements of one sort or another, and these gatherings invariably wind up with a dinner. There are societies of professional men, college graduates and fraternities, natives of the different states and foreign countries, and many other kinds of organizations that make a practice of assembling at least once a year for a dinner. Local organizations dine as often as once a month in the winter; business houses bring their executives and salesmen together for conferences and dinners; traffic men and others whose work keeps them on the move find periodical dinners a means for keeping in touch with each other.

If a personage comes to town a public dinner is the best way of according him recognition, and also enables plain John Smith to see and hear the animals for from five to ten dollars a plate. Affairs are started and finished with public dinners, and important announcements are made; and when there is no other excuse for dining, New York will get together on an anniversary or a birthday—and so the industry thrives and expands.

A dinner for fifteen hundred guests is considered a big one, and about New York's limit in size; for if it is given at one of the hotels prominent in the industry the great ballroom must be used and some of the diners must be placed in the gallery. Fifteen hundred persons is about as large a number as can hear the speakers comfortably, because the audience is scattered round small tables; so the size of a public dinner tends to be limited by that condition. Moreover, it takes a strong organization, like one of the great college alumni associations, to bring out such a gathering, or the attraction of a very notable guest of honor.

The big dinner starts when the hotel receives an order for approximately so many guests on a given date. First, the price of a plate is settled. At the prominent hotels this will not be less than four dollars, without wine. From that it may range upward to any figure. Theoretically the only limit is the sky, but practically the charge for a large affair is seldom more than ten dollars; for guests pay for their own dinners, or small parties are made up, with one man acting as host at a table—and so the expense must be kept within reason.

Higher prices prevail where one man gives a small dinner for some purpose. The motive for spending is then entirely different, and the souvenirs may cost more than plain John Smith's dinner at a large public affair. The host often plans months ahead, and the souvenir may be a privately printed book containing portraits and information bearing on the occasion, or specially designed articles of plate or jewelry.

Probably the most luxurious public dinners given in New York are those of the sheriff's jury panels, which are made up of men prominent in the city's life, who are fined whenever they fail to serve when drawn for duty on the sheriff's juries. These fines are spent in dinners, at which guests receive souvenirs of silver plate engraved with their initials.

After the price has been settled the chef and dinner committee discuss the menu. Very often the occasion calls for special dishes. For a Southern gathering there will be delicacies from Dixie, and if the affair has a Scotch or Russian character typical food products may be ordered from abroad. For every dinner the chef likes to serve something scarce or fine. Boats have been sent to catch a particular kind of fish, and hunters to get strange game for big dinners. These specialties naturally take some time. New York's cold-storage reserves afford many unusual food products, such as Egyptian quail and kangaroo tails, and the canning industry now provides novelties like palm hearts; but when the chef is asked to serve reindeer steaks or elephant's foot he appreciates it if he is told a few days in advance.

It is a common belief that all the food for a big dinner must be cooked many hours before it is eaten. That may have been necessary in the early days of the dinner industry, but it is not today.

Supplies are bought by the steward's department and turned over to the chef's men the day before the dinner, so that all the raw materials may be in hand; but the actual cooking is done mainly while guests are at the tables, and most of the dishes are handled just as though fifteen hundred patrons had suddenly walked in from the street, sat down, looked over the menu, and given their order to the waiter, with directions to hurry it up.

Making the Final Count

THE soup requires longer cooking than anything else; so that is started on the morning of the day set for the dinner. Grapefruit can be cut and oysters opened a few hours ahead; so that is done and they are placed in the hotel's cold-storage rooms, to be ready when wanted. The fish, roasts and broiled meats, however, are cooked on a schedule governed by the time the dinner starts, and the vegetables are cooked with them. As the waiters serve on schedule, the flashlight picture is taken on schedule; and even the tables are set, the decorations arranged and the music played on schedule. There is really but one element of uncertainty about a big dinner—the guests. How many shall there be, and at what time shall they sit down?

Half past six in the evening is the time and all ready—tables set, first course prepared for serving, orchestra on hand, flashlight apparatus in place, the waiters in the hotel, who have had their own supper. It is highly important to feed waiters well before they go to work; otherwise they would eat half the dinner themselves.

Men in evening clothes stroll in through different doorways of the hotel, check hats and overcoats, and herd awkwardly in the anteroom. Lights and mirrors dazzle, clawhammer coats offer no refuge for hands, and they step cautiously round in the crowd until friends are met, acquaintances made or an attendant puts them at ease with a cocktail. The number grows, and all the while a count is being kept and word sent down to the kitchens:

"Now they're coming in fast—eight hundred; a thousand; fourteen hundred. There will be fourteen hundred and ninety in the final count. Now they are going in—now they are sitting down."

First comes the flashlight picture, taken just as the guests are seated, an admirable product in itself, made by a highly developed separate industry. The cameras used have been designed especially for this purpose. They are made with self-focusing features that give almost the flexibility of a snapshot camera, and in compact form of

aluminum, so that they may be carried about easily. The flashlight powder has been perfected for this work and is set off in fireproof cloth bags, which retain all the smoke.

At seven-fifteen the photographer says, "All ready!" and fires his shot. In an emergency he could quickly make another exposure. Three minutes later he is in a taxicab with the camera, and on his way to the darkroom maintained in the heart of the Dinner Belt for convenience. Ten minutes after exposure the plate is developed, in twelve minutes fixed; and after five minutes' washing it is put into wood alcohol and quickly dried before a hot-air blast. Twenty minutes after exposure it is ready to print, and three minutes after that a proof is taken and in the hypo.

Two minutes' immersion serves to fix it so it will last for a few days, though from ten to fifteen minutes are needed for a durable print; and not much more than half an hour later this proof is being circulated round the dinner tables and orders taken for copies. Sales of pictures must be made while the interest of the dinner is fresh, and so the photographer delivers all pictures the next day. If the dinner happens to be one of great news interest an enlargement of the speakers' table will be made for the newspapers and perhaps be started running on the presses before the dinner ends.

While the flashlight is being made, waiters are lined up outside with the grapefruit and enter on signal. About that time the fish goes on the fire, and then come oysters; the soup is sent up from the kitchens piping hot, and other courses are cooked on a schedule governed by the progress of the dinner. Even roast fowl will not go into the ovens until the meal is well under way, and everything is done to a nice turn, dispatched from kitchen to table in the shortest possible time, and kept warm on big trucks, with covers that protect the food. These trucks are wheeled bodily into the ovens and heated, and then go direct to service elevators which land them on the banquet floor in a few seconds.

The serving room is as busy as a factory. Usually this is the anteroom where, twenty minutes before, guests were getting acquainted. The moment they enter the banquet room there is a quick shift of scenery. Rugs come up, palms and furniture disappear, trestles are laid and converted into long serving tables, and a force of kitchen men in white pops up from below to deliver the food to the waiters. A great deal of space is needed, for while waiters are serving one course it is necessary to spread long lines of trays for the next, so that they can get everything simultaneously and take the food to the tables hot from the fire.

When the waiter battalion marches into this factory annex for the next course it is a good deal like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, for everything is done on signal, by number, together. The black-coated waiters pour out of the dining room in a long column of twos, bringing armfuls of dishes, which are set down, seized and whisked off, while they pour back with fresh plates of hot food.

Each waiter serves eight guests, but can usually carry food for only four; so the brigade makes two complete assaults on the trestles for each course, and there is a tremendous rattle of china and silver, prodigious bustle and joking, very apt to get into the blood of anybody who likes to be where things are going on fast in a large way. Probably that is why banquet waiters are regular war horses at the game, working night after night through the season, going from one hotel to another, and piecing out earnings by serving at downtown restaurants during the noon rush.

To serve a dinner of fifteen hundred places requires a force of more than six hundred workers. There will be two hundred table waiters; a hundred wine waiters; a service force of ninety men to portion out food as it comes up from the kitchens; a staff of one hundred twenty-five cooks in the chef's department; and seventy-five helpers under the steward, who cut butter, prepare vegetables, fruit, nuts and other sundries, wash dishes and carry on odd jobs. This makes a total of five hundred ninety workers directly engaged and does not include coatroom helpers, messengers, supervision, bookkeeping and overhead generally.

The upstairs work on a big dinner starts about two o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour one waiter in every ten reports for duty, sets up the tables, lays them and makes preparations. The others arrive in the evening, have their suppers, make a few final touches to the tables and are assigned to places.

It was once difficult to get the large number of trained waiters needed for a dinner of more than a thousand places, and extra men were recruited; but nowadays the seasoned banquet waiter is available in greater numbers and understands his trade so well that a dinner of the largest size goes off smoothly. His service is skillful. He takes his place almost automatically, according to the scheme laid out for the occasion, and performs on signal many little tasks not perceived by guests.

When the flashlight man was ready, for instance, there used to be a hitch while word was passed round to remove the number cards on the tables, which hide faces and spoil the picture; but now a signal is given and each waiter lifts his numbers, retires out of focus and replaces the cards when the flash is over.

The table waiter works about four or five hours in serving a big dinner and is paid pretty good wages—two dollars and a half a night in the leading New York hotels, or three dollars if he comes to work in the afternoon. As soon as cigars are lighted and the speaking begins he is free to go home, for the regular hotel force clears the tables after the guests leave. As he goes out the timekeeper pays him for the night's work, because in six nights he may serve dinners at six different places.

A big dinner calls for an interesting investment in tools and equipment. For a ten-course affair, served to fifteen hundred guests, there will be needed about six thousand knives, six thousand spoons, eight thousand forks, fifteen thousand plates, twelve thousand glasses, two hundred tablecloths, fifteen hundred napkins, and a miscellany of other tableware. The investment in tableware alone amounts to several times the whole charge for the dinner.

As an illustration, take the silver-plated trays used by waiters. Two hundred waiters serving a large dinner will need more than seven hundred trays, for while they are carrying in one course another is being spread on extra trays to facilitate service, and odd trays are necessary for incidentals. These trays cost ten dollars apiece. So plain John Smith, who pays five dollars for his banquet, must be served from ten dollars' worth of tray.

Another costly item is chairs. Hotel chairs cost anywhere from ten dollars to forty dollars apiece, and in a big establishment a thousand chairs are as nothing. So the seating for a big dinner represents an investment of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars; and the money

(Concluded on Page 27)

THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

By JOSEPH C. SMITH

IT IS as natural for me to be a harlequin as it is for a duck to follow the tendencies of its aquatic ancestors. It was born in me. My father, George W. Smith, was the greatest harlequin of his day—today I am the only harlequin in the world. He was taught by Fanny Elssler and the great Sulvian—properly spelled Sullivan—whom he succeeded. At the Grand Grignol, in Paris, may be seen a picture of George W. Smith and Fanny Elssler dancing and, as a matter of fact, I have a slipper—the first toe-dancing slipper—worn by that lady when she danced with my father.

My father was born in the City of Brotherly Love, otherwise called Philadelphia, and that dancing agreed with him is pretty well established by the fact that he lived to be ninety-seven; and he was teaching and producing as a business and attending balls and parties for the sheer fun of it until a few days before he died. Naturally he was in great demand. He danced with all the premier dancers who visited America in his time, even as I have danced with all the great dancers who have come to this country in my time.

Chinese Maxixe—Improvised by Joseph C. Smith and Rita Jolivet, Leading Woman With 1000 Years Ago

My father and myself were the only two Americans who ever went through a thorough school of dancing—that is, harlequin dancing, which is the most artistic, the most difficult, and withal the most dangerous of the terpsichorean arts. You will wonder at the word dangerous used in connection with dancing. But more of that later on. My father firmly believed in the European system—a system now gradually being abandoned—that of handing an art down from father to son, and so gave me the real French schooling, with the benefit of such inventions and eliminations as he had made.

He was better than any school-teacher I have ever known, both in dancing and in speaking, and a self-educated man at that. To illustrate: When he was the harlequin with the great Revelles, and I was only a little boy, he wanted to teach me to be a harlequin; but I did not want to be one—doing all those quick movements of head and body and having everybody laughing at me, I urged.

My father would listen to my protestations and then, just to throw me off my guard, would say: "Oh, well; I must rest a while now."

Then he would sit down and yawn and stretch his body, and do all the funny little movements of the harlequin. That was his way of amusing me, of engaging my interest, of making me like a thing I did not like—in brief, of teaching me to be a harlequin without my knowing it.

When my father was dead and gone, and they wanted some one to play the harlequin, they came to me. I was twenty-two years old; and, though I had never done any harlequinading since I was a little boy, yet I had never forgotten a single detail of what he had taught me, and was able to go on and do the work.

Once he tried to teach me to do a double turn in the air. I do not mean a double somersault, which is comparatively easy, but springing erect into the air and whirling like a top. I kept falling all the time and at last rebelled.

"It can't be done!" I cried.

"Can't, eh?" said he. "Come to the show with me tonight!"

When we got there he pointed out an Italian who was doing a one-and-three-quarters turn.

"What one man can do another man can do," he said, which was his way of exciting the spirit of rivalry in me.

I was only a boy at the time, but I went to the theater next morning, practiced a bit, and actually did a triple turn before my father got there. And I can do a triple turn today, though I am forty years old.

My father was not only a great dancer but a great producer of pantomime. Among other famous productions he put on The Black Crook and during the run of the piece danced with seven premier dancers at each performance, which was some work, believe me! Among these dancers were De Rosa, Diana and Bon Fonti. Bon Fonti is now teaching dancing in New York at eighty years of age, which fact also tends to refute the idea that dancers die young because of excessive heart tax and the like.

That my father was a strict disciplinarian was shown by his treatment of the great dancer, Countess Lola Montez, whom he taught and brought out. That lady had a very uncertain temper and used to indulge her penchant for horsewhipping everybody she did not like; but my father would not stand any of her nonsense. One day at rehearsal she had just begun one of her violent outbursts when he grabbed her, bent her over his knee, and soundly spanked her in the presence of the whole company.

My father never intended me for the stage, but when I was a little boy I was very delicate and he started to train me for my health. He first put me on a horse; in fact I learned to ride before I learned to walk. He used to hold me in position in order that I might learn the horse's motions. So I got to be quite a rider; and when I was ten years old I was the first one to leap from the ground to a horse's back and stay on—a horse fifteen hands high. It was a running jump—a dash across the ring and then into the air; and when I struck the horse's back I stayed there. I never touched him with my hand. As a matter of fact, it was due to this training that I was at one time the greatest high jumper in the world.

Circus riding is very difficult and one should begin early to learn. There are few child circus riders today. The training is too severe; it is considered cruelty. Today they put a strap round the youngster's waist and he is supported by a pole that goes round like the arm of a derrick as the horse gallops. In my day the child had to stand on the horse's back without any support, and every time he fell off he got cut with a long whip, which sometimes drew blood. Many a time I have fallen off a horse's back and hung on to his tail, his hind legs kicking me, and then struggled up on to his back again rather than touch the ground and get a cut from the awful whip.

Years of Fencing and Dancing

EVEN when I was a little chap of five, before I had become a full-fledged circus rider, my life was exceedingly strenuous. I used to get up at seven o'clock and at eight was riding a horse. Then I went to school from nine until two. In the afternoon when I came home I put on the gloves and sparred. Then I would take the swords, the combat, the quarterstaff, the single-stick, until I was able to handle every kind of sword known. I kept up this sort of thing for ten years before my father would admit that I amounted to anything at all.

When I was fourteen years of age, and was just about finishing school, an Italian dancer came to this country and wanted a dancer to go to Europe in a hurry. He took me to Italy with him and I was made premier male dancer over ten Italian dancers at La Scala, in Milan. There was a young woman there who got so jealous of what this young foreigner could do—I had grown to be a very husky chap—that when I used to hold her up in the air as we danced she would shake herself and wriggle and try to fall, so that I should be blamed for it. And, as Kipling would say, "I learned about women from her."

While I was still very young I was engaged at a theater in New Orleans where there was a skating ballet—all Frenchmen—who performed on roller skates. One day one of these performers was injured and I was asked whether I would help out the following night. I promised to do so, though I had never had a skate on my foot. The next morning I went to the rink and practiced for an hour or so, during which time I got a few pretty savage bumps; but got on to the way of the skates all right. The rehearsal was at ten o'clock.

"Have you ever had skates on before?" said the principal Frenchman.

"No," said I. "Give me a pair and let's see what I can do."

I put them on and fastened them while the Frenchmen stood round and laughed.

"Watch the Yank break his neck!" they said.

The Yank did not break his neck, however. Instead, he took a whirl round, and that night he went on and made a big hit. It would have been quite impossible for a man who had not had my early gymnastic training to have done that.

The harlequin originated in Italy. His art is unique. It is the finesse of pantomime. The eight characters that are in all plays start from the harlequin. He is, for instance, the leading man and the juvenile. Then comes Pantaloon, the grouchy old father; then the clown, who is the comedian. Columbine is the soubrette, the prima donna, or whatever else she may be; and the fairy queen is the peace-maker in the family. The fop is the dude of today, the English fool. He is always the butt-in, the one father likes best for the daughter because he is an aristocrat; but he has no money. He is always coming in and getting beaten and batted about; they all go up and hit him with a stick, or something like that. The old witch is the mischief-maker, who comes in and upsets things; and the devil is the villain.

The work of the harlequin is dancing, facial expression, pantomime. He never speaks. His every pose or movement of the head, hand or foot has a meaning of its own. These various movements are called animations. When his mask is down over his eyes he is invisible; when it is up he is visible. The old nursery rhyme expresses it best:

Take this mask; when over your eyes
No one can see you if he tries.

Finale of the Maxixe as Danced on the Stage. When Danced in a Drawing Room the Man Raises His Partner Only a Few Inches From the Floor

The harlequin is the sleight-of-hand man, the arch magician. He taps a coalscuttle and lo! it changes into a wagon or whatnot; he taps the wall and a bed comes out; he taps the bed and it disappears. He pulls the nose of Pantaloon and coins tinkle out, much to that gentleman's amazement and the delight of the children out in front. He is the marvel of wonder-workers. He picks up a quarter and it becomes half a dollar right before your eyes.

His dress is no less brilliant than his accomplishments. The colors on it represent the seven different passions. Black is death; if any one must die the harlequin points to this particular spot. White is purity; blue is truth; green is envy; yellow is jealousy; and red is love or passion. These colors in themselves give the harlequin quite a dumb vocabulary, and taken in combination they afford him an unlimited means of expression.

To make this wonderful dress was no mean job in the old days. They used to put tights on the artist and then sew each patch on separately. My father used to stand for hours while my mother thus built him up, patch by patch; but nowadays they weave the colors in, which makes the dress very expensive indeed. Also, the woven suits are very heavy and difficult to jump about in.

The most difficult thing in a harlequin dance is whirling in the air with the feet off the ground. Compared to this a double somersault is easy. The acrobat who does the latter makes a run and leaps many feet into the air and lands several yards distant. Again, he turns in the same direction in which he is going, thus availing himself of the momentum acquired as he leaps. But the harlequin jumps straight up into the air and then turns quickly at right angles. To be sure, he is able to gain direction and some momentum before he leaves the ground; but he must maintain the momentum by contortive work in the air, which is about the nearest to lifting oneself by one's bootstraps of anything I know.

A double turn in the air is very difficult; but, as I said, I can do a triple turn, and I am forty years old. I do not do this often. It is done so fast the audience does not realize it and does not applaud me when I do it; but if I do a double turn they can follow it and they always roundly applaud. So what is the use? Another thing, I can pass my feet eight times in the air; but when I do, the action is so fast the audience cannot follow me and does not applaud. A six-pass, however, they will applaud every time; so I rarely do the eight-pass except when Harry Dixey, who appreciates it, is my audience. I never notice the other audience.

In a pirouette you always look at a light or some other object, and it is your head that does the pirouetting—that is, you hold the light with your eyes as long as possible while your body is whirling, then bring your head round quickly and catch the light again. This turning of the head gives momentum to the body and, if done quickly enough, has the appearance of wringing one's own neck. You start in the second position—that is, with the leg out straight—and hop round until you get perfect balance; then you bring in your foot and start with your head. You have got to be absolutely rigid. You dare not move from that position after you have started. If you drop your chest an inch you will fall backward. When I am in good condition I can pirouette to sixty-four bars of music, probably one hundred and twenty times.

The Art of Pirouetting

THE Frenchman and the Italian begin slowly and work up to top speed in pirouetting, stopping instantaneously at the very height of the velocity they have attained; but the Russian does not know how to turn a pirouette. He starts with a fast spin and turns until he dies down.

The dangers a harlequin encounters are such as the general public would never dream of. We have heard of men falling and breaking their legs or ribs on highly polished ballroom floors. The harlequin must guard not only against slipping but against many other dangers. For instance, in pirouetting, though he stops with electric suddenness, he must stand motionless. It would never do for him to go reeling about the stage after he ceased to pirouette, seeking to regain his balance. The effect and beauty of the movement would be lost. It would be grotesque. To get this absolute control and balance is the work of years. I have known only two men besides myself who could do a triple turn in the air, and one of them broke his neck at it at last.

The harlequin wearing soft-soled shoes always has the terrible dread of getting a tack in his foot. Once I had just taken my first step in the dance when I landed on the point of one of those little devil's daggers and did fourteen jumps into the air before I could stop, driving the deadly thing farther and farther into the ball of my foot with each jump. My friends had to take pincers and pull the tack out of the bone.

In a dance like this, which requires the finest balance and adjustment in every way, it is necessary to have an absolutely secure and reliable floor from which to start. The public does not realize the difficulty and danger I am under from lack of this prime requisite. Where I am dancing now they put on three floor cloths, one on top of the other, inside of five minutes, and when I jump from the staircase and land on these I slide. I cannot get any purchase on them with which to leap into the air as I should from a bare floor; but even when dancing on a bare floor you are apt to encounter a bad board, one that is not absolutely secure. The dancer, however, can detect that sort of thing the instant he touches it and is careful to avoid it thereafter.

Changing from theater to theater has its disadvantages. I may dance one week on a perfectly flat stage and get somewhat used to it. The next theater I go to may have a terrible rake to it—say, one inch in eighteen. I get used to dancing on the slanting stage and when I change back again to the flat stage I am apt to fall backward unless I am careful. I would rather dance on a slanting stage, because I was practically born on one—that of Niblo's Garden.

The least thing will take your mind off your work, just as the shifting of a featherweight will throw you off your balance when you are in the air. For instance, the lights go out and the scene is changed; then the lights come on and you have to begin your movement before your sight is adjusted to the new glare. Or some slight change in the

location of things will throw you off. One night, as I made that leap off the stairs, one of the fellows happened to have the flag a little too far front, which, trifling though it seems, would have thrown me out had not my brain, trained to meet just such emergencies, automatically adjusted itself to the unexpected conditions and saved me.

There is also danger of the rope or wire, by which the harlequin is sometimes suspended or swung in doing his various stunts, giving way. A wire when straight may stand a great strain, but if it be bent or kinked it is greatly weakened and becomes very treacherous.

Once I was playing in Denver, in The Statue Blanche. I was the harlequin and was supposed to steal Columbine and run away with her. The crowd pursued; a balloon came by with a trapeze attached, which I grabbed as the inflated bag swung into the air and was carried away, with the girl under my arm. As a matter of fact, the girl was only a dummy. I knew that I must rise forty-five feet into the air before I was swung into the wing. I had got almost that high when I heard the wire going Pin-n-n-g! Pin-n-n-g! You always have warning of a breaking wire. As it stretches it makes that little pin-n-n-g—such a sound as you would make by touching one of the wires of a piano with the point of a feather very, very lightly, but instantly caught by the ever-listening, apprehensive ear of the man who has to do that kind of stunt.

I knew that I must act at once. It would never do to drop feet first and drive my legs up into my body. So I dropped the dummy figure, doubled up round the bar, bent my head forward and clasped my hands round my knees—in short, made myself into a ball; and as the wire broke I dropped to the stage forty feet below, striking on my thigh. I cannot tell you how hard I struck, but instantly my whole body began to turn black. They put me into an alcohol bath in the star dressing room and I was back on the stage within two days.

The Dangers of the Star Trap

OF ALL dangers that threaten the harlequin, however, that of the star trap is the most terrifying. The star trap is an octagon-shaped contrivance let into the stage. It has eight points of half-inch oak and is designed to create the illusion that the harlequin is bursting through the very surface of the earth, so to speak—an illusion that was impaired by the old square trap, which everybody in the balcony and boxes could see.

When the harlequin says Go! the men underneath pull the bolts, the weights are released, and he is shot into the air. His head hits the points of the octagon, lifting them; and, once he has passed, these immediately fall back into place. This is the most dangerous trap in the world. If anything should go wrong and it should close slowly you might in your descent strike this hole and the descending oak points would run you through like the spears of a horde of savages. There is one way of avoiding this danger. If you see that you are coming down straight on the trap spread your feet and they land on each side of it. Or something may happen so that you are shot only halfway through the trap, in which case you can quickly put your hands on the stage and rest your weight on them, thus saving yourself from being pinioned.

There is always the possibility of something going wrong in the working of the trap under the stage. The contrivance from which you are catapulted up through the octagon-shaped opening is something like an elevator weighted down. If this is released ahead of time the performer is apt to be banged against the stage. On one occasion I had just stepped on to the trap and was not quite in its center when the word was given to let go, and I was thrown up against the stage so hard that I forced three boards loose and my back was nearly broken.

Pantomimists are more jealous, I believe, than any other professional people, and this quality sometimes forces them to the most deadly extremes in dealing with rivals. This is another very definite danger that must be reckoned with.

I started the present dancing craze in America. A hall in Thirty-ninth Street was the cradle of the mania. I used to go down there and dance the Turkey Trot, which I had just invented or, rather, adapted. I did this dance in Chicago when we were putting on Madame Sherry at the Colonial Theater. Then I put it on at Wallack's in A Certain Party, and later on used it in The Country Girl.

Another Step of the Chinese Maxixe

The Turkey Trot does not come from the Barbary Coast, the orgy zone of San Francisco. As a matter of fact the original of this dance is a hundred years old, and goodness only knows how much older! I got it by watching the negroes on the banks of the Mississippi. Down there the darkies go along the levees carrying their bags or sacks, moving with a slouching, swinging, half-gliding, half-loping gait, and singing or, rather, intoning: "Tote 'lon-n-g! Tote 'lon-n-g! Tote 'long!" There you have it—the Turkey Trot. That is where I got it. Variations of this dance are called the Bunny Hug, the Gobbler Glide and other names; but they all come from that "Tote 'lon-n-g!"

I was the first to do the Tango in this country. I brought it over from Spain, where the natives have danced it for generations. It is nothing more or less than the Spanish Fandango modified and adapted for ballroom purposes. The claim that the Tango was brought from the Argentine Republic is absurd. Even the Cubans have been dancing it for a long time. Really nobody invented the Tango; it just grew and came to this country in the natural course of events.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Turkey Trotting

Mr. Smith Wearing His Father's Harlequin Dress

It is curious that a dance like this can have such a tremendously popular hold in one country and not be taken up by another; but when we consider that golf was the great game in Scotland for centuries before it was developed in England, right next door, we cease to wonder. It is curious how these wonderful things are confined to a small territory for centuries, and then quite accidentally burst into a world-wide craze.

When I first brought the Tango here I put it on at the Winter Garden and everybody laughed at it—the funniest and the most absurd thing they had ever seen, they declared. Now it is the rage of the world. Maurice saw how it went here and started it in Europe, and now it is all the rage there, where it has practically forced every other form of amusement to the wall.

The Apaches of Paris

THE Apache Dance is another modernized, debarbarized and transplanted form of the terpsichorean art. There are probably more claimants to the foster parentship of this dance in America than in any other case. Though many foreigners in Paris witnessed this dance, I claim to be the first to have discovered from its crude and villainous form in the dives there the possibilities of beauty and grace; in fact some of the persons I taught to perform this dance have most vehemently protested their authorship of it.

There are twenty thousand low, murderous, cowardly, skulking characters in Paris called Apaches. These men are, in a way, like the gangsters of New York, though neither so cowardly nor so treacherous—that is, they do not betray their pals to save their own miserable skins. Many of them work during the day. You may have one in your employ and not know it. Perhaps he is a salesman in your shop, with well-manicured nails and suave manners—a dandy.

All day he stands behind your counter and waits on your customers—suavely, manicuredly—and at night puts on the red bandanna and black sash, the signs of his avocation, and goes forth to join the boys.

The Apache used to hold up his victim in a dark street; but, since he has got the police of Paris demoralized, his audacity or bravado leads him to attempt coups in the most frequented thoroughfares. However, where murder is to be his means, he tackles his victim in a lonely street, throws his red bandanna over his eyes, makes him hold his hands over his head and ties them with his black sash; then he moves round behind his victim and thrusts a knife into his back, letting go of the instrument instantaneously and stepping back as the blow falls. Thus he avoids getting blood on his hands; and his precaution of blindfolding the man and turning his face away helps to prevent the identification of the murderer.

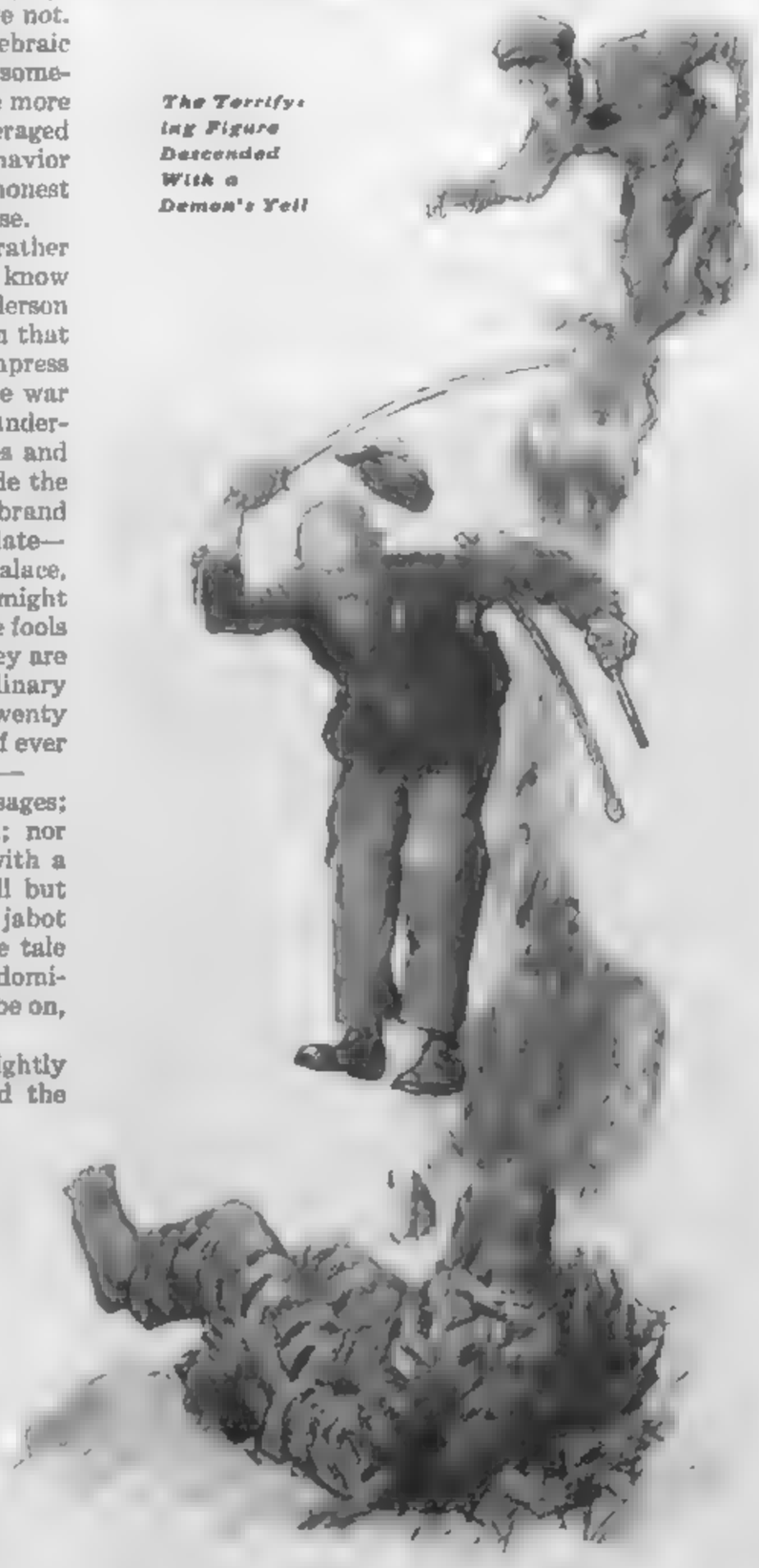
This, in brief, is a description of the Apache and one of his methods of procedure. There are many others that no

(Continued on Page 28)

Corporal Billy's Come-Back

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



The Terrifying Figure Descended With a Demon's Yell

THIS thing of bravery under fire should be better understood. We may not all be cowards at heart; but we are gifted with a mighty discretion that would stamp us such if we were not too cowardly to give it play. Fearing our own cowardice we sham a valor we have not. It works out like one of those scrambled-looking algebraic affairs with plus and minus signs that finally equal something you were looking for. The more cowardly, the more reckless—in proportion to our conceit. This has averaged high enough thus far to insure plenty of reckless behavior on battlefields. The men who run away are merely honest men who very modestly crave no undeserved applause.

Private Hicks hates to be shot at; but he would rather be shot at than have Private Henderson beside him know how he hates it. And he believes, of course, that Henderson really loves being shot at. It never dawns upon him that Henderson's bravery is like his own, assumed to impress Hicks and the other privates and the officers and the war correspondents and the folks back home. If they understood each other there would be fewer fool charges and less of that pretty but uneconomic flagwaving outside the trenches. And fewer wars, to be sure. If the current brand of Scotch philanthropy—with a side-line of armor plate—had run to a Palace of Truth instead of a Peace Palace, which is a nice enough place for squabbles, soldiers might by this time be coldly refusing to let the powers make fools of them for the sake of proving to each other that they are not something which each man knows he is. Any ordinary union psychologist should be able to show them in twenty minutes that they all equally hate to be shot at, and if ever they come to see through each other's little game ——

No, it isn't a war story; no spies with cipher messages; nor two brothers fighting on opposite sides at Shiloh; nor the sergeant in the Philippines who has an affair with a beautiful native girl and gets cut to small bits—all but what the head-hunter wanted—with a sampan or a jabot or one of those things. None of that, although the tale does sound a martial strain here and there and the dominant theme was heard in the opening bars. Let us be on, through a diminished seventh, to the real trouble.

The ancient Corporal Billy Safford, G. A. R., lightly hummed Marching Through Georgia, as he turned the sizzling pork chops under the hostile glare of another and much younger military character. The atmosphere of the small living room back of Corporal Billy's cobbler shop, redolent though it was of the kindly aroma of browning chops, was tense with a smoldering animosity. For the other military character had heatedly averred that the only way to cook the chops was to broil them out in the open over a fragrant campfire, about which, when the meal was done, stories of adventure would be told. Indeed, preparations had been made for this fire in the backyard—and then Corporal Billy had put his foot down. He was too busy that evening to fool round. They would have supper right there in the house and let that end it! Didn't he have to shave right after supper and then get into his uniform to attend the meeting of the Decoration Day committee? Certain people seemed to forget that he was the sole surviving member of his G. A. R. Post in Ophirville, and that much was expected of him on the morrow.

The other military character, slumping far down in his chair until he seemed to sit on his shoulder blades, scowled moodily down the sides of a stubby and freckled nose and into the gleaming teeth of the range. He was no other than Cyril Naughton Webster, captain of Boy Scouts, who had been put off upon his defenseless Uncle Billy Safford for a whole summer because it was feared by his mother that one more vacation in Oakland would secure him the unwelcome and perhaps enduring notice of a harried constabulary. We have scant knowledge of the lawless activities that incurred this sequestration; yet all too much may be safely inferred from the bare admission of his mother in her letter to Uncle Billy: "He is undeniably a boy of high spirits." When a mother will say this of her first born, how much it eloquently leaves unsaid!

But Corporal Billy was old enough to have forgotten about boys. He had fatuously agreed that the placid upland town of Ophirville was just the place for a boy of undeniably high spirits.

And in the main he had found the association not without charm. Their military careers formed a bond between them. Captain Webster, as he preferred to be addressed—indeed he promptly fought any one of his own weight who addressed him as Cyril—had quickly learned what might and what might not be attempted within the municipal confines, having become a keen appraiser of the police spirit in any place where he abided. And, moreover, the wooded hills beyond the town and the foaming river that threaded them had lured him from the streets. There he boy-scouted tirelessly, and in his lighter moments hunted and fished. And he ardently preached this open-air life to his Uncle Billy.

He believed, and said, that his Uncle Billy was getting out of condition by reason of his close application to work—whence the disagreement of the moment, because Uncle Billy would not cook supper out where it ought to be cooked. And yet the trouble was less simple than this, for the matter of the Indians preceded it.

A mile below the town on a grassy flat sojourned for the fishing the family of one Joe Twohead—consisting of that reverend ward of the government himself, Sarah Twohead, his wife, his son, Ezra Elk, and the latter's consort, Annabelle Elk, née Swampy. These peaceful four, being observed by Captain Webster the day of his arrival, had fired him to high endeavor. He had behaved in their presence as a leashed terrier in a rat-pit. It had subsequently pleased him to believe that they were hostile Indians, that they came to buy supplies from the Boston Cash Store merely to ascertain the town's most vulnerable point, and that they traitorously meant to attack it on the first moonless night. Captain Webster meant to foil them if scouting would do it. He had trailed them furtively through the forest; he had haunted the brushy outskirts of their camp; and he had more than once unexpectedly confronted them, steely-eyed and threatening. He had left them no peace. They could make no move except under his surveillance. And then the distressing affair of the twenty-two-automatic—of which more at once.

Corporal Billy removed the supper from the range to the table, neatly spread with its red-and-white checkered cloth—the sizzling pork chops, the fried potatoes, the stewed tomatoes and the pot of steaming coffee. He took his seat and Captain Webster drew his own chair to the table, stimulated by the food, yet still morose.

"And Sheriff Kritzler swears," resumed Corporal Billy sternly, as the meal began, "that if you make one more break at them Indians he'll put you in the lock-up and keep you there. What in time did you mean by it anyway? Who'd you want to go and shoot one for? Answer me that, Cyril Webster! —— No, I won't call you 'cap'n' again less'n you act like you had some judgment."

"I never tried to shoot him," denied the captain sourly. "I was just tracking him through the forest, and he never saw me because I moved stealthy from tree to tree. Then he stopped a minute to pick up a package of tea or something that had fell out of his bundle, and I thought what a bully shot that would be if he was only on the warpath; so I covered him with my rifle, just to see how fine I could draw a bead on him. But I never meant to pull the trigger, honest I never did; I just barely touched it. And it didn't hit him anyway—just snipped off a twig beside his head. But he let out an awful yell and jumped round and saw me before I could vanish into the underbrush and make good my escape. Then by the time I got back to town, here they all four come and was after the sheriff to have me arrested or something. What kind of a way is that for an Indian to act? They swore I'd tried to kill that old one, and that sheriff he says ——"

"I know well enough what he said," interrupted his listener. "He paroled you in my custody and I'm responsible for your peaceful behavior, mind that now. If I hadn't 'a' been a well-known and prominently respected citizen you'd been tried and sent over there to Folsom at hard labor for attempted violent murder, that's what you'd 'a' been! Undeniable high spirits! My land, I should think so!"

"Huh!" sniffed the unabashed captain. "Nice way for Indians to act, wasn't it. Every one knows they're a cowardly race. They can act brave enough in the movies; but look at how they do when it comes to a showdown out in the open as man to man—they run right off and tattle to a Dutch sheriff, that's what the cowards do!"

"You got no right to pester them Indians," warned Corporal Billy, spearing his second pork chop. "They're peaceable, quiet folks, jest like you and me."

"Yes, and we'll all be scalped in our beds some night, that's what," continued the captain. "I seen the ugly gleam in their eyes when they was trying to have that sheriff arrest me ——"

"You let 'em alone!"

"Oh, very well! I'll let 'em alone for the present, but mark my words, a time will come and I'll show 'em no mercy. If one of 'em ever crosses my path again he'd better have a care. I'll put a dose of cold lead through his craven heart, that's what I'll ——"

"S-sh! That'll do ——"

"Why, say," went on the captain, brightening, "you and I alone could go down there and make 'em all bite the dust. Just before dawn is the best time to attackt ——"

"Look ahere, my lad," said Corporal Billy desperately, "you do any more of that and the sheriff 'll have you inside lookin' out, that's what he'll have you. And jest for the way you talk, you leave that gun of yours right here to home for three days. Now I guess you'll talk soft."

"Want me to go out unarmed, do you?" inquired the captain bitterly.

"That's just what! You'll go unarmed until you learn some discipline. How'd I ever gone through the war if I'd been like you, shootin' up people right and left?"

"Oh, all right," growled the captain, gloomily engaging his food.

Corporal Billy pushed his chair back from the table, emitted a long sigh of repletion and gnawed relishingly at his plug of tobacco. The captain observed this with high disapproval.

"Tobacco is a filthy habit," he began oracularly. "It stunts your growth ——"

"My growth is had," retorted the corporal.

"And poisons your systems. See what it's done to you already. Look at the way you carry yourself! You need some setting-up exercises. Bend over and touch your toes a hundred times, morning and night, and get some light dumbbells —— Oh, well, if you don't want to listen ——"

For the corporal, with elaborate disregard, was again humming Marching Through Georgia, while he massed his shaving apparatus before the small mirror above the sink. Undoubtedly he needed setting-up exercises as much as any man of seventy-five ever needed them. He was undersized, with a wisp of a white beard, dim and sorrowful blue eyes and bent shoulders, and his limp was pronounced. Tobacco may have been the cause. Then again forty years of cobbling might be accused.

Yet the corporal now went about the almost tragic business of shaving with real elation. Relentlessly he fought the blade over his lined old face to a sinister depth. He did not shave so much as scarify, but his ensuing groans were cheerful. For this was the one time in the year when Corporal Billy was the central and resplendent figure of the town. This was the eve of his great day. Tonight was the meeting of the Decoration Day committee, the program of which never varied, from the introductory oration of the mayor to the declamation of the Gettysburg address by a girl pupil of the high school and the perfunctory election of Corporal William Safford, late of the Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, to the post of grand marshal of the parade—Corporal Billy on a safely prancing horse, uniformed, embellished with a gorgeous sash! Year after year it had been thus. He sometimes pretended to be bored by the regularity of the thing, but he was Ophirville's one surviving veteran of the Civil War, and could he confess to a decay of his public spirit? Not Corporal Billy!

Captain Webster from his seat had watched that fearsome ordeal of shaving with mingled hope and alarm. It had seemed inevitable from the first gash that the old man would do something fatal to himself with that razor; but the operation was amazingly completed with only some minor casualties. Thereupon Corporal Billy, in the tiny adjacent bedroom, proceeded to bedeck himself in his smart blue uniform. It was this uniform that won back the momentarily difficult respect of Captain Webster and restored his waning enthusiasm for life. He noted with approval that the old man became more erect, lifting his head pridefully, and the limp was hardly to be noticed. The captain himself brushed the fatigue cap and experienced a thrill in doing it. Corporal Billy set it firmly upon his lifted head and coyly approved himself in the mirror. The captain was undoubtedly respectful as he also surveyed the result.

"It's a bully uniform," he declared; "and I'll bet you were a corking good soldier. I'll bet you were the bravest man in all your regiment."

"Shucks!" muttered the preening corporal. "Not at all—lots braver than me."

"Oh, I know you've got to be modest," the other conceded; "but how about those times you told me of!"

But for the recent shave, a blush might have been observed to mantle the jowls of Corporal Billy. It was true that in certain expansive moments since the captain's arrival he had recounted two or three little adventures in which he had played anything but a coward's part. But the boy was insistent for stories, and they might inspire him to brave deeds of his own; and if you were going to tell a story at all you ought to tell it right, oughtn't you—add little ornamenting details here and there. Still, with the old uniform actually on, the corporal somehow regretted one or two of the more daring flights.

"Shucks!" he muttered again in self-disparagement.

"Say," urged the now glowing captain, "tell us again about that big six-foot rebel that you shoved your bayonet clean through the chest of, when he was just going to shoot you down in cold blood ——"

"No time for yarns," said the corporal shortly. "We got to hurry to the c'mittee meeting."

Here the captain had to search at length for his own cap, which always became mysteriously lost the moment he entered the house. Corporal Billy waited impatiently until this was found—in the wood-box back of the range—and then they were out in the main street of Ophirville making a notable progress to the town hall. Corporal Billy strode with a military alertness, stiffly saluting such of his fellow townsmen as engaged his notice. Captain Webster stalked stiffly at his side, with frequent upward glances of pride, a pleased unit of the spectacle. A block up the street they encountered Mrs. Honora Kelly, a lady of billowy amplitudes, also garbed ceremoniously and wearing her best lilac bonnet above a high-colored and cordial face. Mrs. Kelly was the relict of one Michael Kelly, also a veteran of the Civil War. When Ophirville had boasted enough civil war veterans to maintain a fraction of a Grand Army Post, Mrs. Kelly had been the president of the local ladies of the G. A. R. But now of the post there remained only Corporal Billy, and of the local ladies only Mrs. Honora.

"Evenin', Mis' Kelly!" The corporal lifted his fatigue cap with a flourish. "To the c'mittee meetin', I take it?"

"'Tis not so many more Dec'ration Days we'll be seeing, Corporal Safford," observed Mrs. Kelly with an effort at sadness.

"The Grand Army is passin' on," he retorted gallantly, "but the ladies of the Grand Army are ever young and fair, as the poet said."

"Be still with your jests," returned Mrs. Kelly, and the best bonnet was tossed coquettishly. Each year she angled for this compliment, and the winning of it never failed to brighten her.

As they walked on Mrs. Kelly waved an eloquently insulting hand toward the opposite side of the street.

"'Tis the Spanish war vets, would you look now!" she exclaimed.

Corporal Billy glowered at three youngish men in blue shirts and khaki trousers who conversed earnestly in front of the Boston Cash Store. True enough, they were veterans, but Corporal Billy's glance seemed to say that this term was too elastic.

"Vet'runs of the so-called war with Spain, I believe," he remarked grandly. It is unquestionably the way of Corporal Billy and his like to sniff at the opéra-bouffe campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines. By them the propriety of allowing the younger veterans to participate at all in the observances of Memorial Day is still mooted in many sections.

"An' wearin' gur-rand medals on the chests of them!" pursued Mrs. Kelly.

"Medals!" Corporal Billy sneered wickedly. "What them boys went through wouldn't 'a' been camp sports to what me and your husband and our cumruds went through, Mis' Kelly. And they got two medals apiece for their skylarking. Me? I got two medals myself, only I can't exhibit 'em to ladies. One in my shoulder—that's a saber cut. One in my leg—that's a minnie ball. They ain't a mite showy, but nobody can pull 'em off'n me."

"Would you think they was talkin' of us now?" demanded Mrs. Kelly. "Seems like, the way they're lookin' over here."

"Like 'em!" growled the corporal. "Wha'd the mayor have to go put 'em on our c'mittee for? 'Tain't right for such as them to be messin' round the graves of our cumruds. Let 'em wait till they got some graves of their own to mess round."

"They'd wait long," observed Mrs. Kelly crisply. "Their health was never threatened, though I believe one of them did catch a hard cold in Porty Reeky."

They were still companionably muttering this grievance when Corporal Billy handed Mrs. Kelly into the hall, followed by the now subdued Captain Webster, who was tasting his fill of reflected glory.

The Mayor of Ophirville, as chairman of the committee on arrangements, sat at the desk and looked formal. The superintendent of schools sat at a small table beside the desk to record the formidable minutes of the meeting. The town clerk, the sheriff and prominent citizens to the number of a dozen were also present. The Spanish-American war delegation filed in after the G. A. R. representation and found seats near the town clerk, with whom they held earnest speech in whispers.

"Meeting of the committee on arrangements for Memorial Day will now come to order," announced the mayor. He coughed gracefully and sipped from a glass of water solicitously tendered him by the alert superintendent of schools. "We are met together on this occasion to arrange for a fitting observance of the day set apart for honoring the nation's heroic dead. Needless to say that while our thriving little city is not so large as some other cities in this broad and united land, nevertheless its public-spirited citizens are not found wanting in respect in the matter of honoring the nation's heroic dead. On the morrow we shall pay a just tribute to those who so nobly laid down their young lives ——"

At this point Mrs. Kelly wept audibly in tribute to Michael Kelly, who at the age of sixty-eight had been killed in a mine shaft.

"True for you, may'r!" she sobbed approvingly.

"Nominations," concluded the slightly annoyed mayor, "are now in order for the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Memorial Day parade."

Corporal Billy Safford tried not to look self-conscious at this. He had made the effort for years. He was running over in his mind the set little speech by which he should accept the honor to be foisted upon him.

The town clerk arose, but he did not look in the direction of Corporal Safford. He looked straight at the mayor. Something appeared to be wrong with the meeting. He was the brother-in-law of a Cuban veteran.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began the town clerk urbanely. "Ophirville has always seen her duty on this day of days, and need I say she has always met it ——"

"You need not," hissed Mrs. Kelly, already clairvoyant to his design.

"Every Memorial Day," continued the orator, after an icy stare at the insurgent widow, "has done our thriving little city and its public-spirited cohorts abundant credit, and far be it from me to intimate an intention of—er—intimating that we could have done it better otherwise than in the manner we did do it. But this year, though far be it from me to cast undue reflections ——"

"It'd better be!" threatened the watchful widow, grimly.

"—— it is my pleasure and my duty to propose an innovation. The grand marshal of our parade has heretofore been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, that glorious organization without which, as the peerless Webster said ——"

"And who should it be but a G. A. R.? Come now!" demanded Mrs. Kelly in full-toned wrath. Corporal Billy choked strangely and there was a curious buzzing in his ears.

"Order!" demanded the mayor sharply.

"The innovation which I have to propose," continued the orator, indignant because he had wished to quote Daniel Webster on liberty and union and now realized that he had forgotten the lines, "is the election of a member of the Spanish-American War veterans to the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Decoration Day parade. I nominate Sergeant Sam Gates, of the First California Regiment, for that post."

"Second the nomination," mumbled one of the younger veterans in khaki.

"I Walked Out With You and Out I'll Stay"

"A Real Soldier Don't Need to Hold a Gun on His Kind"

Corporal Safford, G. A. R., cowered as from a blow. Mrs. Kelly was on her feet with truculent fists aloft.

"I nom'nate Corp'ral William Safford," she shouted defiantly.

There was a painful silence. Corporal Billy, listening intently, looked about him with dumb appeal.

"Any second to the nomination of Corporal Safford?" demanded the mayor briskly. There was no response.

"Then Sergeant Sam Gates stands elected to the post of grand marshal," concluded the mayor, brutally flouting the manual of Cushing.

Corporal Safford rose unsteadily to his feet, holding to the back of his chair. Then abruptly he straightened as if he had heard a command.

He clicked his heels together, put on his fatigue cap and marched stiffly from the room.

For a block he continued to march stiffly, head erect, with the rhythmic tread of a soldier. But then he wilted to the cobbler's stoop and again he limped. He did not realize that he had been followed until he felt Mrs. Kelly's hand on his arm.

"The snakes!" she said simply. "But don't you take it to heart, my boy."

"I'm not, Mrs. Kelly." The old man straightened once more. "Maybe they're right and I'm too old for a grand marshal. To tell you the truth, I ain't felt so very fancy on horseback this last two—three years. But, anyhow, you'll be representin' the ladies of the G. A. R."

"I'll not that!" she flashed. "I walked out with you and out I'll stay. What would our cumruds be thinkin', especially Mike, rest his soul."

"Our cumruds," murmured the corporal, as they walked on in silence.

Captain Webster, of the Boy Scouts, marched excitedly beside them. He was mentally dramatizing an Indian foray, in which the red devils should descend upon the settlement at once and scalp every one of those smarties back there who had rejected his Uncle Billy for grand marshal—"given him the hook," was the captain's phrasing of this process.

Back in the little kitchen Corporal Billy went mechanically about the washing of the supper dishes. He did not hum Marching Through Georgia, though at moments he affected a lively interest in the scraping of plates and the heating of dishwater. Nor was he unaided in his task. Captain Webster, despite a career of hardening adventure, was not without his human side. Indeed, as he deftly helped with the work there was something almost softly human in the glances he stole at the outworn veteran. He spoke but little, however, until the kitchen was once more neat. Then, as the corporal drew off his long kitchen apron and hung it on its nail, the captain, for purposes of light conversation, brought up a matter which had nothing to do with the affair of the evening.

"Now if I could take my rifle out just for an hour tomorrow morning—that Mrs. Kelly said she'd like me to shoot two of her young roosters and I think we should always try to perform little services for those about us and make their lives brighter."

"All right, but you bring that rifle right back when you've done it, mind that!" And Corporal Billy sank wearily into a chair to regard on the wall opposite him a steel engraving in a walnut frame of Abraham Lincoln striking the shuckles from a kneeling slave.

"I wonder if it was worth while," muttered the old man grimly. The reference was lost upon the captain, who was nevertheless sympathetic.

"You could come back all right," he announced cheerfully.

"Come back? Back from where?"

"Oh, you know—come back. They think you're down and out, but you could come back, Uncle Billy."

"Oh, I'm a has-been all right." He continued to glare at the engraving, but Captain Webster was persistent. He planted himself before the old man, feet apart, head tilted, eyes half-shut in calculation.

"No, sir; you can come back, I tell you. If you'd just put yourself in my hands and give up chewing tobacco and take those bending exercises and breathe deep in the open air and drink pure spring water between meals, I'd make a new man of you. I got a book tells all about how to get hearty and rugged. Of course you're older than I am, but you can come back enough to make this jay town set up all right, all right. I'll bet you're the bravest man in this whole county today, bar none. I'll bet you wouldn't be afraid of anything you could think of. Now you bend over and touch your toes a hundred times and ——"

"Bedtime," interrupted the corporal, who had been a poor listener. "And you can stay out all day tomorrow—after you bring that gun back."

"Not unarmed?" queried the captain. "You don't mean totally unarmed?"

The corporal deigned no response to this.

"Well, can I take this old pistol? That'll be something."

He took from the table the ancient army revolver that had long reposed in the trunk containing the blue uniform. It was a weapon large and long, of a battered grimness. The lock was broken, but its aspect was impressively sinister. It was at least three sizes too large for a boy scout, but, as the captain had observed, it would be something.

"I'll keep the shop shut tomorrow," said the corporal, "but I won't go out myself—I'll be busy round here. Yes, take the pistol." With a heroic effort at pleasantry he added: "And you can shoot all the Indians you want to with that."

"Very good, sir!" said the captain, and formally saluted.

Decoration Day naturally saw the shops of Ophirville closed; but the shop of William Safford, its wooden boot swinging above the door, seemed more tightly closed than any other. Not only was the door locked, but the curtains were closely drawn. The place had the air of being hermetically sealed. Nor was its owner to be seen on the street mingling with his fellow-citizens in the pleasant bustle of preparation. There were those who said he sulked behind his darkened door, being deficient in public spirit. The town clerk, that wily politician responsible for the corporal's humiliation, said bluntly in front of the post office that no man who would not bow to the will of the people, veteran or no veteran, was worthy of a post of trust and honor. Grand marshal elect, Sam Gates, who was trying out horses up back of the livery stable—he wanted one that would prance nervously when the band played—announced that the town needed new blood, and that if the old fossil wanted to be huffy, why let him! From which it will be seen that there was scant public sympathy for Corporal William Safford. Such as there was came from Mrs. Kelly, who had her own curtains drawn and kept herself behind them.

The parade, starting from the town hall at two o'clock, was duly impressive. Grand Marshal Sam Gates, having discovered a sufficiently neurotic mount, rode at the head, encircled by a rainbow of fluttering sash and carrying a crêpe-bound baton. He was followed by the Ophirville silver cornet band, which played very slowly Flee as a Bird. Came the mayor in frockcoat and silk hat, the Order of Rebekah in full regalia, the uniformed Knights of Pythias, school children carrying bouquets of wild flowers, a platoon of national guardsmen and the ladies of the Spanish-American War—four of them in the depot hack. Prominent citizens trudged in the dusty rear.

Grand Marshal Gates caused his charger to do fancy steps as he passed the cobbler's shop, whereat the band played with an added emphasis, especially the E-flat cornet, who was related by marriage to the grand marshal. And so the line wound its way to the cemetery.

Inside the closed shop Corporal Billy sat at his bench, his withered shoulders hunched forward, his head in his hands. The music became fainter; even the strains of the taunting cornet expired. Sadly the veteran arose and threw off his leather apron. In his bedroom back of his shop he arrayed himself in his G. A. R. uniform, carefully as if for a public appearance. He brushed the worn fatigue cap and adjusted it before the mirror. Last of all he produced a saber of an obsolete type and buckled the belt about his waist. Then, back in the dim light of the shop, he waited tensely.

From the distant hillside where lay Ophirville's cemetery there came at length the muffled crash of a volley of musketry, then another and another.

With a brisk rattle Corporal Billy drew his saber from its sheath and smartly swung it to "Present!" Faintly, sweetly, came the bugle-call of "taps."

"Cumruds, I salute you," murmured Corporal Billy. So he stood a moment, dreaming back to the days of his fighting youth. Unsoldierly tears welled to his old eyes. And then he slumped to his bench, drooping in every line, his head again in his hands. A long time he sat there. His need for the setting-up exercises recommended by Captain Webster had perhaps never been so apparent.

In the depths of his despondency he lost track of the hours. He was dimly aware that the parade had returned and scattered; the revived street life came faintly to his dull ears. And then, mingling with this came sharper, unaccustomed notes, the gallop of a horse, two horses; shouts; the hurried, excited speech of two men before his door, and swiftly running feet along the sidewalk. At last he became alert to this flurry. He stepped to the door, turned the key in the lock and stood out in the glare of the afternoon sun. Citizens in unwonted haste were speeding from all quarters toward the town hall. Here and there two would pause briefly for speech together. Word of some novel event ran among them. Two of these near his door were hailed by Corporal Billy.

"What's doin'?" he asked.

In unison they spluttered at him incoherently. He was obliged to demand the news of two others before he comprehended it. The thing was simple enough. Seavy, the negro murderer, a life prisoner over at the Folsom penitentiary twenty-five miles distant, had escaped early that morning. The single telegraph wire being down, the news had just reached Ophirville. He had taken to the hills and it was thought that he would not easily be recaptured. But the guards from Folsom were tracking him and already Sheriff Kritzler was forming a posse. The hunted man was known to have started toward Ophirville.

Instantly Corporal Billy was thrilled to a foolish ambition. He would show them! He would be a member of that posse. He would let them see that veterans didn't flinch from danger. He might be in at the capture. He might distinguish himself. He might "come back," as the boy scout had put it. Accoutered as he was, he set out for the town hall. On his way he gathered bits of information that might have daunted a less foolish cobbler of seventy-five. Seavy, an enormous black fellow, had sworn he would not be taken alive; he had throttled a guard who tried to prevent his escape. Once in the hills, he had left a wake of destruction—he had murdered a rancher, the rancher's family, two families of ranchers, burned their houses. He was savage, wild, mowing down all who opposed him. Such was the gossip Corporal Billy encountered. A notion glimmered within him that perhaps he would be of small use to the posse; that perhaps, while there was yet time, he would do better to seek once more the dignified seclusion of his locked shop; but he was helpless—his feet carried him on. He felt that his feet were his masters. He could no longer control them.

And then he was pushing a way through the crowd about the sheriff's office. It was an excited crowd, each man of it seeking to voice more loudly than his neighbors his plan for taking the prisoner, for each man, it seemed, had shrewdly guessed his hiding place. And yet Corporal Billy for a moment quelled the eager voices. Something in his military bearing and uniform must have done it. He rested a hand upon his saber hilt and saluted Sheriff Kritzler who, frowning with fat importance, paused to stare amazedly at him. A dozen mounted men, the Spanish-American veterans among them, were on the outskirts of the group armed with rifles and revolvers, awaiting word from the sheriff to be off. And Corporal Billy held them up until he could speak his lines:

"Corporal William Safford, formerly of the Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, reports as a volunteer, sir!"

The sheriff gasped and frowned importantly: "Can't bother with you, Safford. Posse's big enough already."

There was a murmured endorsement of this reply from

(Continued on Page 49.)

Already Sheriff Kritzler Was Forming a Posse

MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

THE PET CAT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRERÉ

He Is Always to be Found on Sunday Afternoons in the Drawing Rooms of the Dowagers

"YOU know Rupert Vallon?" said my wife as the butler was bringing in the coffee.

I nodded, tossing away the match with which I had lighted my cigarette. Of course I knew Rupert Vallon.

"I mean, do you really know him, anything about him?"

"Of course I don't really know anything about anybody here in New York," I answered with absolute truth.

"Well," she went on, "there's some mystery about Rupert. What do you suppose he does for a living?"

"My dear Clare," I replied, "I never ask the handsome gentlemen who sit in the boxes at the opera what they do for a living. It might embarrass them. Moreover, it doesn't matter, that I can see, what they do or whether they do anything. Generically all rosy young eligibles have always been in Wall Street—that is, they were until the Supreme Court began to construe the Sherman Law. I suppose now they are on Fifth Avenue. But what about Rupert?"

"I tried to get some one to fill a place at our dinner tomorrow night—Tom Hartfield has been taken down with pneumonia, you know—and called up the Stuyvesant Club. You instructed me always to ask old Peter, the doorman, who is in the club; so I told the boy to send him to the telephone. 'Is that you, Peter?' I said. 'This is Mrs. Marathon.' 'Yes, ma'am,' he answered. 'What can I do for you?' 'I'm having a dinner tomorrow night for Lady Van Orchid,' said I. 'Some one has given out and I want to fill his place. Will you kindly tell me who is in the club?'

"There was a confused mutter at the other end of the wire, from which I gathered that Peter had said he'd go and look at the pegs in the doorlist. He came back in a moment. 'There ain't nobody here at all, ma'am,' said he, 'except Mr. Wiggin—and I'm sure you don't want him! None of the ladies ever do. Oh! Excuse me—there's Mr. Rupert Vallon just coming in. Shall I ask him?' 'By all means!' I acquiesced, much relieved. A moment later Peter informed me that Mr. Vallon accepted with pleasure Mrs. Marathon's kind invitation to dine the next night at half after eight o'clock."

She paused, her eyes smiling with mystery.

"I don't see anything extraordinary yet!" I remarked.

"Wait!" she ordered excitedly. "The Stuyvesant Club is on the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, isn't it? How far is that from here?"

"Two miles and a quarter," I estimated.

"How long would it take a strong-legged man like Rupert to walk it?"

"Half an hour—if he kept going right along."

"Listen! Five minutes after I had called up the club I went out for a little stroll before lunch and ran right into Mr. Rupert Vallon at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. 'So glad you are coming tomorrow night!' I said, without thinking. 'Ah! Yes!' he answered in a rather vague way. 'Delighted!' And then I suddenly realized that if he had actually got my message himself he must have flown from the club in an aëroplane in order to be standing there talking to me within less than ten minutes.

"I'm not a clever talker, as you know. If you'd been there I'm sure you would have got at the truth of the matter; but before I could frame a leading question he was off on the opera and the opening of that new dancing place the other night, and I forgot all about it until after he had gone home."

"Gone home?" I queried.

"Yes—I invited him in to luncheon—and he came."

I laughed.

"I fancy you will find that you've invited two separate and distinct individuals to fill Hartfield's place. You simply misunderstood the name, and Peter has asked some one else."

"No, I didn't!" my wife asserted.

"Anyhow, it doesn't seem worth taking much trouble about," I commented. "So long as he got the message and is coming to dinner, why does it matter?"

"I'll tell you why," she replied with sudden seriousness. "Rupert's rather a pal of mine. I like him. I've—we've both known him for years. He's visited us at Newport, gone on motor trips with us, and is always dining and lunching here. Superficially he is apparently one of the best friends we have. He's a dear, too—kindly, courteous and faithful. Yet it is a fact that I don't know a single thing about him—and, what's more, I don't remember at this minute where I first met him!"

"We met him at the Osgoods', on Long Island," I answered.

"I beg your pardon," my wife retorted; "we've known him ever so much longer than that. I remember now—I met him at Helen Hapgood's at tea and he walked home with me."

"Monstrous!" I cried. "And this is the viper I have taken to my bosom!"

"What does he do for a living?" she persisted.

"I don't suppose he does anything," I admitted; "in fact I always supposed he had an independent income."

"I'm going to find out," she asserted. "Here is one of the few people who would really care if I were suddenly killed in a railroad accident—one whom I introduce to all my friends and for whom, to a certain extent, I am a social sponsor ——"

"You, with fifty other women!" I interjected.

"Who is a constant visitor at my house and who knows practically all there is to know about me!"

"Thinks he does!" I amended cruelly.

"And, while giving the impression of having withheld no confidence, is as much a stranger to me as my butler!"

"Well," I replied, "what do you propose to do about it? What do you care how he exists, so long as he is, as you say, faithful and courteous and kindly? You may go prying over this castle of friendship and suddenly find yourself in a secret chamber full of murdered wives. Be careful! So long as you don't know anything about Vallon and he doesn't borrow money, let well enough alone!"

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "You ought to have more loyalty!"

"But you yourself have just said that you propose to solve the mystery of Rupert's existence!"

"You lawyer!"

"And how are you going to guess the riddle of this social sphinx?" I continued.

"Leave that to me!" she exclaimed. "I've a plan."

"All the same, I don't like the idea of your snooping into a friend's affairs like this!" I insisted. "I don't see the excuse for it."

"You don't?" she queried. "Well, suppose he wanted to marry Myra?"

Her answer staggered me. Myra was my wife's cherished younger sister, a mere baby of twenty-three—and a beauty.

"I never thought of ——" I began.

"Don't worry!" she laughed. "He doesn't. But, after all, she's been out four seasons."

During the next two months I heard nothing more of my wife's proposed activities as a society detective. Vallon, except as one of innumerable Vallons, passed out of my mind. Yet he was forever at the house, filling a place at luncheon or dinner, making the extra man in our opera box, and performing the absolutely necessary function of gentleman-in-waiting to Her Majesty My Wife. In these modern days, when the ordinary New York society woman lives more luxuriously than did the queens and duchesses of medieval times, she has need of some one round her to play the part of page, courtier and jester.

We have our menservants and our maidservants, but we must have our minstrels and our gallants as well. Hence the development of the Pet Cat in a social system that in the older generation had its beaus, its dandies, its Ward McAllisters. The grandam of fashion the world over has always had her court, with its attendant gentlemen, its parasites, its sycophants; and in a lesser degree this has been true everywhere of those whose wealth enables them to entertain lavishly and to throw open their houses to a large circle of people.

Thackeray has pictured, with a master hand, English society under the Georges and during the early Victorian era; but until the comparatively recent concentration of wealth in America our social system did not afford opportunity to the merely ornamental to make a living.

Twenty years ago men like McAllister were regarded as human jokes. The society man was the daily butt of the paragrapher and the squib in the comic paper. We boasted loudly that we had no leisure class. The shadow of the Puritan still stalked abroad. We felt in a vague way that it was wrong to be happy and damnation to be gay. To admit that one did not work at some productive form of task was to plead guilty to general worthlessness and neglect of duty as a child of God, an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, and a citizen of the United States.

Things have changed surprisingly in the last couple of decades. Social life may not be any happier, but it is vastly gayer. We may not be any better and we may be a good deal worse—let others decide—but we are indubitably better company, behave more naturally and are better informed, except possibly from a purely pedantic point of view.

A girl of eighteen today is a far better equipped human being than she was twenty years ago in almost every respect. She is more cosmopolitan, better able to look out for herself, and less amenable to social bunk than her mother and her mother's friends were at her age. The girls of today are not easily fooled. They are not deceived by the shams of a society that glitters but does not satisfy and they play the social game for only what it is worth.

And because their college friends, whom they will eventually marry, are hard at work in law offices, hospitals, banks and factories, and have small time or inclination for the more trivial social frivolities, the requirements of our young ladies have given rise to a class of men of ambiguous age who year by year keep the social ball rolling and do the work which the younger fellows have too much sense to want to do.

The dearth of presentable young males in New York society is such that anything which wears clean linen, can speak in an intelligent dialect and has not been convicted of crime need never go hungry. The less known about him the better. If he is a foreigner he leaves nothing to be desired; and if he be young besides, his life will be all pink roses and yellow satin—until he is foolish enough to marry or enter some employment that will interfere with his rounds at five o'clock.

The average man of adult age finds his business life engrossing and fatiguing. If he is able to tear himself away from the office before it is time to dress for dinner he usually has only leisure enough to drop into the club for a glance at the paper and a cocktail.

Moreover he is too tired to make a particularly agreeable companion over the teacups. Hence calling has gone out of fashion—not because the women do not wish to have callers, but because the men are too busy. And as it is out of fashion the men who are not too busy make that an excuse to stay at the club and play billiards or bridge, instead of performing what used to be regarded as their social duties.

The fact, however, that the men who work no longer make calls only makes the others the more welcome; and by assiduously leaving pasteboards on his new acquaintances a comparative stranger in the city will find that he

has immediately roused in the hearts of the ladies whose doorbells he rings a grateful and responsive regard.

There is no true woman who does not like attention, and few women care what the underlying motive of their pseudo-admirers may be. Alas! there are few, also, who will not accept it blindly as a tribute to their personal attractiveness rather than to the excellence of their dinners—as it more probably is.

Though the majority of the five-o'clock-tea men are not the ones of her acquaintance whom the hostess would prefer to see, she is nevertheless glad enough to get them, whoever they are. Most men have a natural distaste for laying themselves open to the accusation of being toadies, and their tendency is to neglect their women friends rather than hazard the chance of being classed with the Johnnies; but the foreigner has no false pride and calls regularly.

He knows women. To do so is part of his stock in trade, and his flattery is often no more insincere than our own crude compliments. His hostess is grateful to him for not being afraid publicly to recognize the fact that she is a charming woman, and to say so. The blush may spring to her faded cheek, but the marquis inevitably stays to dinner.

Of course the women are not the only ones.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

After all, who would not prefer to be told she is *ravissante* than to receive the somewhat ambiguous compliment of looking "rather fit"? And so when my lady wishes to fill her opera box or country house it is the flattering foreigner to whom she first fondly turns; then to the good-looking boy just out of college, who has not yet found a job and who hankers after the fleshpots; and then, in default of others, to old reliable Mr. Pet Cat, who is young enough to be agreeable and is generally old enough to be quite safe—even with Myra. The seething currents of New York society, with their dangerous undertow, are too complicated for adequate analysis in a few pages; but society in America is primarily a show window in the Bond Street of matrimony, and its psychology can truly be understood only by accepting this simple major premise.

Each succeeding season brings out its galaxy of girls of charm and beauty. The choicest dozen of these are absorbed into the whirl of adult society, where wealth is almost an essential; the others marry inconspicuous men, go away, or gradually drift into the backwater of mere respectability. The circle of respectable people in New York who are socially impeccable without being at all fashionable is enormous.

In a word, smart society is the survival of the fittest, and it exists for the ultimate purpose of satisfying woman's craving for admiration. To this end man is indispensable. Without him society would lose its ultimate object—and his years make no difference. Hence the Pet Cat is of all ages—from eighteen to sixty-five. He is always a Tom and he has nine long lives.

In France, Spain and Italy, to exert an attraction for women is a thing to be boasted of; while in Anglo-Saxon countries the term ladies' man has inevitably been one of mild reproach, carrying with it the imputation of effeminacy. Carpet knights have always been pictured as coxcombs.

Even today, for a man to overdress is the quickest and surest way to excite hostile criticism.

All these things make easy the path of the man who lives on nothing. He has but to possess the conventional swallowtail, a toothbrush and a safety razor to challenge in the lists the most arrogant son of the plutocracy. The rest depends on himself alone. He will work his passage and purchase his rations with a smile. The man who lives on nothing! Who shall say that he does not pay for all he gets—and for all he loses?

According to an old story, which bears the earmarks of authority, Mr. John L. Sullivan—once fistic champion of the world and proud holder of the Diamond Belt—had a certain inseparable companion who, whenever the great man went into a saloon to buy a drink, always stationed himself at the hero's elbow. Sullivan, much too fine a gentleman to bother about change, invariably threw a dollar bill on the counter in payment for his refreshment and turned grandly away; but his friend, having no such absurd scruples, carefully swept up the despised coins, put them in his pocket, and by so doing amassed a comfortable fortune, on which in due course he retired. Thus ran the tale.

One hesitates to speculate on the number of drinks involved in the accomplishment of this result. I believed the story as a boy and I refuse to disbelieve it now. I have seen too many similar instances among my contemporaries to doubt its substantial accuracy. I doubt not the great John carried many a poor man to affluence on his coattails.

Even in Nature we find the prototype of this friend of the prosperous. The rhinoceros bird, whose performances are vouched for by our naturalistic ex-president, otherwise known as *Buphaga erythrorhyncha*—I refer, of course, to the bird—is familiar to the reader as an African sturnoid hornbill, which takes a free ride on the back of the unsuspecting rhino in order to partake of the parasites that infest the hide of the larger animal. And there is even a piscatorial sycophant, which follows the shark wherever he goes and feasts whenever the latter makes a killing.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em—
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The Pet Cat, like the rhinoceros bird, serves a useful purpose. Indeed he is not in most instances a parasite at all; but just as the bard and jester paid their board in older days by their songs and horseplay—and on rare occasions by their wit—so he pays his by coming when he is bid, playing cards with his elderly patronesses, chaperoning the débutantes, and being never failing in his attentions to the entire family. One may pity his choice of an occupation, but at least give the poor devil his due.

My first suspicion of the existence of a leisurely class of gentlemen who live on nothing was when I caught an ancient member of one of my clubs surreptitiously removing some paper and envelopes from a receptacle in the writing room. At a safe distance I observed him smuggle the loot into his ample pocket and stroll innocently away. I held my peace. Rankin was a friend of my father. But I inquired of the captain on the library floor how much writing paper was used in the course of the year. He looked at me in a scandalized way.

"The pyper an' henvelopes some members swipes is sumthin' hawful!" he whispered. "That old gentleman—Mr. Rankin, now," he went on complainingly, "'e tykes 'ole quires!"

I left him hurriedly. I did not wish to hear more of the sins of the antique Rankin. But what did he do with it? Carried on a clandestine correspondence from his bedroom probably. Poor old Rankin! He is always at the club—the earliest to get the evening papers—the first to scuttle into the dining room when the club has a free supper. I often see him in a corner drinking a glass of milk and eating a plate of crackers while the rest of us are going upstairs to dinner. And he smokes a pipe! I wonder about Rankin! Perhaps, after all, he is the uptown brother of the Bowery gentleman who lives by the grace of the free-lunch counter.

I am straying from Vallon. However, I shall get back to him. I remember now that it was he who told me how some younger men got their music *de luxe* at the Metropolitan. Vallon himself dines and goes to the opera every night of the season. He is in great demand; for he knows the plots of all the operas, the intimate private histories of the prima donnas, and all the scandals of the Diamond Horseshoe. He is a genuine musical handbook and saves buying a libretto.

"Do you notice that young chap—directly opposite?" he asked me once during a performance of L'Amore dei Tre Re. "The fellow with the sandy mustache—who's just come in—shaking hands?"

"What about him?" I inquired. It was during the intermission after the first act.

"Watch!" said he, smiling.

The curtain went up—the lights went down. Using my glass I could see that the box already contained six persons—two women and four men; but the newcomer remained seated unostentatiously in the rear almost throughout the act. Just as the barytone was concluding his final aria the visitor disappeared. Once more lights appeared and the boxes moved and swayed like rosebuds in a breeze. Vallon touched my arm again.

"There he is," he remarked, "in Mrs. Vann's box now."

I looked down the Horseshoe. Yes, our friend had shifted his position to our side of the house and was already bowing over the gloved hand of a lady just on our left. Evidently he was full of merry quips and cranks, for his hostess and her companions laughed constantly at what he was saying.

Ten minutes passed. Once more the men streamed back down the aisles, and the leader of the orchestra returned to his seat amid a scattering of applause from the galleries. The lights sank again. The young man bowed, rose and moved into the back of the box; but, as before, he remained there throughout the act—only to disappear just before its conclusion.

"To see is to know," remarked Vallon. "That young gentleman gets opera *de luxe* at a dollar a night—that is, when he does not get it for nothing."

"Just how do you mean?" I asked, my mind still not entirely clarified.

Vallon gave a deprecating shrug.

"Perhaps I ought not to disclose trade secrets," said he. "That young man, when he is not invited to the opera, buys an entrance ticket for a dollar. Very likely he goes without his dinner to do so. He stands in an inconspicuous place during the first act—or perhaps he does not arrive until the first act is over. Then he checks his hat and coat, pulls on his white gloves and pays his first visit to some parterre box—only he doesn't leave it when the curtain goes up, but sits there throughout the act until it is almost time for the curtain to be rung down; then he beats it to another box."

"Necessity is the mother of polite invention!" I sighed. "Why own an opera box?"

"Why, indeed!" said he. "If kind hearts are more than coronets!"

All of which brings me to my good friend Vallon himself, the intimate companion and social shadow of my wife, her mirror and mentor of fashion, her younger sister's cavalier, my comrade in travel, the haunter of my fireside—Vallon, who has his own peg on my hatrack and could almost have a latchkey to my door—could have if he asked for one!—Vallon, who would walk behind my coffin at my funeral and execute my will.

One would suppose that the description of such a close friend would be an easy thing, but it is not; for when I come to the actual drawing of the picture I find that for some strange reason there is no salient feature to limn—no prominent characteristics; no definition. I find myself thinking of Rupert all in negatives. I cannot truthfully describe him as handsome, brilliant or cultured; but he is distinctly not bad looking, dull or uneducated.

The casual stranger would see a rather muscular man of five feet eight or so, with ruddy complexion and black hair plastered carefully back from a part exactly in the middle of his rather high forehead. Vallon's features are by no means classic, and yet neither are they insignificant. He has an alert, good-natured face, a ready smile and almost a superabundance of manner. He talks a good deal—makes conversation, I believe the phrase to be—laughs

"So Long as He Doesn't Borrow Money, Let Well Enough Alone!"

readily and gives the impression of always being thoroughly at home and enjoying himself. I am giving his convex.

He is inevitably on the job—Johnny on the spot. He makes it his business to know everybody he ought to know, and to know who everybody is whom he ought not to know. He convoys débutantes to and from their dancing parties and the opera. He is Rupert to all of them. He is the natural trustee of their reputations—and he has given no bond. He is the friend of the old as well as the young, and is always to be found on Sunday afternoons in the drawing rooms of the dowagers. He has a soft, thick, flannel-like voice, some sense of humor and great tact.

In a word he is a useful person to a very large number of useful people and is disliked by nobody—which, now that I come to analyze it, is probably equivalent to saying that he has all the superficial qualities which make a person attractive, and few of the deep or profound characteristics which make a man either loved or hated.

Vallon is the greatest common divisor in society. He is popular not for what he is but for what he is not. He never says anything clever or very amusing; but, on the other hand, he never says anything impolite or caustic. Rupert is always smiling. If there were no smile on his face I sometimes wonder what would be left.

He is not distinguished exactly, but he has an air about him—an elusive suggestion of class. He is a good sport, plays all games well, and is an expert with rod and gun. He is a handbook of useful information, equally at home in the woods or the crosstrees.

He will follow a moose all day on snowshoes over a heart-breaking crust of snow, cast into an eddy with a thirty-six-ounce rod for eight hours on a stretch, and sit in a blind in an icy wind from starlight to sunset waiting for ducks that never come. After you have camped and cruised with a man time and again, with never a cross word, you get to have a peculiar fondness for him—and that is what we all have for Rupert.

Moreover, he has an excellent position and has a distinct and well-recognized value merely as a social asset. More than one débutante owes her present vogue to Rupert's careful and diplomatic generalship. And, when all is said and done, a fellow with no corners is a good sort to have round at the end of a hard day's work, or when you are trying to pilot a female family across Europe in a cranky motor.

Yet, with all my fondness for him, I did not, as I truthfully told my wife, really know anything about him. There was no need to know anything about him. Nothing would have made any difference. One felt instinctively that, no matter what his origin, his connections or his sources of income, he could not be any the less the gentleman he was. And so he remained a friend taken for granted, a somewhat mysterious friend—none the less valued. And he dined at our house several times between my wife's laughing challenge to my ignorance and her first report as a society detective.

"Well," she announced more than a month after our first conversation about Vallon, "I've discovered one thing!"

"'Wonderful! Marvelous!'" I cried—a Doctor Watson to her Sherlock.

"Rupert, I feel sure, has some sort of understanding with old Peter at the Stuyvesant Club. I found it out rather cleverly, I think. You see, Dorothy Post and I both suspected something; so we agreed that she should call Rupert up at the club and invite him to dinner—when we knew he wasn't there."

"Talk about your lowdown duplicity!" I growled; but Clare went on unperturbed.

"You remember Rupert lunched here yesterday?"

I nodded.

"I called up Dorothy as soon as he arrived and she at once telephoned the club and asked Peter who was there. As usual he said the club was empty, or something; and then after a minute he added that Mr. Vallon had just come in—and wanted to know whether he should ask him. Dorothy said yes; and pretty soon Peter came back to the telephone and said that Mr. Vallon would be delighted to dine with her on Thursday. Then she called me up and told me."

"You young devil!" I cried indignantly.

"Oh, that's not all! I've sunk to far worse depths of infamy than that," she retorted. "So instantly I asked Rupert to dine on Thursday, too, just to find out whether he'd accept; but he was too smart for me—said he'd left his engagement book at the club and should have to let me know later. Sure enough, about five o'clock he telephoned that he was sorry to find that he had a previous engagement to dine with Mrs. Post!"

"From which you infer," I began, rather amused in spite of myself, "that Rupert has a deal with Peter to the effect that if certain people call up the club and want an extra man for dinner, Peter will accept the invitation for him?"

"Of course that involves Peter's having a list of all his engagements," she commented; "but that's simple enough."

"Well, suppose he has such an arrangement—what does it prove?" I demanded.

My wife laughed.

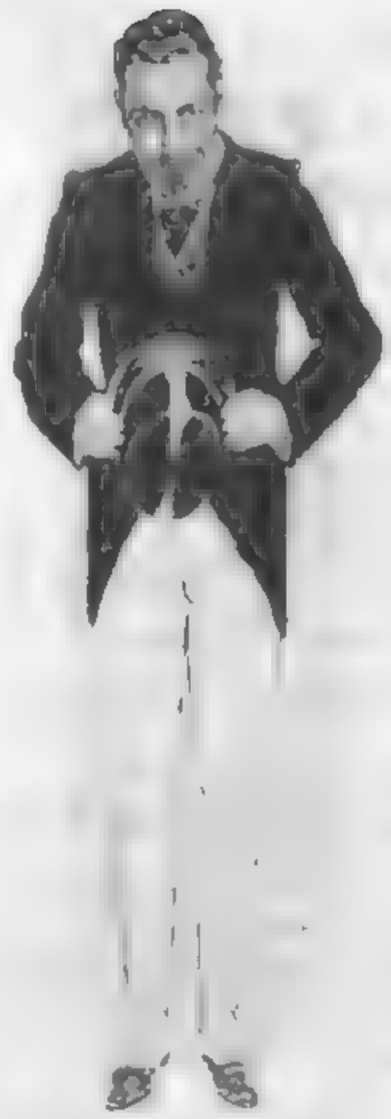
"It proves that Rupert wants the dinners pretty badly, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Lots of people want dinners!" I muttered; but, in spite of myself, I felt annoyed with my wife for having been guilty of tricking a friend—and amazed at my friend for having attempted to trick my wife.

After all what did it matter? Yet—the thought refused to remove itself from the back yard of my mind—why should Rupert care so much about being asked out to dinner? He was the most *invité* man in New York! I knew of my own knowledge that inside of two weeks he was going off in a private car to spend a month on Jack Sheppard's house-boat on the East Coast of Florida; that on his return he was sailing for Algiers, to be gone on a six weeks' motor trip with the Churchills in North Africa; that he was booked for the June salmon fishing on the Restigouche with Charley Keene; was to spend July on a yacht; and was full up with visits at Newport for August and early September.

I knew all this because I myself had tried to get him to go with me on a camping trip to New Brunswick and told him to fix his own time. So why did one with such a surfeit of friends and pleasures stoop—was it a stooping? I was not quite sure—to an intrigue with a club servant to get an extra invitation or so to dinner?

In the whirl of the closing social season, however, the matter passed from my thoughts and I saw no more of Vallon save to hear of him distantly as shooting alligators in Florida and photographing Arabs in the environs of Biskra and Tunis. Then came summer, and Clare and I donned khaki and plunged into the primeval forests of the Canadian wilderness.



The Foreigner Has No False Pride and Calls Regularly

Lean, hard, mosquito bitten and happy, having fought with salmon and toyed with trout, lured the moose from the ridges to the bogun, and photographed him at sunrise, we emerged from the burnt land, paddled down the Tobique and reached Plaster Rock after an absence of twenty days, hungry for news and white-man's food.

The day was just beginning to fade as we beached our canoes just below the log drive and pitched camp for the last time, half a mile above the town. Tomorrow we should take the railroad and the day after be back in New York.

A hundred yards beyond our campfire stood a small lumber mill; and near it, in the river, a stalwart old man with a white beard was climbing round on the floating logs and poking at them with a pole. As Clare and I approached he leaped ashore and, leaning on his pole, accosted us good-naturedly. He was a lusty specimen of the frontiersman—thin and spare, with keen gray eyes and a lurking humor about the corners of his mouth.

"Lookin' fer a camp site?" he inquired genially. "Make yourselves to home anywheres ye want—only be keerful to put out your fire in the morning."

"Much obliged," I replied. "We'll take good care to put ours out. Can we buy some eggs round here?"

"You can get all you want down to the store," he answered. "Been long in the woods?"

"Three weeks."

"Where be you from?" was his next question.

"New York City."

"Don't say!" he remarked. "That's some ways off. I've never been thar. I'd like to go sometime 'n' see Harry Thaw and the Tombs and the gunmen, and all the rest of it. I had a good chance last year to get reduced rates to the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden; but times is hard. My son went instead. But the rich food upset his stomach. What might your name be?"

"Marathon," I answered. "And yours?"

He turned to the mill and waved his hand toward a large sign over the door, which neither Clare nor I had noticed before. It read:

VALLON BROTHERS—LUMBER

PLANKS, DEALS, BOARDS
SHINGLES, SCANTLINGS, PULP, CLAPBOARDS
KINDLINGS, BOXWOOD, SAWDUST, ETC.

FOR SALE

"I'm Vallon Bros.," he said. "I'm the only Vallon left on the river. Know any folks by that name in New York?"

"Why—yes," I hesitated. "It isn't exactly an uncommon name."

The old man took out a corncob pipe and shaved a filling from a plug he took from his pocket.

"I've got a nephew down thar," he continued ruminatively. "I ain't seen him in ten years. Rupert's his front name. Ever run acrost him?"

I caught Clare's eye.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "We both know him—rather well; but I never knew he came from New Brunswick."

The old man grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, Rupert—he'd fit in most anywhere, I guess! I ain't got nothin' agin Rupert. Nice feller to talk to—but he never was no great shakes to work. He never cared none for the river and he had all kinds of highfalutin idees. How's he making out?"

"I don't know anything about his affairs," I returned; "but he seems prosperous. He has plenty of friends."

"Rupert always made friends!" assented his uncle. He looked pensively across the logs, which choked the river from shore to shore. Then he shook his head. "But he'd never have made a riverman!" he concluded.

"Was he born here?" asked Clare.

The old lumberman pointed with a bony index finger to a frame house fifty yards below the mill.

(Continued on Page 57)

Did He See Himself as He Really Was—a Straw Man?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1 50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1914

Food From Argentina

TO SHIP a bushel of corn from the interior of Argentina to New York costs about the same as to ship it from Buffalo across the Empire State. If you go some hundreds of miles farther up the Plate River, the rate thence to New York is about the same as from Chicago to New York. To Galveston, of late, the rate on corn from upriver ports in Argentina has been considerably lower than from Kansas City.

Taking the average of the last five years Argentina produces about six per cent as much corn as we do—less than one bushel to our fifteen. While we use all of our own corn, and this year some more, the southern republic exports considerably more than half her relatively small output.

Argentina also slaughters something over two million cattle a year—so many, in fact, that her herds have not increased at all during the last five years and have probably decreased. Beef from that country constitutes about four-fifths of the imported supply of England, or about one-third of the total consumption of the kingdom. A little of it has come this way for some years. And since the new tariff act went into effect the Argentine supply has amounted to something over one per cent of our total consumption; but every pound of Argentine beef sent here tends to increase the London price and so attract South American shipments back to that market.

Argentina is bound to be an almost negligible factor in our food supply; but in a time of relative domestic scarcity the pantry may be replenished a little from that source.

About Washington

EVERY novice who feels called on to describe the National Capital begins by saying that Washington is unlike any other American city—which, considering its chief function, is a terrible indictment of it. The energy of other cities is expended in buying and selling goods, borrowing and lending money, practicing the professions, building libraries, paving streets.

Washington's energy is most conspicuously expended in discussing other energies. The dominant motive there arises from a struggle for party advantage, which is something that other cities concern themselves with—in a more or less incidental way—about once in two years. The Capital has its special atmosphere, which is mainly a compound of this struggle for party advantage and a scramble for social recognition; and neither of them is a particularly promising element out of which to make an atmosphere.

Nowhere else in the United States are the men who carry forward the major work of a city made so constantly and acutely aware of Mrs. Notch-Higher's dinner invitations and Mrs. Topshelf's receptions. Nowhere else are the motives from which men habitually act so roundabout and uncertain.

Citizen Jones knows exactly why he is going to put a new plate-glass window in his grocery—because it will help his trade. Congressman Brown is going to vote for a certain measure because the party leaders whom he regards as the best guessers think it will be popular, or because thereby he can get Congressman Thompson to vote for a bill that possibly may induce Citizen Jones to vote for Brown at the next election.

A charming place, of course—in early April one of the most charming in the world. A delightful place to visit and in which to loaf round. Going from it to Chicago or New York, we sometimes get a queer impression that if it were drawn to scale with other cities the domed building on the hill would fit nicely in the show window of a toyshop.

Government Pensions

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A bill before Congress provides for the pensioning of superannuated Government employees in the classified civil service. In Congress and the press there is a wide difference of opinion as to the need of such a law. What do you think of it?"

Not a great while ago we happened to be in a Government office on business. Its chief was an aged and ailing man. His appearance suggested an infirmary rather than an administrative desk. In apologizing for the office the chief's superior said:

"That office is a drag on our whole work. But what can I do? The old man has been in the Government service many years. I cannot turn him into the street, and while he is on the payroll I cannot put another man in his place. It would pay the Government to grant him his full salary for the short remainder of his life and send him off to a sanatorium, and put an efficient man in his place."

There are a good many such cases.

The Whole Truth

A BERLIN dispatch says: "A banker representing many members of the Bourse applied to-day to the listing committee to exclude any further listings of Canadian Pacific stock, because the prospectus issued by the company in March for sixty million dollars of new stock contained no mention of the case pending for the reduction of freight rates."

The railroad mentioned issued some new stock and gave a description of it from which investors might deduce an opinion as to its value. A freight-rate hearing was pending at the time. An adverse decision would injuriously affect the road's earnings. Some time later there was an adverse decision and the stock fell sharply.

The road can plead that it is not customary to mention pending litigation of that sort; but it ought to be customary. Every fact that has an important immediate or contingent bearing on the value of a security should be set forth. A prospectus ought to contain just what an impartial investment expert who was examining the security for an individual client would show in his report. If water will spot a piece of dress goods the intelligent merchant says so when he sells the goods. In the long run he finds it pays.

No one road is more blamable than another, for to set out truthfully the good points of a security is all that custom now requires; but if present or contingent bad points are known to the prospectus writer they should be stated.

Regulation and Vexation

NEARLY every issue of the Congressional Record illustrates a unique condition in the United States—namely, that persons who know nothing about business are saying how business shall be conducted. No parallel condition, we believe, is discoverable elsewhere in the world.

Business should be regulated. Public-service concerns should not be permitted to charge more than reasonable rates. They should be required to safeguard the lives and limbs of their employees, to compensate for industrial accidents, and so on; but all that is quite different from reaching into the mechanism of business and shifting the cogs to suit one's uninstructed fancy.

Our statesmen's readiness to fool with the works knows no bounds. We have no ocean-carrying trade. England and Germany have immense businesses in that line. Yet, in the very field where we have dismally failed while they have brilliantly succeeded, we do not hesitate to tell them how they must organize and conduct the trade—and all on our own closet-spun theories as against their actual experiences!

Regulating a clock so that it will run true, and tying a flatiron to the pendulum on a theory that that will make the days longer, are quite different things.

The Historical Argument

FROM Noah down men have used and abused intoxicants; but that signifies nothing whatever. From Noah down men have done all sorts of fool things, and as to some of the things have gradually learned that they were follies and so eschewed them. George Washington drank rum before breakfast. There is no more reason for sticking to George's rum than for cupping and bleeding patients for every illness. The use of tobacco is much more general than the use of intoxicants. That human nature does not require tobacco we know from the simple fact that it got along very comfortably for several thousand years without it. That normal human nature does not need alcohol we know equally well from the millions of men and women who do without it—and female human nature has always been able to subsist without getting drunk.

The historical argument is bogus. The moderate drinker need not be considered at all; for if a man is truly a moderate drinker, alcohol is of such slight account to him that its presence or absence can make no difference. Men who really want alcohol are not moderate drinkers, although a great majority of them so miscall themselves. Rational men, if they drink it at all, do so precisely in order to become intoxicated in some degree or other. They drink it because they want to have its warmth and color and cheering lies in their brains.

Public Bookkeeping

THE Census Bureau has been asked to devise a standard system of state accounting. Perhaps that is not the best way to go about it, but we do need an intelligent and uniform method of bookkeeping for states and cities. Railroads are obliged to keep books after a standard pattern formulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Every road must treat every like item in the same way. Consequently every railroad report has a precise meaning and is strictly comparable, not only with the reports of other roads but with reports of the same road for previous years.

States and cities keep books in any way they choose; and, in spite of notable improvements in the last three or four years, many of them choose the worst possible way. In plain language, some state and city accounts are rank forgeries that would well entitle the perpetrators to penal servitude if they were used to deceive commercial creditors instead of merely to deceive voters.

When there is no standard for accounting it is easy enough to juggle receipts and payments from one fund to another and conceal the fraud under a mass of meaningless, non-comparable figures. Your report may disclose that the police department bought eighteen papers of tacks at three cents each and conceal the fact that five hundred additional jobs have recently been created in the water department.

State and city reports should be not only accurate and intelligible, but comparable. We hope the House of Governors, if it is still extant, will take up the subject of standard state accounting.

In the Right Direction

HERE are two fiscal reports by Ohio. The older one is a mess. It consists mainly of a great mass of unexplained and unintelligible details. Every petty transaction is set forth and the essential facts about the state's condition are buried in a maze of figures. The state's fiscal year ends November fifteenth; but the preparation and publication of this huge obscurantist report took so much time that the volume was not off the press until near the end of the following fiscal year. Of course nobody had any interest in it then, even if anybody could have understood it.

The plan on which the newer report was compiled is sufficiently indicated by this paragraph in a letter from the auditor: "Government reports should contain only such matter as is of public interest and only so much as will receive public attention"—that is, the essential facts briefly and intelligibly stated. This report was published within six weeks of the end of the fiscal year, and since its publication the auditor's office has received from fifty to a hundred requests a day for it. People want it because they can understand it.

Not only should every state make a concise, intelligible fiscal report, but the reports for all states ought to be strictly comparable—made up in substantially the same way and embracing substantially the same items. Then if Indiana had an economical government and Illinois an extravagant one the people of the latter could put their fingers on the difference.

Capital Punishment

THIRTY-FIVE boys, all under sixteen years of age, were gathered in a boys' club in a social settlement on the East Side of the city of New York. They were—says The Survey—exceptionally keen, ambitious and clean-minded, a few of them wage-earners, most of them in the public schools. It was the evening of the day on which four murderers had been electrocuted.

A member aged fifteen addressed the chair as follows: "I move that the whole club stands for two minutes in honor of the four gunmen who died to-day!" Which the club did. Many of the boys commented, with thrilling admiration, on how gamely the murderers had died—as related at much length in the newspapers.

Making boys' heroes out of hired cutthroats seems a dubious proceeding.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

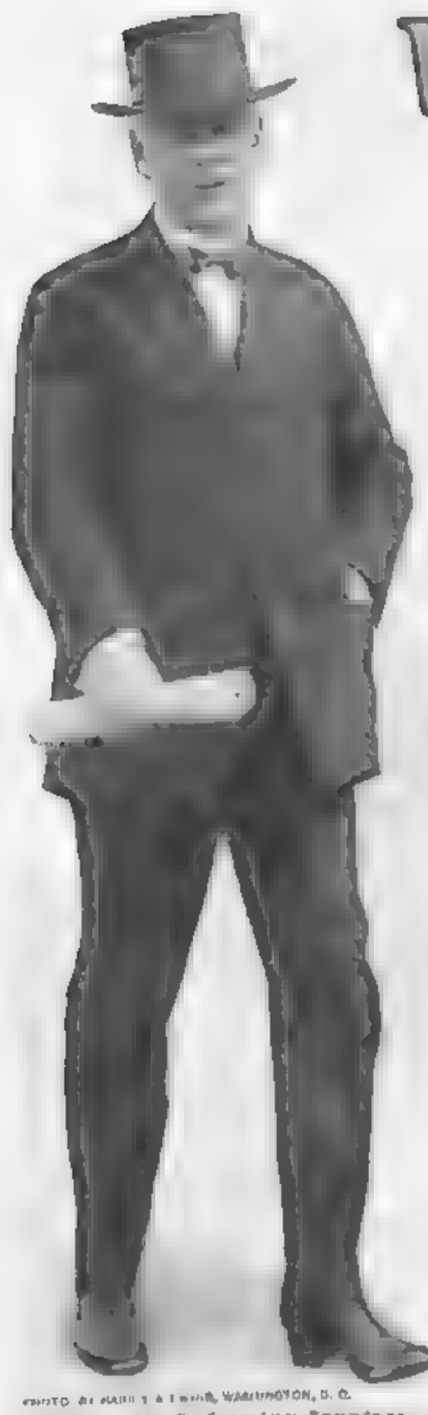


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Plans for Reforming Senators

SENATOR William Squire Kenyon, of Iowa, is an earnest young man, and typically so. Indeed, it may be said that William Squire Kenyon is The Earnest Young Man.

Life, to the senator, is merely one darned problem after another to be solved; and he is the Earnest Young Man who always has a solution ready for any and all that come in such unending procession. He is not to be set down as an indiscriminate problem solver, for the problems he solves are usually the problems that come within the purview of his immediate gaze; but there exists no problem that he will not solve if given an opportunity—provided, of course, it is a problem that has none but an uplifting effect on the voters of Iowa.

Though the senator is a problem solver who has few peers, he, on the other hand, takes a few peers himself into the political aftermath of such problems as he may have it in mind to solve. There is nothing reckless about the senator—nothing at all. He is no harum-scarum solver. Rather let it be said of him that he is a good, steady, equilibratory reformer, who looks before he leaps to relieve the woes of the body politic.

Two of the principal objects or subjects of his reform work have been and are the Senate itself and the District of Columbia—both, no doubt, sadly in need of regeneration, and neither having any votes that may be lost to the senator if his reforms should happen to be boomerangish in effect. He is in the Senate without right of question, until 1919, and can go as far as he likes with the remaking and reclamation of that body. So also with the District of Columbia. He has nothing to lose there—which, by the way, is the intense actuating motive for that additional grand galaxy of statesmen who desire to make Washington a model city, but seem to entertain no such desires concerning the suffrage-holding cities of their home states.

I do not intend to create an impression that the senator is not willing and anxious to enter on any reform work of any character that may be necessary. He certainly is. His is a temperament that will not permit an abuse to exist or a wrong to go unrighted, provided the exigencies of the case are not exigent in an Iowa sense, for example. He is an all-round wholesale problem solver and abuse corrector and uplift provider; but it has happened mostly that he has confined his efforts to the retail trade.

Did you ever walk through a field, carrying a cane or a twig, and as you walked snap tops of weeds here and there? Thus with Kenyon. He sees, to his great abhorrence, a governmental field wherein there is a rank growth of weeds of one kind and another; but not for him, as a reaping machine, to cut them all down, though he is a good reaper at that. Instead, he proceeds across the field and snaps the head off a weed now and then—or what he considers to be a weed; and at the end of the session he has done considerable cleaning up.

One of the principal objects of the tendencies of the senator is the very Senate of which he is a member. The Senate is an institution that has been making its dignified progress across the space of years in its own accustomed manner. It has its faults, mayhap, but those faults are its own faults and very dear to the Senate. Likewise it has had its little perquisites and pie. Still, there can be no manner of doubt that it has long been susceptible of reform; and it occurred to the Honorable William Squire Kenyon that he was the identical reformer to reform it.

The Strategic Reformer

HE WAS a member; and regeneration, to be enduring and valuable, must come from within and not from without. Casting about for a suitable place to begin, his fearless eye chanced to fall on the barber shop. There, gentlemen, was a valuable starting point! There was a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Senate! There was an abuse, an outrage; for not only was the luxurious Senate and the luxuriant members thereof maintaining a barber shop, but also the same Senate was maintaining a series of baths wherein aged and dilapidated Solons might be rubbed together each day by skilled masseurs, who, it may have been, were carried on the rolls as clerks, in order that these statesmen might go through another day without falling into pieces ere the shades of evening fell.

This, it seemed to Kenyon, was a clear subversion of the Constitution and a gross and profligate waste of the money of the people. Also, being sparsely provided with whiskers and owning a safety razor, and not one of the barbers or bathmen voting in his state, he determined to call the Senate to a halt on this iniquitous outlay. He entered into this crusade so vigorously that the Senate bathroom is no more and the Senate barber shop is a mere reminiscence, a mere fleeting exhalation of witch-hazel; whereas in the gay old days there was always attar of roses there for the whiskers of Eugene Hale and pomade for the luxuriant tresses of sundry other statesmen. He had help, but that only proved the justice of his contention—a great and advantageous reform!

More recently he has sought to reform the Senate in other ways, and principally as to executive sessions. Almost coincidentally with his earnest crusade against free telegraph facilities for his fellow senators, Senator Kenyon tackled this question of executive sessions.

It came about in this way: The President nominated a man for the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition. The senator was of the opposition. However, steam-roller tactics were adopted and the candidate for the commissionership was confirmed. This so fixed in the mind of the senator from Iowa the iniquity of secret sessions, wherein his contention lost, that he hastily determined to reform the Senate in that particular and now demands open sessions for the consideration of executive nominations. Once secured, this will be a remarkable reform, and it will have no political reverse English on it, or any effect in Iowa in 1919, at which time the senator's present term expires.

These and other similar measures are in all probability simply the beginning of the senator's plan to make over the Senate to suit his own ideas on the subject. What we must have, as he views it, is a Senate that shall operate along lines laid down by William Squire Kenyon; a Senate that shall shave itself and cut its own hair; a Senate that shall not use the wires when letters will do as well; a Senate that shall be compelled to wash its dirty patronage linen in public and its membership at home, instead of in the Senate bathroom; and a Senate that in all other respects shall conduct itself in accordance with the austere and earnest convictions of W. S. Kenyon, of Iowa, aged forty-five, and having completed his third reconstructive year in that body.

And it is well. The Senate has been in existence since 1789, and struggled feebly along until April 24, 1911, in a desultory and aimless fashion, without the guidance, supervision and reformatory measures of William Squire Kenyon. Since that day, when he took it in hand, it has gone steadily forward; and there is every reason for the hope that by 1919 it will be completely Kenyonized.

You observe the picture of the senator that accompanies these lines of tribute. It is regrettable that the senator was not depicted when engaging in some notable work of reconstruction. As it is, he is shown in a preparatory attitude, carrying in his hand a roll of paper containing outlines of various other projects for the betterment of his colleagues, all drawn down to the scale of his own thinking—or about seven to the inch.

The senator was prosecuting attorney for Webster County, Iowa, for five years and then became a district judge, which position he held for two years. He was made a local attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad in 1904, and in 1907 was promoted to a general attorneyship, which he held until 1910, when he became an assistant to the Attorney General of the United States. He had to do with the beef investigations and, after Senator Dolliver died, contested the election for that seat with Lafe Young, who held it by appointment, and was elected. He was reëlected in 1913.

As I have said, he is an earnest young man. He is also a clever young man, and will never be found promoting any project that is likely to be too vexatious in Iowa. He is a strategic reformer as well as an earnest one; and strategic reform is rarely schismatic—back home!

Meanwhile ——

"It's a clear profit!"

AND that is what any practical housewife who has used Campbell's Tomato Soup, will readily certify.

It does away entirely with the needless labor and fuss of making soup at home. It provides a correct and pleasing dinner-course suited to many different occasions, and prepared without trouble or delay.

If you haven't tried it as a "Cream-of-tomato", you'll find this a delightful surprise.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: One of the minor but always attendant horrors of war as it is conducted in Washington, or of rumors of war as they are inducted in the same, is the story of the split in the Cabinet. It always arrives along about the third day, or the fourth day, when the keen edge is off the news and the editors are howling for stuff they can sell extras on. So the correspondents take out their tom-toms and the Cabinet blows up—strictly in the dispatches, Jim—strictly in the dispatches.

"Secretary Lane pulls out a bunch of Secretary Redfield's whiskers and a grave crisis results!"

"William G. McAdoo intimates that Josephus Daniels is no better than he ought to be and resignations are expected!"

"Entire Cabinet opposed to President's policy and disaster is imminent!"

"William J. Bryan tells Lindley M. Garrison that 'War is Hell,' and L. M. Garrison tells W. J. Bryan to go to it, which must work great delay in war plans!"

"President steps on the face of his Secretary of Labor and discord is hinted at!"

And so it goes. Take it from the correspondent boys, who are required to furnish the stuff for the red-ink headlines and the extras, and a meeting of the Cabinet in wartime, or near-wartime, as the case may be, begins with a general denunciation of everything the President proposes by all others present, and an immediate renunciation of everything all others propose by the President. From that sort of start it works up to a free fight, in which none of the rules of warfare as countenanced by civilized nations prevail, and in which mayhem is the slightest of the attentions paid by statesmen one to another.

Why Cabinets Do Not Split

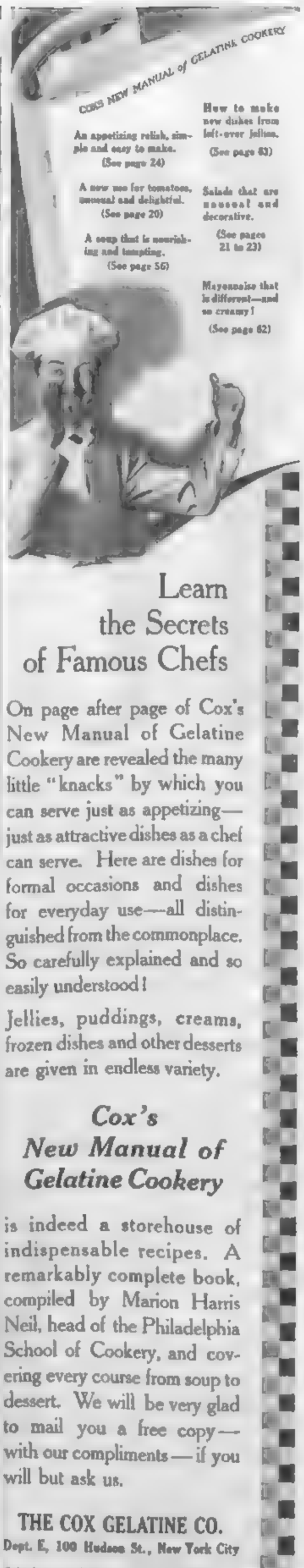
Hence there must be a split—of a certainty there must be a split. Resignations are demanded by the circumstances. These sterling patriots the President induced to become members of his official family can never sit by, it is stated, and not make a vigorous protest against his supine or otherwise policy by giving up their portfolios. The situation is very dark and smells like cheese, and internal dissensions predicate external disaster.

However, the split doesn't come. It never has and it never will. The reason for that, my dear James, may be imparted to you in a few words. The reason there isn't a split in the Cabinet is because every man in the Cabinet would rather lose his right leg than his job. You couldn't get that bunch of patriots to quit unless the President ordered them on the firing line; and I guess they wouldn't quit then, but would take the official carriages and drive down slowly and trust to time to straighten things out. The men in the Cabinet are not trying to get out, Jim. Their principal concern is with staying in.

When a Cabineteer pounds the table at another of his set, however, it is immediately taken as an evidence of the gravest of rows. I have learned, after long observation, that what a Cabinet member may think privately of the policies of his Administration, or of the plans of any one or all of his colleagues, doesn't count much in bringing about a split. Plenty of times they shout at one another, but it is entirely spectacular and momentary.

Pounding the table at one another doesn't mean resignation, and usually does mean that after the Chief Person, at the head of the table, has said soothingly, "Now, boys, you behave!" the disputants will go out and get a drink at some convenient and not too public place, and forget it—unless, of course, said disputants happen to be Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels, who will seal a new compact of eternal friendship with beakers of buttermilk.

Don't you worry about splits in the Cabinet. There are no such things—officially, I mean. It is quite true that certain members of this Cabinet have rather set opinions concerning certain other members, but that sort of thing doesn't provoke a split or even


COX'S NEW MANUAL of GELATINE COOKERY
An appetizing relish, simple and easy to make.
(See page 24)
A new use for tomatoes, unusual and delightful.
(See page 20)
A soup that is nourishing and tempting.
(See page 56)
How to make new dishes from left-over jellies.
(See page 83)
Salads that are unusual and decorative.
(See pages 21 to 23)
Mayonnaise that is different—and so creamy!
(See page 82)

Learn the Secrets of Famous Chefs

On page after page of Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery are revealed the many little "knacks" by which you can serve just as appetizing—just as attractive dishes as a chef can serve. Here are dishes for formal occasions and dishes for everyday use—all distinguished from the commonplace. So carefully explained and so easily understood!

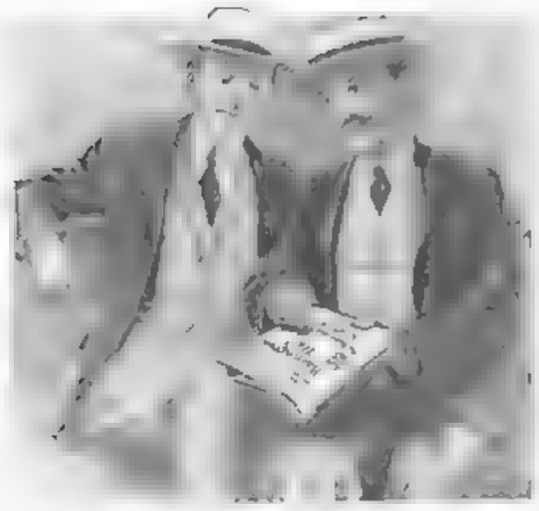
Jellies, puddings, creams, frozen dishes and other desserts are given in endless variety.

Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery

is indeed a storehouse of indispensable recipes. A remarkably complete book, compiled by Marion Harris Neil, head of the Philadelphia School of Cookery, and covering every course from soup to dessert. We will be very glad to mail you a free copy—with our compliments—if you will but ask us.

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. E, 100 Hudson St., New York City

Sole Agents in U. S. A. for J. & G. Cox, Ltd. Edinburgh, Scotland.



"There's the coffee we use—Barrington Hall, the Bakerized coffee. You can generally count on things advertised in this magazine."

SEND for a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

WRITE us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker ized Coffee

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
116 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

40¢
Higher in Extreme West

35¢
Higher in Extreme West

a splinter; for, when it comes down to brass tacks, the only opinions held in that Cabinet worth considering in their final form are the opinions held by the President. Inasmuch as the President has it in his power to demand resignations, there may be polite differences, but there are no here's-where-I-quit features. You couldn't jar one of those men out of the Cabinet with a blast of dynamite. They are pleased with their jobs. They are not splitting with anybody or over anything.

The most circumstantial story of the lot concerned the resignation of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. There are two reasons why this story is not true. The first is that Mr. Bryan doesn't intend to resign—now or at any time in the near future. The second is Mr. Wilson does not intend that Mr. Bryan shall resign. Inasmuch as the President and the Secretary of State are the two high contracting parties in this business, it may be set down that Mr. Bryan will remain in the Cabinet indefinitely and that Mr. Wilson intends to see that he so remains. Inasmuch as Mr. Wilson put Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet for certain, definite reasons, largely political; and inasmuch as Mr. Bryan went into the Cabinet by the same influences; and inasmuch, again, as those certain, definite political reasons are as powerful now as they were in the fall of 1912, Mr. Bryan will stay where he is and Mr. Wilson will keep him there.

Many persons have said they cannot see how Mr. Bryan can stay in a Cabinet that is staging and managing a war, owing to his well-known peace proclivities. These persons do not stop to think what the effect on Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party would be if, right in the midst of a situation like this, Mr. Bryan should go out or Mr. Wilson should put him out. Mr. Bryan is sincerely enough for peace, and so is every other man who thinks twice about what war means; but Mr. Bryan is in exactly the same status as a man enlisted for a war. He has enlisted and he will not let his fondness for peace bring him to the desertion of his chief, and all that would mean as the Democratic party is now constituted. Moreover, Mr. Bryan likes his job, even if we do show some symptoms of war.

Peaceful War Preparations

Nevertheless, though there are no splits in the Cabinet, there have been occasions, numbering two or three, when certain sections of the Cabinet rather put over something on certain other portions—that is to say, though there was no particular show of opposition in regular Cabinet meetings, there have been moments when the army, for example, rather resented interference from other quarters and did a little of its own. There was that little question of restoring the embargo on arms. Though it is quite true the Administration has high hopes and pleasant anticipations of the friendliness of Carranza and Villa and the other Constitutionalists in Mexico, there was a measure of doubt of some of those eminent statesmen and soldiers in the minds of some of the army people, who knew them and their soldiers. It was not beyond the possibilities, these army people said, that the arms which this country allowed to go across the border to the revolutionists might, in turn, be used against the soldiers of the United States; and the army people thought, as things were at a crisis, it would be well to stop the shipment of arms and munitions of war.

Now, Jim, I am telling you this story as it came to me. Perish the thought that I should even intimate that the War Department took any step not fully decided on by the Administration! Perish the thought—but listen to the story:

The question of restoring the embargo was warmly discussed. There was opposition to it by certain members of the Cabinet. It was pointed out that this might mean the severing of friendly relations with the Constitutionalists, who needed the arms and who had large orders in this country in process of filling. To be sure, the American gun makers and ammunition makers, to a man, patriotically and immediately notified the Government that they would cancel all orders for cartridges and rifles, and did so; but there were arms and ammunition in transit.

Considerable debate ensued and considerable delay. So, as I hear it, while the debate and the delay were on, somebody—somebody, name not known, but a highly efficient person none the less—sent an innocent telegram to General Bliss, commanding at the border, which was to this broad general effect:

A little more "grape"—if it's Welch's

No other drink than Welch's could so typify Americanism. Welch's is the pure unfermented juice of the finest Concords. The Concord was originated in America and Welch's originated the popularity of Grape Juice as a beverage.

You get the Nation's best, and Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's
"The National Drink"

Keep a case of Welch's in your home, and be prepared always to give your family and friends a treat they will enjoy. Try one of these favorite ways of serving Welch's:

Welch Julep Fill an ordinary size tumbler full with Welch's. Crush the juice of about twenty mint leaves (do not use the stems). Add a teaspoonful of sugar. After this has "drawn" for about two minutes, strain into a tall glass filled with ice cracked the size of a walnut. Add two slices of orange and serve with sprigs of the mint sticking out of the glass.

Welch Punch For a dainty unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. This punch has become a standard of excellence.

A Suggestion

To extend the use of Welch's, June 29 to July 4 is "Welch Week" in the stores of the principal distributors of Welch's.

A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

At the party, at that veranda "affair," at the picnic on the Fourth—nothing quite so good as Welch's.

Look for the store with the Welch display.
The National Drink for the National Day.

Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you

If unable to get Welch's at your dealer's, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample four-ounce bottle, 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, New York

EVERY automobile accessory advertised in connection with this emblem is a proven product, backed by the guarantee of a $5,000,000 corporation and sold *plus* the assurance of a reliable Service now in actual operation in every important city of North America.

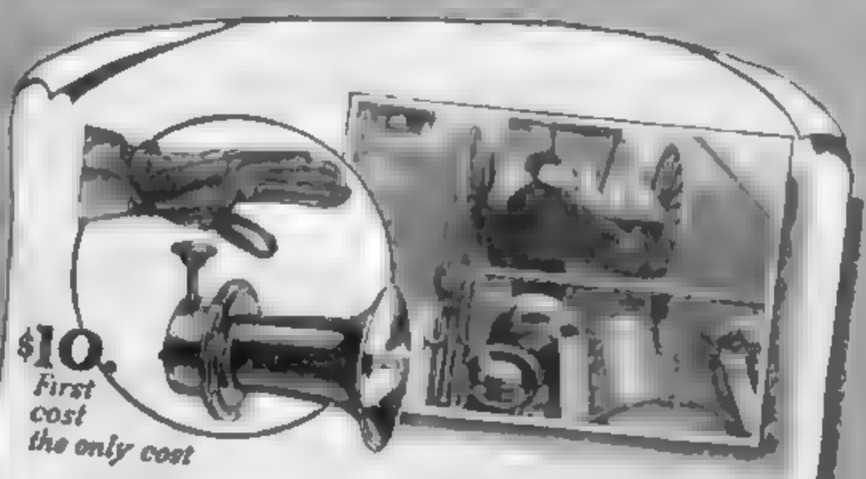
COVERS THE CONTINENT

SERVICE BRANCHES

Akron
Albany
Atlanta
Baltimore
Birmingham
Boston
Buffalo
Charlotte
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Columbus
Dallas
Dayton
Denver
Detroit
Duluth
Galveston
Houghton
Houston
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Louisville
Memphis
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans
New York
Omaha
Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.
Rochester
St. Louis
St. Paul
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Seattle
Syracuse
Toledo
Washington
Wilkes Barre
Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY, Ltd.

Toronto
Montreal
Winnipeg
Vancouver



$10. *First cost the only cost*

The Signal that spells SAFETY

Without wires, without batteries, with nothing to get out of order, the Long Horn gives the surety of certain response the moment it is needed.

LONG HORN

Your hand or elbow furnishes the only motive power required, and with the pressure applied you can gauge your warning from a persuasive request to a positive command—something you cannot effectively do with the electric signal.

The Long Horn means *real* economy. Nothing needs fixing, there's no cost for repairs. All the mechanism is in one indestructible unit directly under your control. Ball bearings, machine-cut hardened gears, built to outlast the car.

Who Accepts Responsibility for *your* Carburetor's Performance?

Whether you are an expert or not, efficient and available service is essential to the maintenance of highest carburetor efficiency. Back of the

CARTER CARBURETOR

(Multiple-Jet Principle)

is the established service of the Johns-Manville organization, in each of whose 49 Service Branches there is a carburetor expert ready to relieve you of all carburetor care. This service, as it applies to adjustments, is rendered absolutely without charge.

Carter construction is unique in that the fuel level changes with engine speed—a *truly* automatic, progressive supply of fuel. This means a *real* increase of flexibility.

And because the fuel supply is injected through many small jets, it is delivered in thoroughly vaporized form. This *is the real* reason why the Carter cuts your fuel consumption at least 10% and adds notably to the power, speed and get-away of any engine. Write for new catalogue

3455

Other Johns-Manville Automobile Accessories

Jones Speedometer
J-M Lens Non Blinding
J-M Non Burn Brake Lining
Johns-Manville Shock Absorber
J-M Mazda Sock Proof Spark Plug
J-M Mobilite Electric Lamps
J-M Dry Batteries
Arnold Electric Vapor Lamps
Arnold Electric Heating Plugs
J-M Automobile Tape
G. P. Muffler Cut Out
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
J-M Fire Extinguisher

Write nearest Branch for booklets

H·W·JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

"We understand large quantities of arms and ammunition are being smuggled across the border. Please investigate and report."

General Bliss is a citizen who instantly can tell a hawk from a handsaw. Also, he can read between telegraphic lines. Also, he knew what might happen if these arms and munitions of war went in. Officially he had been warned that smuggling was going on; and far be it from so good a soldier as Tasker Bliss, commandant at the border, to allow any smuggling.

So he sent out men to see whether there was smuggling and stop it by seizing what was being smuggled, especially if the smugglers were smuggling guns and cartridges. Naturally this took time. Investigations of that moment cannot be concluded in a moment. The exact amount of time it took to gather in all the guns and cartridges was seven hours. He sent a telegram that read somewhat like this:

"I have the honor to report that I took your telegram to mean that all arms about to be sent over the border should be seized; and I have seized them."

When that telegram came to the War Department there was consternation. Here was a general of the army who had actually seized arms before the embargo had been restored. It was amazing! Also, it called for long discussion, and great care was exercised in replying to the general. After four hours and a half the War Department recovered from its amazement sufficiently to send a telegram to General Bliss, which was somewhat like this:

"Oh, our dear General, what have you done? Fie on you! Consider this a slap on the wrist. You were fully aware that the embargo was not restored when you took this summary action. Bully boy! But in future please regard our instructions more carefully."

You see, the War Department knew Bliss and knew what it wanted; and while the Cabinet was debating the question the War Department took a twelve-hour advantage of the situation.

War According to Hoyle

One of the most interesting features of the situation, as it developed, was the vast and public fondness displayed by the spokesmen of the Administration for Villa.

It seems that Villa, who had been of the opinion that war is a business of fighting and fighting is a business of killing, was told by General Scott, not long before the battle of Torreon, that he should not conduct his part of the war on the broad, general theory that every one of the enemy who fell into his hands should be slaughtered immediately.

"Why not?" asked Villa. "That is what we are fighting for, isn't it?"

"But," General Scott replied, "there are certain rules of war that are regarded and practiced by all nations. You should seek the good opinion of the world by observing those rules."

"What rules?" asked Villa. "I never heard of any rules of war except to kill as many of the enemy as I can and keep from getting killed myself."

Whereupon General Scott gave Villa a book on the rules of war, which Villa, having learned to read English when he was in prison, read with interest, and which he had translated into Spanish for his generals. The result was that at the battle of Torreon, when the Federal general proposed a truce so the wounded might be taken care of, Villa sent word that he needed no truce as all his wounded were in the hands of doctors and nurses. It developed that he had fitted up a train, with a tile-lined operating car, in charge of a surgeon from Johns Hopkins, and that his wounded were cared for as soon as they were brought in.

This sort of thing gave Villa a fine mark with the Washington people and they depend more on what he may do in the future than they care to say. They think he is the one real friend this country has among the fighters in Mexico.

But, returning to the question of discord in the Cabinet, I am given pause by this item I read in a local newspaper:

"The President left the White House early this morning for the Virginia golf grounds and played nineteen holes with Doctor Grayson."

You know what that nineteenth hole at golf is, Jim; and I'm wondering how the President will explain to Bryan and Daniels when they hear about it! However, let's hope he enjoyed it.

Yours, in a tall glass, BILL.

Delicious Appetizing Satisfying

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps after opening

From red, ripe tomatoes piquantly seasoned with pure spices

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

Our Soups, Jams, Jellies Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as our Blue Label Ketchup

Write for our instructive booklet "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name, and this weekly will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N.Y.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Men who dress well prefer the silk "Boston" for personal satisfaction.

LISLE 25¢ EVERYWHERE

SILK 50¢ EVERYWHERE

On your vacation
this year take a London made

Ensignette Camera

It is always ready for that unexpected picture, yet instantly closed and slipped into the vest pocket like a note-book.

It is the original little big Camera and has no superior. The pictures enlarge perfectly.

Size of Cameras only 1⅛ x 3⅛ x 3¼", weight 8 ozs., uses any make of 1½ x 2¼" Films.

Under the new Tariff the prices have been reduced and these popular "London" Ensignettes now cost only $6; special Anastigmat Equipments from $15.00.

Ensign Cameras cover every field of Photography. Write us for new Catalogue.

New York, 24 East 13th St.
G. GENNERT Chicago, 320 S. Wabash Ave.
San Francisco, 628 Mission St.

Better pictures may be secured by the use of Ensign Double Instantaneous Non-Curlable Films.

Yes—guaranteed longer than others.
Yes—they fit every Camera.
No —they don't cost any more.
Yes—your Dealer will supply them.

Should he refuse, write us. We will see that you are promptly served wherever you live.

Remember The Ensign

LONDON MADE

You'll ENJOY Shaving

if only you'll keep your razor toned up. Honing with this dry hone takes only a moment saves lots of stropping and [illegible] keen behave like a barber's

PIKE STROP-HONE

For Safety or Ordinary Razors

[illegible] at your dealer's [illegible]

Given Away

Pike Mfg. Co. 68 Main Street Pike, N. H.

PULLING OFF A BIG DINNER

(Concluded from Page 13)

constantly tied up in chairs at a hotel would finance many a prosperous business.

Then there are depreciation and loss. If a waiter drops a tray of dishes it furnishes a laugh for the diners and bright remarks about deductions from his wages; but the loss from dishes broken by waiters is a mere incident, a pleasantry of hotel management compared with the relentless breakage of china and glass that goes on in the kitchens. One large New York hotel has losses of this kind amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars yearly.

If an efficiency expert could prevent breakage in the dinner season alone it would be equivalent to a magnificent salary, for the weekly crockery bill then often rises to four or five thousand dollars. Most of the breakage occurs in dishwashing. A chip or crack in glass or plate is as effective as a complete smash.

From time to time the attempt has been made to feed pigs on hotel swill, but with little success, because no way has been found of separating from it the bits of glass and crockery which kill the pigs. Not only glass and china go out in the swill but knives, forks, spoons and other plated ware.

The depreciation and loss on silverware are high, and the loss in linen amounts to more than a thousand dollars a week during the dinner season—not from wear alone, but from burned tablecloths and torn napkins.

The plant downstairs is a comprehensive factory for the manufacture of good cheer. Separate cold storage is provided for supplies like milk and cream, butter and eggs, fruit, vegetables, meats, poultry and game, fish and oysters.

Ice is made; water bottles frozen solid; ice shaved, crushed and cubed for table use, frozen desserts prepared.

Machinery is everywhere, run by the clean, flexible electric motor, delivering energy wherever wanted at any rate desired, from one-twentieth of a horse power up. Potatoes are peeled by having their jackets ground off quickly and economically. Bread is sliced by apparatus that makes several cuts at once—and vegetables too.

The steward goes to market looking for long cucumbers, which lend themselves to results under such a continuous process. There are machines for washing, mixing, kneading, whipping, grinding, cutting and making food ready in countless shapes and ways.

When plain John Smith pays ten dollars for his place at a big banquet he wants to see and hear the animals, and also to feel that the occasion is out of the ordinary. Perhaps he does this only once or twice a year, and he expects a certain degree of luxury and even extravagance.

A big dinner is staged to give him full value in that way, besides in good food and entertainment; but behind the scenes, after all the costs, risks, losses and other items have been figured, there is no extravagance at all. The dinner industry produces its goods on a staple manufacturing basis and sells them at a pretty close staple profit.

Sponge Muscles

RUBBER-SPONGE muscles is a vivid description of a new method of filling up a hole in a person's body caused by accident or perhaps by a surgical operation. Some operations leave a hole that in size is serious, and that can be repaired with difficulty—if at all—by one of half a dozen surgical methods; and the only time the rubber-sponge method has been tried on persons, so far, is after such operations.

A rubber sponge accidentally left in a wound was found months afterward with new flesh grown all through its cavities. Experiments that followed, during the past two years, show that, at first, a rubber sponge in a wound causes a swelling; but soon the flesh begins to work through all the interstices until the sponge becomes a solid plug, which does not seem to cause inconvenience of any kind. Lately the idea has been used to obtain the flesh plug needed after some operations.

TRUMBULL CYCLE CAR

You could write an almost perfect description of this wonderful little car just by putting down the car qualities you have wanted for years: lightness, low fuel cost, lowest possible tire cost, the rugged strength of a truck and the graceful, stream lines of an imported racer, all achieved without freakiness or experimental vagaries.

The Trumbull is an evolution. It stands for all that is known of automobile design and construction. Every mechanical device that insures strength and durability, every refinement of design that has been developed in the automobile industry, is incorporated in the Trumbull. Nothing is lacking.

To read Trumbull specifications is to recognize them as the specifications of a highly developed, ultra-modern automobile. The only difference is in size. Mechanical starter? Yes. Electric lights? Yes. Comfort? Ample for two, with compartment in rear for two hundred pounds of luggage. Four-cylinder water-cooled motor. Splitdorf high-tension magneto. Non-skid U. S. Tires. Top, windshield, electric lights and horn, mechanical self-starter and tools are included as regular equipment at the extraordinary price of

$425
FULLY EQUIPPED

Distributors

Franklin Motor Co., 835 North Broad St., Philadelphia

Rockledge Garage, 51 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Triangle Auto Depot Co., 1619-14th St., Washington, D. C.

Randall Mfg. Co., 24 South Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Mayer & Merriam, 92 Gresham St., Lowell, Mass.

Star Motor Car Co. of Reading, 6th and Penn Sts., Reading, Pa.

M. & K. Carriage Co., 1520 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Townsend Motor Sales Co., Leipsic, Ohio

Stanley A. Goodenough, New London, Ct.

W. E. Hine, New Britain, Ct.

Roscoe Benjamin, Winsted, Ct.

La Crosse Implement Co., 316 Third Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

W. F. Hill Cycle Car Co., 218 Sprague Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Virginia Carolina Car Co., 315 Buchanan St., Greensboro, N. C.

Atlantic Sporting Goods Co., 1430 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Badger Cycle Car Co., 128-30 Ferry St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Jos. E. Green Co., Inc., 236 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.

George W. Miller, 317 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Otis C. Banks, 30 Washington St., Biddeford, Me.

Clinton W. Jay, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.

Edmund T. Hudley, 143 Butler St., Providence, R. I.

Thomas & Thomas, Charleston, S. C.

Runyon Supply Co., Staunton, Va.

W. L. Crawford, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Walter S. Nye, Oneonta, N. Y.

S. A. Caldwell, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Burton E. Shaw, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Trumbull Cycle Car

was designed by an eminent automobile engineer. These designs were checked over, down to the minutest bolt. Then car after car was built solely for testing purposes. There is literally not an ounce of metal in the Trumbull but has been *proved*.

The motor is a marvel of compactness and reliable, silent power. It speeds the car from forty-five to three miles an hour. The control, brakes, transmission, steering gear, are perfect. The mechanical starter is operated from the seat.

In appearance, the Trumbull is elegant. Proportions, finish and little niceties of detail are adequate beyond your keenest anticipation. It is a car you will be proud to drive and display to your friends. It seats two people, with ample leg room. But above all—it's economy: It runs thirty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline. Tire cost very low.

Trumbull Cycle Cars are on exhibition in various sections of the country. Write to us for the name of nearest agent and for full description and specifications.

The American Cycle Car Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

New York Office: 2000 Broadway, Corner of 68th Street

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

GMC Gasoline and Electric trucks are solving the delivery and haulage problems of hundreds of merchants and manufacturers.

Our line is so broad and comprehensive that you can select a *GMC* truck that exactly fits the conditions of your business.

And whether you need a small electric delivery wagon or a massive gasoline dray—you can feel confident that the *GMC* truck you choose is a high-grade commercial vehicle.

There are no better trucks built than those going from our factory every day. ***They are sold at reasonable prices,*** but are absolutely of highest quality, both in material and workmanship.

Our prices are low because of quantity production and a sound factory policy that reduces overhead expense to a minimum.

	Capacity	Price
Gasoline Chassis	1½ Tons	$1500
	2 Tons	1900
	3½ Tons	2250
	3½ Tons	2750
	5 Tons	3000
	5 Tons	3000
Electric Chassis (Less Battery)	1000 lbs.	$1200
	2000 lbs.	1500
	3000 lbs.	1450
	4000 lbs.	1560
	6000 lbs.	1930
	8000 lbs.	2100
	10000 lbs.	2350
	12000 lbs.	2500

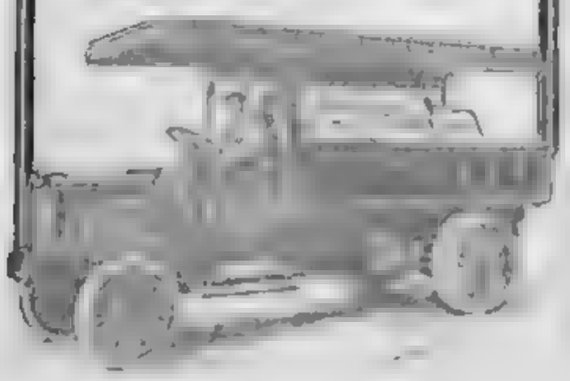
Investigate and learn for yourself that there is a *GMC* truck to fit *your* business at a price you're willing to pay.

Inquire of our nearest distributor or write us direct for catalogues and detailed information.

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.
One of the units of General Motors Co.
51 General Motors Bldg.
Pontiac, Michigan

Branches and Distributors
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Salt Lake, Galveston, New Orleans, Birmingham



THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

(Continued from Page 15)

decent paper would print; but this is enough to show the desperate character of the man.

When I first tried the Apache Dance with Louise Alexander her hair accidentally fell down, which greatly added to the effect of the thing. "A good idea!" I exclaimed. "We'll keep it for America." So I had big bone hairpins made, with weights to them. These she wore, and they would drop out and her hair would fall down during the dance.

From the original Whirlwind Dance, which I invented, I got the reputation of being the first man to dance on the stage in a dress suit; but such reputation, as well as the invention of the dance itself, was quite a matter of accident. I was dancing in London at the time. One night I was late in getting to the theater. I was supposed to dance in tights, but was so late I had no time to change and had to rush on the stage in my dress suit. In turning I grabbed the girl with whom I was dancing more quickly than I intended, not being accustomed to dancing in anything but tights; and, having lost my balance, her weight pulled me over. To regain our equilibrium we had to get up great speed, like spinning a top. My coattails began to fly in this furious dance and everything was wild and hilarious.

Later the manager came back to me and said:

"That is a wonderful idea! You are going to wear your dress suit right along now?"

"No," said I; "that was an accident."

"Don't wear your tights again," said he; "wear the dress suit."

I did not work half so hard after that; in fact I could not work so hard in my dress suit as in my tights.

An Accidental Success

Another dance I was credited with having carefully worked out was also a matter of accident. This dance was put on really in the last act of Madame Sherry, and was called the Dance of Danger. Dorothy Jardin was playing the part of the Spanish woman. They had put a song in the last act to bolster the thing up, but when Lederer heard it he said:

"I don't think it will do."

"Why not fix a dance in there?" I suggested.

"Do so," said he.

Then something occurred to me and I said to Lederer: "Leave it to me!" And this he seemed quite glad to do.

Just before we went on the stage that night I said to Miss Jardin:

"I'm going to pick you up and throw you round, but don't be scared—I'll put you back on your feet every time." She weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

"All right—I'm game!" said she.

Well, we danced like mad; and every now and then, with the change of music, I would pick her up and whirl her round. The dance was a sensation; but my desire to help got me into trouble, for when it was over Lederer said:

"Great, my boy! Great! But you'll have to go on and do it every night. She's such a tall woman, and so large, nobody else can handle her." And I had to do it!

Again, in this same Madame Sherry, one of the most important things was more or less accidental. Lederer was opposed to putting in the piece Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own, which is a dance accompanied by a song; but I urged him so hard that finally he consented.

"Very well; I'll ring up the curtain with it," he said, which is the worst insult you can offer to one in the profession.

I said nothing; but the answer was that the piece, instead of being killed, as Lederer had expected, by being put on first, when there was practically no one in the house to hear it, made the hit of the show. People got into the habit of getting there on time just to enjoy this part of the performance. Lederer was quick to recognize this and made Every Little Movement the theme of the entire play.

I was the first to put long dresses on the stage for dancers. I did it in the extravaganza called 1492. When I proposed the thing Manager Rice told me I was crazy—that nobody wanted to see gowns on the stage.

"That may be true of the men," I urged; "but if you put long evening gowns on your ladies the women will bring their husbands and talk them into buying the same things for them. That will help the drygoods trade. I'll make a bet that the merchants will donate the gowns if you'll give them credit on the program."

"I won't do it, even if you get the gowns for nothing!" Rice said.

Notwithstanding, I went to the head of one of the leading dry goods stores, and had a long talk with him. He donated the gowns; and I put on a gavotte, with twelve girls in it, called Twelve Daily Hints From Paris. The gowns made the thing a big success. A year later George Lederer adopted the idea, calling it the Show Girls; and then George Edwardes took it up in London.

I created the first Pony Ballet; in fact I have had something original every season. And I have danced twenty-two years consecutively on Broadway.

The Little Red Domino

My creation of novelties has not been confined wholly to dancing. One day Mark Lucien told me he had to get a sensation for the New York Roof Garden and asked me to help him think up something. So we conjured up a scheme. We engaged Little Daisy, who was then dancing at the Majestic. We put a red domino on her and sent her to Europe, where we had arranged that a newspaper man should meet and exploit her. She was to travel over Europe, always wearing a little red domino.

This she did for eighteen months, taking in Paris, Berlin and London. Wherever she went an air of deep mystery enshrouded her. She got to be an object of the keenest interest on the part of newspaper men and soon acquired a world-wide reputation as the Red Domino. Then we brought our wonderful European catch to New York.

For days before her appearance at the New York Roof Garden she was driven through the streets in an open barouche and took daily drives in the Park—always wearing the red domino. Nobody knew who she was but Lucien and myself.

That she made a big sensation is a matter of history. Oscar Hammerstein characterized our work as the most remarkable bit of exploitation he had ever seen.

The late dancing craze occurred—why? Dancing has been in the air since the world began, but few could do it well. The waltz is the basis of all parlor dancing, but it is the most difficult to learn, because to do it gracefully depends so much on perfect rhythm of movement. Therefore any modification of this dance that was easy to learn was hailed with delight.

Dancing contributes to vanity. It makes the old young. The Tyrolese retain their youth by nightly dancing. It makes the ungainly graceful. It brightens the eye and reddens the cheek; and if there is a possibility of beauty in a homely woman it brings it out. A woman who never knew how to walk or carry a dress learns to do so through dancing. It has made the elderly man graceful again. Instead of worrying about his business he is dancing.

No one is barred. The very old and the very young, the very rich and the very poor—all are at it. Even the lame, the halt and the blind are doing it now. Speaking of the lame dancing, the most beautiful waltzer I ever saw was a man with hip disease my father taught. He was so lame that he overbalanced almost six inches when he put his foot down. When he danced he put his weight on his long leg and with the short one worked on the tip of the toe.

Stout people are the easiest on the floor. I do not know why, unless it is that they feel their weight and work it into grace. There was a German woman in Philadelphia who weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. One night I danced with her and found her to be one of the lightest waltzers I ever met.

Dancing is hygienic. It stimulates the spirits and reacts on the circulation, and a quickened circulation promotes high spirits. The tired business man finds recreation in it, for recreation means change, not inaction.

As surely as the night follows the day the present dancing craze has developed a great army of teachers—an army made up of all kinds and conditions of men and women, old, young and middle-aged.

Of all the new teachers the barber seems to be the most adaptable, possibly because he is so slick. It would be hard to trace the relationship between the barber's and the

BEAVER BOARD
WALLS AND CEILINGS

Good BEAVER BOARD decoration is evident in this interior of the home of Mr. Raoul Renault, Montcalmville, Quebec.

BEAVER BOARD is cut with a saw and nailed to the bare timbers in new [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible]

BEAVER BOARD

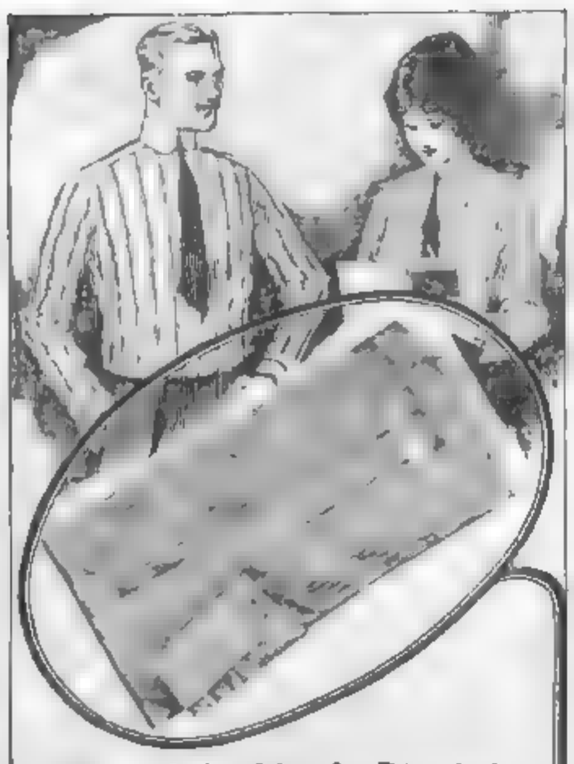
After sealing, the beautiful pebbled [illegible] and decorative [illegible] to [illegible] any desired [illegible] design.

THESE three pictures give you a better idea of what BEAVER BOARD really is and how it is used instead of lath and plaster to build walls and ceilings in every type of building, new or remodeled.

Visitors to Buffalo and Niagara Falls are cordially invited to visit our Buffalo offices and get a first-hand acquaintance with BEAVER BOARD quality, beauty and co-operative service.

Write for the free booklet "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses" and painted sample.

The Beaver Board Companies
U. S. A. 381 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada, 442 Wall St., Ottawa, Ont.
Great Britain, 6 Southampton Row, London, W. C.



Acknowledged by the Discriminating as the Summer's Greatest Apparel Opportunity

3 MADE TO MEASURE SILK SHIRTS *for Men and Women* **$10.50**

THREE exceptionally high-grade silk shirts, made strictly to your individual measurement from fine quality washable silks—for **$10.50.** Smart patterns, guaranteed fast colors, superb tailoring and correct style. A Fifth Avenue custom shirt maker asks $10.00 for a single shirt. This is a great silk shirt season. Order your supply at once direct from the makers. Save the difference in price by purchasing direct from designer to wearer.

We do not hesitate to state that a silk shirt opportunity of this sort has never been offered to you before.

Our "How to Shop by Mail" catalog deserves instant attention. Write for it immediately. It shows a great range of beautiful patterns in silk for shirts and pajamas for men and women, and in soft shirts and athletic underwear for men. It also contains full descriptions, correct illustrations and prices, and gives explicit directions for ordering.

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 51 East 42nd St. New York
Suite 404

SILK APPAREL for Critical Men and Women

The "No-Time-Off" Pencil

Clerks who stop frequently to whittle lead pencils soon learn to take time off for other things as well. Don't start them wrong—equip with Blaisdell Paper Pencils.

Blaisdell's will save 15 to 33%

of your wooden lead pencil purchases. Write us for the facts.

Blaisdell 7200 (hard or soft) indelible copying pencil yields seven copies. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of *every* kind for *every* purpose.

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

BLAISDELL

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

dancer's arts; but the aforesaid gentleman seems to be nimble-footed as well as nimble-fingered, spider-legged, sprightly and alert of movement—all of which lend themselves to dancing. The fact that one of these spindly persons could be a good dancer would be quite as accountable as that a grasshopper could dance well; but that a car conductor or a policeman should be able to dance gracefully, with his notoriously big feet, is quite as difficult to imagine as it would be to fancy a broken-arched ex-headwaiter doing it. Yet all these and more are posing as teachers of the Tango and the Turkey Trot—all hanging out their shingles. But people who themselves dance badly often make good teachers.

And those of the unemployed who do not teach spend their time in dancing in the cabarets for what they can get out of it.

But they're all fooling the public, for the present-day dances are nothing but graceful walking. You go into any of the cafés and you will see people dancing on the floors—guests—who are better dancers than those who are hired to amuse them.

New Dances Easy to Learn

These mushroom dancing teachers—obviously to boost prices—dilate on the difficulty of learning the Tango and the Turkey Trot; but that's all rubbish! I will guarantee to teach any normal person a one-step, waltz, Tango, Turkey Trot, Maxixe—anything they are doing today—in one hour!

There is a vast difference between dancing and teaching dancing. After I had spent ten years working with my father he said:

"Now I am going to teach you how to teach."

The first essential in teaching is never to lose patience with your pupil, and also to keep him from losing patience with himself.

Do not start by teaching your pupil to watch your feet or to watch his own. If you do you will get him into the bad habit of looking down when he dances, like a mourner at a funeral. Tell him to keep his head up and you will be responsible for his feet. I can tell by looking at the eyes whether the feet are going wrong. Impress on him that dancing is done with the brain and not with the feet. However, after he has learned the steps, it is a good thing to practice before a mirror. By teaching your pupil not to look at his feet you help him to overcome self-consciousness.

These mushroom teachers do not know anything about all this. They cannot explain a point. They cannot tell a pupil why it is difficult to take a certain step or what is the remedy. Yet they go on teaching and pretending to get all kinds of fabulous prices for doing so; but the fabulous prices generally resolve themselves into a matter of fifty cents an hour.

Anybody can learn to dance. Age has nothing to do with it. And I have already shown that neither lameness nor obesity stands in the way. It is not easier to teach a child than to teach a man or woman of ninety; in fact the youngster does not learn so well, has not the intelligence, is too flighty. He may pick it up quickly, but he will not do it correctly.

Take a man who does my style of dancing, for example. Though he must begin almost as a baby, he is no good at it until after he is twenty years old, because he has not the balance, the precision, the physical control. Today, at forty, I am more finished in my dancing than I was at twenty-five.

The girl learns more easily than the boy, because she is less awkward; and the woman is much easier to teach than the man, because she is a natural dancer and can more easily abandon herself to the motion of dancing. But the same may be said of the male and the female along all lines. The girl in school is always the bright one and the boy is always the dummy.

An Obliging Enemy

A NEGRO truck driver backed his wagon into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a railway freight depot in Dallas, Texas.

"Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outa yo' house an' home ef yo' don't back up!"

"I's got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now whut yo' gonna do 'bout dat?"

"I'll dig yo' one, niggah—I'll dig yo' one!"

"Way down upon the Swanee Ribber, Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turning ebber, Dere's whar de ol' folks stay."

How You Bring Back
The Tenderness of That Old Song
When Played On The Virtuolo By Instinct

INVOLUNTARILY you picture the old plantation days, the sunny cotton fields, "the little hut among the bushes," and "the bees a-humming—all round the comb." You feel the loneliness of the poor old darkey, wandering the earth over, and longing, longing, longing for his old folks at home.

You bring back the dear old home days when your mother taught you that song's humble words, playing its simple chords on the old melodeon—bring back the feelings that stirred you as you snuggled to her and rejoiced in having such a home and such a mother.

You bring back that true, homely sentiment which must have stirred the composer, Stephen C. Foster, when he created this masterpiece of human tenderness. He who also wrote "My Old Kentucky Home"; "Old Black Joe"; "Camptown Races"; and many other songs that live deep in the hearts of the American people.

Yes, you bring all the tender feeling back—in a flash—when you play "Swanee River" on the Virtuolo by Instinct. Sitting with closed eyes, your fingers resting on the simple Acsolo buttons, you literally open your feelings with this sweet old song.

Oh, the world of beauty the Virtuolo and its Instinctive Playing opens up to you!

HALLET & DAVIS

VIRTUOLO

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

How can you bear to have a home without music—to see your children go away to their parties and dances when the Virtuolo would give them most of their good times right at home?

Send Today For The Virtuolo Book

Contains everything you'd like to know about Instinctive Playing and the Virtuolo. Free.

Virtuolo prices $450 up to $1050, depending on the piano used. Hallet & Davis Virtuolos $650 up. Conway Virtuolos $495 up.

Terms to suit you. A convenient payment on our Charge Account Plan will put a Virtuolo in your home *today.*

Virtuolos can be seen, heard and played in nearly every city in the United States. We will send you the address of nearest one. It wouldn't be good [illegible] judgment, would it, to buy a player without at least investigating the Virtuolo?

Send coupon for the Virtuolo Book today. Tear it off now!

BRANCHES:
ATLANTA
CHICAGO
UTICA
SYRACUSE

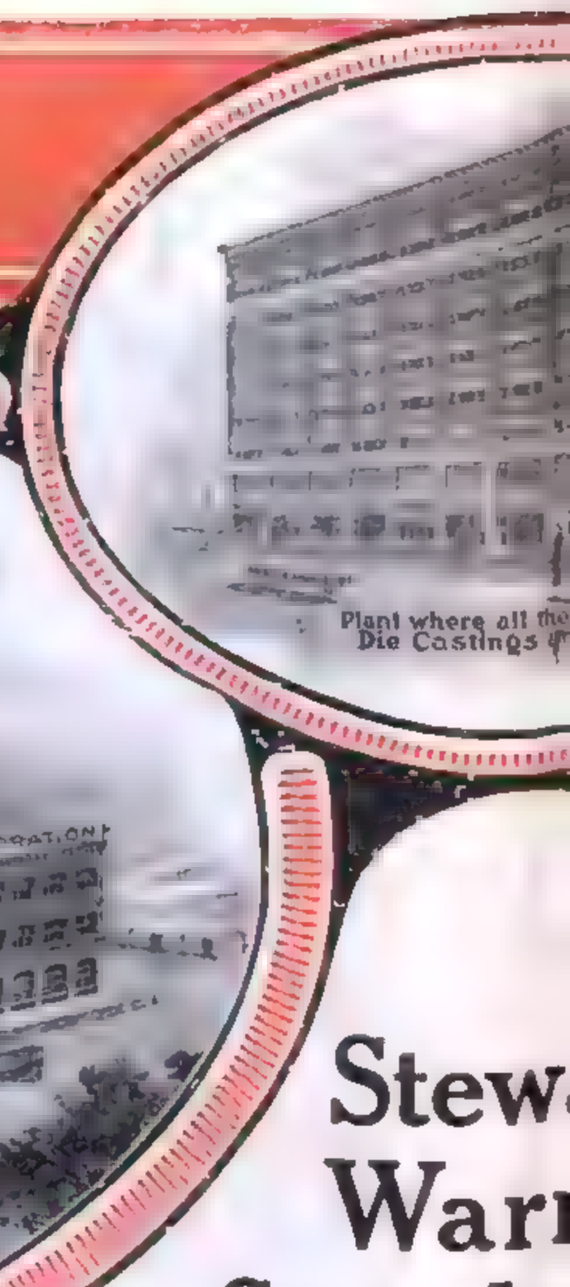
BEST DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
(Established 1839)
HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING
146 Boylston Street, Boston
HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING
18 East 42nd St., New York

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Dept. 68, 146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Please send me [illegible]
Name
Address

Model B-Z
$50.00

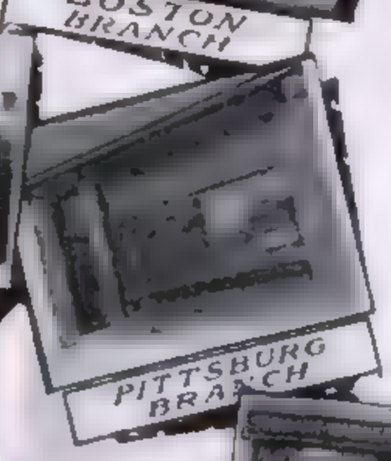
Where the Stewart Speedometers are made: Chicago

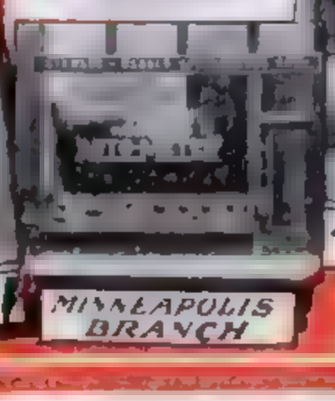


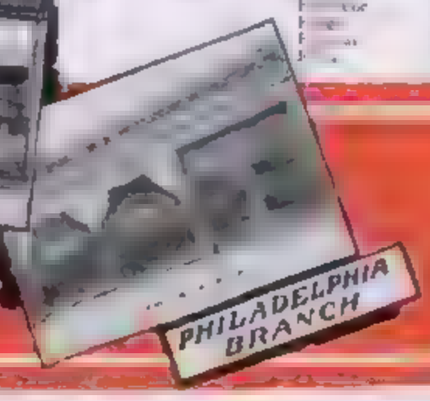
Plant where all the Die Castings

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

The Greatest Speedometer C







Investment—representing millions of dollars; larger than that of all other plants devoted to Speedometer manufacture.

Organization—the largest and most complete manufacturing organization of its kind. 3 big plants with floor space of 12 acres. 17 Branch Houses. Nearly 75 Service Stations.

Financial Responsibility—insuring the carrying out of any contract we undertake.

Policy—the most liberal ever followed in the Automobile industry. A guarantee of satisfaction to everyone dealing with this institution—this means a square deal to the car manufacturer, dealer and owner.

Facilities—such as Speedomet the world. We have alw age of the largest institu industry, because these guarantee prompt deliver instruments possible to p

THIS is the greatest Organ automobile accessory indus eters that are backed by a serv car manufacturers and dealers sibility. It guarantees to car b lutely satisfactory Speedomete

A Warner Auto-Meter or a car indicates on the part of the desire to give his car buyers t regardless of cost, the market

You cannot go wrong in foll of the best known and most res A Warner Magnetic Auto-Me Speedometer has been thei investigation of the Investme Responsibility, Policy, Facilities

The following cars are equipped with the

Stewart Speedometer

Abbott	Autocar	Cadillac	Chevrolet	Franklin	Hudson	Lambert	Miller	Pullman	Stewart
Acason	Auto Car	Case	Chevrolet Light Car	Gardner	Hupmobile	Lexington	Moline Knight	Reo	Studebaker
Ajax	Auto Car Delivery	Chalmers	Detroit	Gramm	Interstate	Locomobile	Monroe	Republic	Sultan
Allen	Auto Car Sightseeing	Chandler	Dodge	Grant	Jackson	Marmon	Moon	Saxon	Thomas
Allen-Kingston	Auto Car Truck	Chevrolet	Dodge Delivery	Hal	Jeffery	Maxwell	Mora	Scripps-Booth	Velie
Alma	Brockway	Chevrolet Baby	Elcar	Hanson	Jordan	Mercer	Nash	Selden	Westcott
Apperson	Buick	Chevrolet Delivery	Empire	Harroun	Kissel	Metz	Oakland	Stearns	White
Atlas	Buick Delivery	Chevrolet Light	Fageol	Haynes	Kline	Michigan	Oldsmobile	Stevens-Duryea	Willys-Knight
Auburn	Buick Light	Chevrolet Light Delivery	Federal	Hol-Tru	Lafayette	Midland	Overland	Stoddard-Dayton	Winton
Autocar	Cadillac	Chevrolet Light Truck	Ford	Hudson	Lambert	Miller	Pullman	Stewart	

17 Branch 70 Service

Model K-3
$75.00

art-
ner
meter
ration

Organization in the World

nable us to produce a
r for every car built in
ya enjoyed the patron-
ions in the Automobile
facilities enable us to
es of the highest-class
oduce.

ization of its kind in the
ry, making the Speedom-
ce plan which relieves the
of all speedometer respon-
yers real, courteous, abso-
Service.

Stewart Speedometer on a
car manufacturer a sincere
e very best speedometers,
as to offer.

wing the judgment of 95%
onsible car manufacturers.
er or a Stewart Magnetic
selection after thorough
t, Organization, Financial
Product, and Service of the

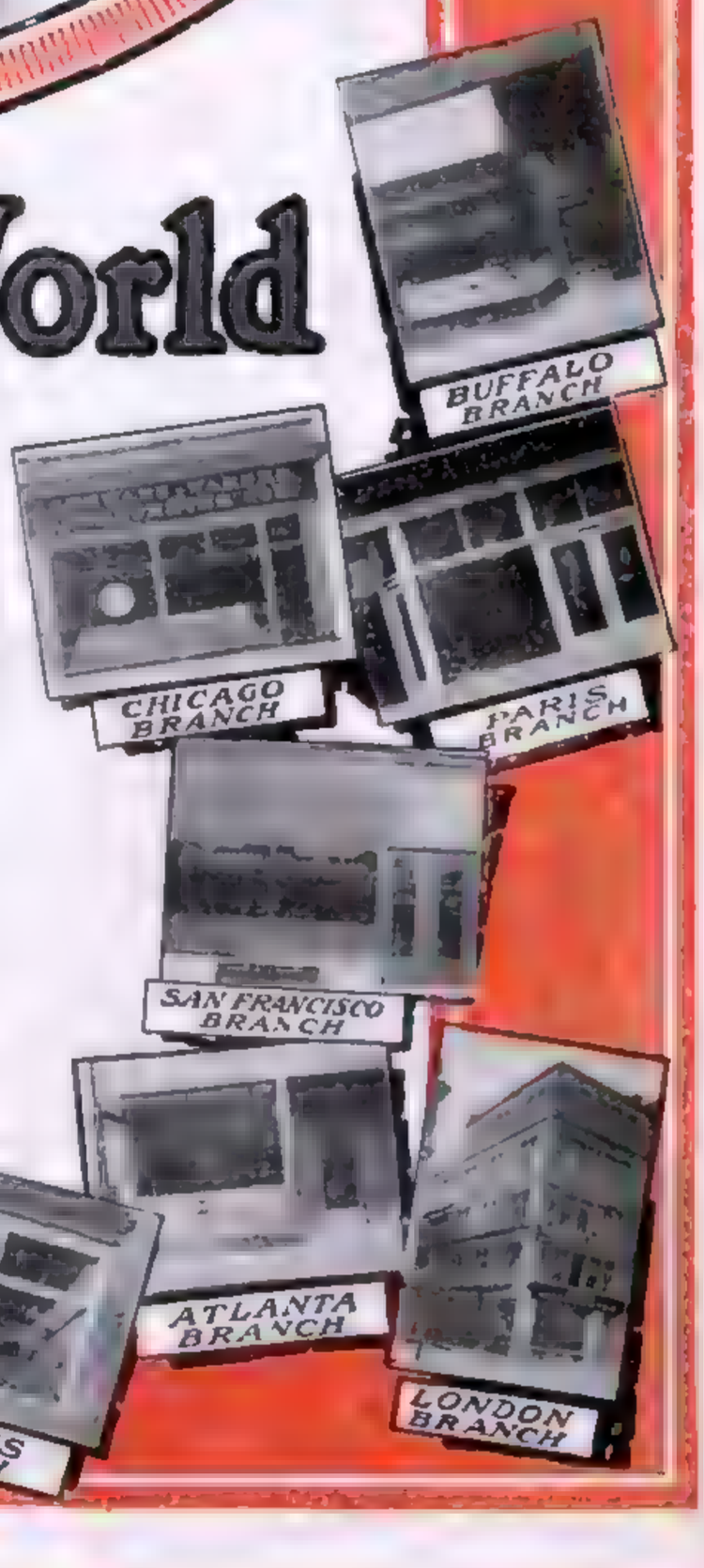
ometer Corporation
rsey Boulevard, Chicago

Product—the best and most suitable materials for the purpose that money will buy; manufactured into the World-renowned Warner Auto-Meters and Stewart Speedometers by the most skilled and highest-paid Speedometer mechanics. No expense is spared on material, machines or men, to continue to win for our Speedometers their recognition and distinction as the world's best.

Wherever you go, you will find Warner Auto-Meters and Stewart Speedometers used almost exclusively.

Proof—there are nearly 1,500,000 of our Magnetic Type Speedometers in use on cars every day in the year. 95% of all car manufacturers use them on their cars as standard equipment.

Service—17 Service Branch Houses; 75 Service Stations, distributed in all large cities and towns from Maine to California, and in foreign countries. These Branches and Stations are equipped and manned to take care of speedometers in exactly the same manner as they would be taken care of at the factory.



The following cars are equipped with the

WARNER AUTO-METER

Abbott-Detroit	Case	Dixon	Knox	Norwalk	Seagrave	Stafford	Traveler
American	Century	Dodge	Kissel	Oakland	Seitz	Standard	Universal
Apperson	Chalmers	Elcar	Locomobile	Oldsmobile	S. G. V.	Stearns	Velie
Auburn	Chandler	Empire	Lozier	Owen	Simplex	Stevens-Duryea	Westcott
Avery	Cleveland	Essex	Marmon	Packard 1-48	S. & M.	Stutz	White
Beardsley	Cole	Federal	McFarlan	Paige	Spaulding	Tate	Winton
Benham	Columbia	Fiat	Maxwell	Peerless	Speedwell	Touraine	Zimmerman
Benson	Crawford	Flanders	Mercer	Pierce-Arrow			
Benz	Crow	Franklin	Metz	Premier			
Brightwell	Cunningham	Gardner	Moline-Knight	Reo			
Buick	Davis	Hudson	Monroe	Republic			
Cadillac	Detroit	King	National	Russell			
Carterear							

Houses Stations

Winners of the Ralston Boys and Girls Development Contest

Ellsworth Sylvester

Victor Lee Bowes

John Hammond

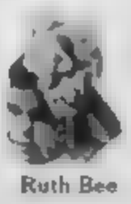
Kathryn Barber

Darius Shabaz

Donald Allen

Elmer White, Jr.

Richard Bee


Ruth Bee

Harold E. Lind

Thousands of boys and girls owe their sturdy development to the nourishing qualities of Ralston Wheat Food.

The 225 of them who made the greatest development during the time they were entered in the Ralston Boys and Girls Development Contest are the prize winners. Not only did they gain in weight, height and health, but they also thoroughly enjoyed their Ralston.

What their mothers say:

He has not been sick a day since he began eating Ralston Wheat Food. He is stronger and healthier in every way.

Hardening flesh. Very strong and gaining in weight every week. He loves the cereal very much. He is a perfect child.

More strength and vitality. Better color. More ambition.

More steadily and better in every way. Weighs more than for several years.

He is much more sturdy, and brighter than he was. It is a wonderful help with the boy who has to be kept indoors.

Improvement in digestion also. Constipation entirely cured. Thank you for it.

Before beginning Ralston Wheat Food he was a very delicate baby. Now he is a sturdy youngster of 3 months.

Since birth this child has had stomach trouble but I have never known an improvement since feeding Ralston.

Color, health and appetite much better than a few months ago.

Sleeps well, cheeks red, and of bright good nature.

Behold his tonsils removed after he had been under the care of a physician for a year. Ralston was used and he never ate it.

Should have perfect health and a great muscular strength.

Having always used Ralston he is very healthy and sturdy.

Names given on request

Why not develop your children?

Ralston Wheat Food makes children sturdy, healthy and strong. Two packages at all grocers.

Development Chart FREE

Shows height and weight and measurements of a child at each birthday from 1 to 16 years. Write your free chart today.

Ralston Purina Co.
811 Gratiot St.
St Louis Mo.

1st Prize	$100.	Ellsworth Sylvester, Aurora, Ill.
2d Prize	50.	Victor Lee Bowes, Utica, N.Y.
3rd Prize	25.	John R. Hammond, Ellicott City, Md.
4th Prize	15.	Christian Nelson, Northport, Mich.
5th Prize	10.	Kathryn Barber, Hastings, Mich.

$5.00 Prizes

Ernest Drake, Fremont, Ohio.
Emma Wilson, Farmington, N. J.
Glenn Stewart, Colfax, Iowa.
Beatrice Reifeteck, Calumet, Iowa.
Kendall Bassett, Madison, Wisc.
John Knox, Stephens City, Va.
Robt. Chas. Gunnem, LaPorte, Ind.
Philip Dunn Bassett, Madison, Wisc.
Abbie H. White, Springfield, Mass.
Andrew Spencer Tomb, Jackson, La.
Alva College, Kulm, N. D.
Keith Alex Evans, Micco, Fla.
Wilda Bates, Ridgeway, Ohio.
Allan T. Willson, Farmington, N. H.
John Malcolm Fife, Kittery, Maine.
Forrest G. Chappell, Camden, N. J.
Harold G. Fahrman, Meadville, Pa.
Ina Vern Williams, Waterloo, Iowa.
Command L. Beckwith, Owensboro, Ky.
Evelyn Sylvester, Aurora, Ill.
Constance Hardwick, Dorch'st'r Mass.
Lester Sam Auerbach, Cleveland, O.
J. L. Roberson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

$1.00 Prizes

Eugene W. Watson, Waterloo, Iowa.
Glenn Stewart, Colfax, Iowa.
Emma Wilson, Farmington, N. J.
Beatrice Reifeteck, Calumet, Iowa.
Kendall Bassett, Madison, Wisc.
John Knox, Stephens City, Va.
Robt. Chas. Gunnem, LaPorte, Ind.
Philip Dunn Bassett, Madison, Wisc.
Abbie H. White, Springfield, Mass.
Andrew Spencer Tomb, Jackson, La.
Alva College, Kulm, N. D.
Keith Alex Evans, Micco, Fla.
Wilda Bates, Ridgeway, Ohio.
Evelyn Sylvester, Aurora, Ill.
Constance Hardwick, Dorch'st'r Mass.
Lester Sam Auerbach, Cleveland, O.
Allan T. Willson, Farmington, N. H.
John Malcolm Fife, Kittery, Maine.
Forrest G. Chappell, Camden, N. J.
Harold G. Fahrman, Meadville, Pa.
Ina Vern Williams, Waterloo, Iowa.
Command L. Beckwith, Owensboro, Ky.
J. L. Roberson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

$1.00 Prizes

Edward Pratt, Evanston, Ill.
Murtil Foster, Winsted, Conn.
Eugene Morgan, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lloyd U. Shields, Dexter, Maine.
Marian Elliott, San Antonio, Texas.
John Reynolds, Jr., Rome, Ga.
Edwina White, Traverse City, Mich.
Julius Kuntz, Trechlers, Pa.
Geo. Matthews, So. Willington, Conn.
David Shaw, Murraysville, Pa.
Mayer Mosesson, Hartford, Conn.
Edwin Snyder, Jr., Allentown, Pa.
Ralph Grater, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hugh J. Lattomus, Wilmington, Del.
Elizabeth Frost, Las Vegas, N. M.
Philips Ewing, Worcester, Mass.
Oliver F. Evernon, New Britain, Conn.
Janet L. Frost, Lawrence, Kansas.
Harold E. Lind, Gerrin, Ill.
Hattie C. Field, Colo. Springs, Colo.
Marion Warner, Palma Sola, Fla.
Leslie E. Elsey, Rome, Ga.
Sirrop F. Elsey, Rome, Ga.
Ruth T. Smith, Jr., Los Gatos, Cal.
Alberta Roberson, Gr'd Rapids, Mich.
J. Shephardson, Johnson City, Tenn.
Elsie Radley, Dallas, Texas.
Harold R. Green, Peabody, Mass.

Out-of-Doors

Your Campfire—How to Use It

THE same as yourself, when I was a kid there were two questions that not even my Sunday-school teacher was able to answer to my satisfaction. One was: What holds the stars up? The other was: Where does fire come from? It is not absolutely sure to me, even yet, that anybody ever has answered those questions lucidly and comprehensively—so many answers being just different ways of looking at questions.

Which of us does not recall lying awake at night and looking up at the stars and wondering why they did not fall down? They do sometimes, as any boy can tell: but why not all the time? Sir Isaac Newton propounded a certain theory about it: but it is like the critic's comment on the heroine in a novel—she is not convincing. Not even my college professor could ever put the law of gravitation across with me. It is thin stuff. But, anyhow, the stars are fine to look at.

Then again, that question of the fire. How many times have we all asked mother what made the match light when you struck it? And where did the flame of the candle go when you blew it out? And if it was hot before it went out, why did it not stay hot where it went? And where did it go anyhow?

The dear lady never could get those questions answered to suit us at all. Has this ever been plain to you? If you have got that and the question about the stars settled so that you understand them clearly you are some wise.

There is something mutual between the stars and the campfire—that seems plain. The campfire at night under the stars—who has not studied in that school and found out that perhaps answers are not so important in life as just questions? Certainly Life in the open would be robbed of all charm were it not for the stars and the fire.

Where did the first fire come from? Who made it? How was it discovered? Interesting books have been written on those questions; and some of them have paid fair royalties, though under false pretenses. The only thing certain is that a first campfire was made; and without the campfire there would be no sport, no geography and no history.

Father's Magic Fire Stick

Books have been written about the campfire itself—how to make it and use it—proof that man is drifting away from that day and age in the world when every man knew how to build a fire. We face the time when the only man able to build a fire will be the janitor—and he will belong to a union and be liable to walk out any minute.

In the old days father used to get up before the other members of the family—did he not?—and build the fire in the kitchen stove, summer or winter. He always built the first fire in the kitchen stove, because that was where the later operations of the day began.

He went out into the kitchen without much on but a pair of carpet slippers; and what he did—in a climate where perhaps the thermometer was far below zero and the kitchen floor well covered with snow that had blown in under the kitchen door—was something direct, simple and highly efficient.

You can gamble father did not make any false motions about that fire. He had been building it for sixty years and knew how. Besides, it was cold.

The preparations for these matutinal pyrotechnics were made on the evening previous. Before he went to bed, father went out into the kitchen and got his kindling wood ready for the next morning. He had a trusty hatchet sacred to the purpose of splitting kindling, and with the said hatchet he would reduce certain pine boards to inflammable sizes. The day of the ten-cent bundle of kindling wood, with resin on the end—the sort you buy at a delicatessen store—had not yet dawned in American family life, and in those days people did things for themselves.

After father had split his own kindling wood, the last thing he did was to take a straight pine stick; and with the trusty pocketknife—which at that time made part

Sweets for the Sweet Girl Graduate

What gift at commencement could be more appreciated than a box of *Johnston's* Chocolates? Ten distinct packages de luxe. Let us propose, for one, the *original*

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams

You can distinguish the genuine by the *Gold Box* bearing the name of this master confectioner.

The ladies request the gentlemen to specify *Johnston's* in ordering Chocolates. Visit the dealer who caters to educated candy tastes or send us $1 for a generous box, postpaid.

Cook the Easy Way

With a DETROIT VAPOR STOVE

Looks-Works Like a Gas Stove
Burns Oil or Gasoline

It is a pleasure to cook with a Detroit Vapor Stove. Clean, light blue flame and it is ready to cook with in a few minutes. Has long chimneys that keep the heat down. Has cabinet top with shelves and drawer. Has roomy oven with glass door. Has all the advantages of the highest priced gas stove. Write today for our new free illustrated stove book No. J-3.

Detroit Vapor Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.

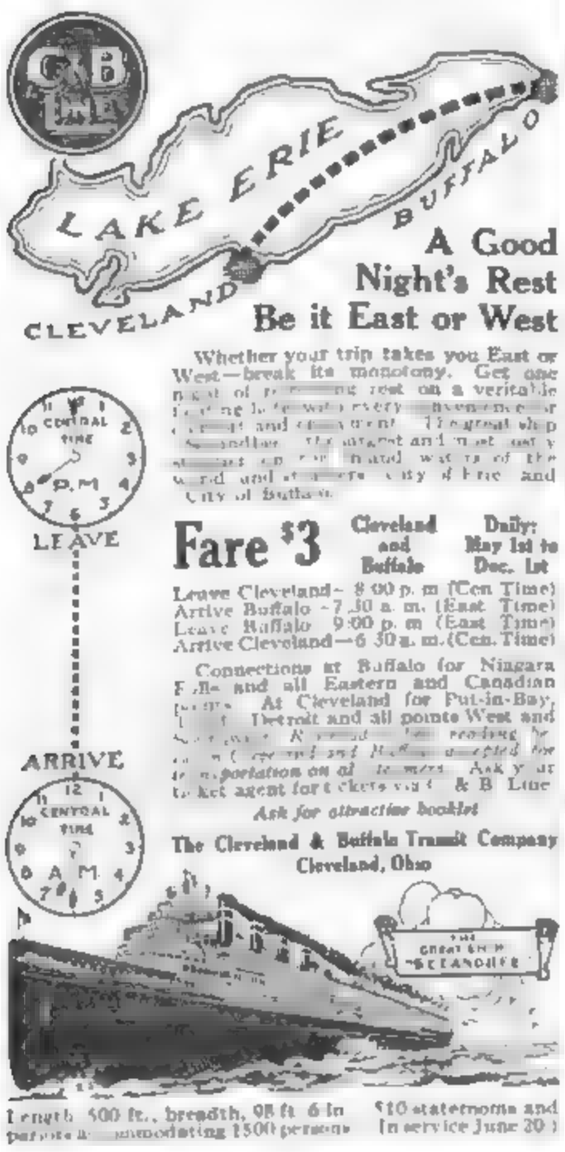
DETROIT VAPOR STOVES Work like Gas

"THEOSOPHY"

A monthly magazine presenting a Philosophy of Life that really explains. Thousands of old Theosophists will welcome this magazine which is reprinting monthly writings of H. P. Blavatsky and Wm. Q. Judge long since out of print. Send 10c for three sample numbers.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
Metropolitan Building Los Angeles, Cal.

PHOENIX
DOUBLE-KNIT HEEL, TOE AND SOLE
SILK HOSE
Well-dressed people all over this country find that the exceptional service of Phoenix Silk Hose is one of its strongest claims to attention. It retains its brilliancy and shapeliness and wears surprisingly well
Made of pure-dye thread silk of the highest grade absolutely free from "loading" or "weighting."
IN DISTINCTIVE 6-PAIR BOXES
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee


C & B LINE
LAKE ERIE
BUFFALO
CLEVELAND
A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West
Whether your trip takes you East or West—break its monotony. Get one night of restful rest on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience and comfort and entertainment. The great ship Seandiler, the largest and most luxurious steamer on the inland waters of the world, connects the City of Erie and City of Buffalo.
TO CENTRAL TIME
P.M.
LEAVE
ARRIVE
A.M.
Fare $3
Cleveland and Buffalo
Daily: May 1st to Dec. 1st
Leave Cleveland—8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo—7:30 a. m. (East. Time)
Leave Buffalo—9:00 p. m. (East. Time)
Arrive Cleveland—6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)
Connections at Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern and Canadian points. At Cleveland for Put-in-Bay, Detroit and all points West and Northwest. Reading tickets reading via Cleveland and Buffalo accepted for transportation on all its steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C & B Line
Ask for attractive booklet
The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Cleveland, Ohio
THE GREAT SHIP SEEANDILER
Length 500 ft., breadth, 98 ft. 6 in. $10 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 persons. In service June 20

of every householder's personal equipment, for all householders then chewed tobacco instead of smoking cigarettes—raise along the edge of this stick a series of undetached shavings, which stood out fanlike from the parent stem, fine and thin at the free ends. This stick was the essential ingredient of the next morning's fire. It is very much worth remembering as a historical institution in American folklore.

The next morning, rising in his whiskers and carpet slippers, father would pass through the "settin'" room, "dinin'" room and pantry to the kitchen. There he would make a pass or so with the poker to free the grate of ashes, take off the stovelid and insert his prepared shaving stick in such fashion that the free edges of the shavings would just protrude through the firegrate.

Over this he would place small sticks, then larger sticks, then dry stovewood; and then other stovewood—or maybe soft coal. After that he would replace the stovelid. Then he would open the two little doors in front of the stove above the hearth, or castiron apron, which is in front of all good cookstoves.

Probably you do not know what this sort of hearth is, since you mostly have read about hearths in books that have Yuletide written on them in gold letters, and that cost anywhere from ten cents to a dollar-forty, according to the value you place on the folks you send them to. A real, true, honest-to-goodness hearth is made of castiron and is situated east of the cookstove and south of the two little doors aforesaid.

The Old-Timer's Methods

Well, anyhow, when those two little doors were pushed open father saw the edge of his shaving stick protruding between the bars of the firegrate—not the sort of shaving stick you use, but the one he had made the night before. Whereupon he scratched a match somewhere and touched off the shavings, drawing the little doors a trifle closer together and fixing the damper in the back part of the stove so she would draw well. After this father went back to the sitting room, shook down the baseburner, put in another hod of coal, and went back to bed to get warm.

About this time you could hear sister begin to move round upstairs, where there was no fire, about as swift as a grasshopper in the dew. Then sister would stroll congealedly down and put some more wood on the kitchen fire and get the crock out from behind the cookstove, where it had been wrapped up over night, and start in to getting the cakes ready—What?

Afterward, when the baseburner was beginning to get red round the middle, buddy—also, son—would get up and before long all would meet in the sitting room for family prayers. We needed them? Maybe. But then, as compared to the be-janitored flat of today, I am not so sure.

Still, you can find the same stars and, for that matter, can use the same old kindling stick in making a fire for yourself out-of-doors; in fact you will find it extremely useful in building a campfire—which is just what we started to remark a while back.

Now, to use the same phrase you did in your first composition, there are a great many kinds of campfires—too numerous to mention. Bad as some of them are from a technical standpoint, none of them is anything but good from a human standpoint. Most of them are built by amateurs, and this is eminently fitting.

The bigoted old-timer, who knows it all and insists that his way is the only good way, is of all beings the most intolerable. The amateur needs but little of his lore, but would best figure out for himself what he wants to do and how to do it—which is the practical and usual way in human life.

One good rule is advanced by most authorities—and that is not to build a campfire too large. A small campfire is warmer, safer, more convenient and more comfortable. Of course your fire must be larger than that of the old cookstove, unless you have contrived some retaining walls to hold in its heat. A big campfire takes too much wood, is too apt to set the tent on fire, even if it does not set the woods on fire; and it is hard to put out when you leave. It will make you uncomfortable when you cook at it and it will burn the grub. Still, you will probably build your own campfire just as large as you like. *Pax vobiscum!* It is much better than not to build it at all.

Different campfires are used for different purposes. Suppose you were traveling

American Lady Shoe
Three-fifty to Five Dollars

American Gentleman Shoe
Four to six Dollars

NO MATTER how high your head your feet are on a level with the other fellow's. Put some distinction into your shoes and lift your feet above the commonplace. A lot of style in your shoes gives a tremendous leverage to one's self respect.

Buy the American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and you pay a compliment to your good taste and a dividend to your pocketbook, at the same time, for these shoes combine style and wearing quality in an unusual degree.

American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes are made in all styles, sizes and widths, from Narrow A to Wide E.

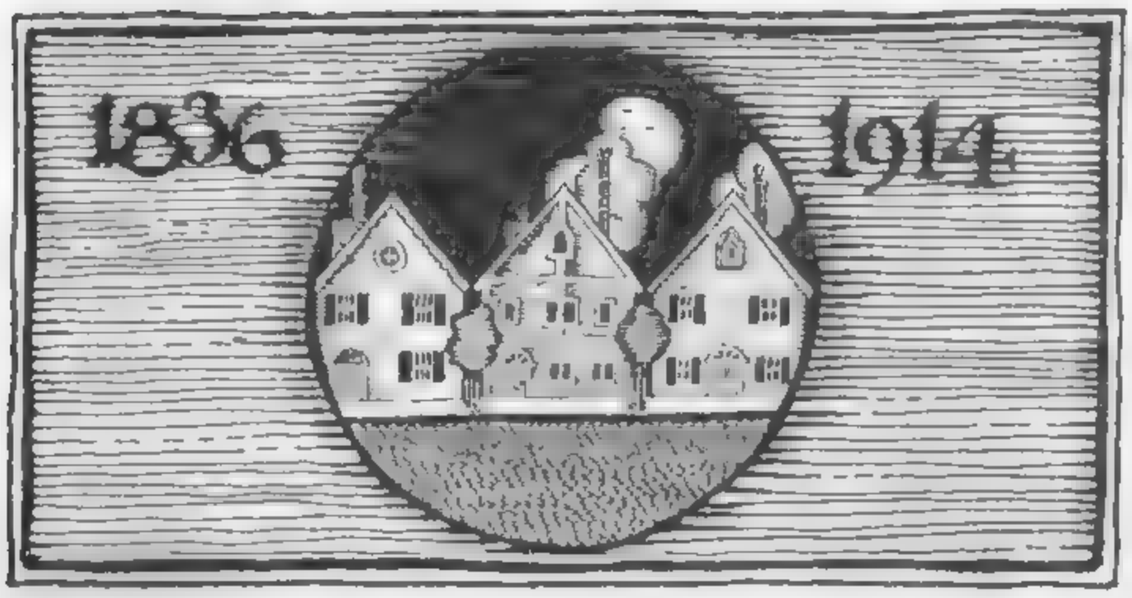
MAKERS
Keep the Quality up

In nearly every place there is a dealer who sells American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have any difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest Hamilton, Brown dealer.

Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis Boston



A SPECIALIST IN HOMES

Philadelphia is a city of homes to a degree which is not true of any other large city in the country. Every home is a buying center. The better the home, the greater the buying power. Philadelphians have homes in the real sense of the word—not flats and tables in restaurants. This makes Philadelphia a market for everything that is bought to be used, or worn, or consumed in a home.

In every one of these homes where the buying power is measured by an income large enough to be taxed, you will find the

PUBLIC LEDGER

fast through a country, making one-night stands and cooking four meals a day. That requires one sort of fire. A permanent camp, where there is plenty of wood, asks for a different sort. Deep snow requires yet another kind—a pleasant summer site still another. A score of things may affect the fashion of your campfire, and it is your own part to make each fire in workmanlike fashion, adjusted to the needs of the hour.

A very common rule laid down by makers of helps on outdoor sports is that the campfire should be laid between two small green logs, each four or five feet long, hewn flat on one side, and placed six inches apart—or maybe sixteen inches; I forget which. That is all very well if you have plenty of time to make your fire.

An Indian lives out-of-doors all his life, but he never builds a campfire that way. Neither can you build a campfire that an Indian will not take apart and make over again to suit his own notion. Some of these notions are good ones and are accepted by white men that live in Indian countries.

Suppose you are traveling with a party of Indians or breeds, with a packtrain or canoe, in some Northern wilderness country. You will not see any of these nice little side logs cut at all. Perhaps, also, you will revise your idea as to the assertion that the Indian always builds a small fire. Sometimes he does because he is lazy. Sometimes he does not because he can save time by not doing so.

In fast traveling, forty minutes is about all the time allowed to unpack, make a fire, cook a meal, wash the dishes, repack, smoke a pipe, and hit the trail again. Your half-breed usually makes one of these kettle fires out of poles—long ones, dry ones; such as he can find already drying on the ground. He puts these poles together not in cobhouse fashion and not in a loose heap, but in a long pile, side by side. He will provide as kindling certain dry twigs.

Cooking With a Teastick

Sometimes he will use birchbark, but most often you will find him whittling up a row of semi-detached shavings on the side of a stick. This is precisely father's old kindling stick. No one knows who first discovered it, but it is worth remembering by any one who needs to start a fire out-of-doors.

When Pierre has raised some shavings on the edge of his stick, he stands it upside down under his pole pile and throws some loose, dry kindling over it—perhaps sheltering it all with his hat if it is raining. Then he touches a match to the lower edge of his shavings and by and by they set fire to the solid stick, and that sets fire to the twigs, which in turn touch off the whole works. And this fire, begun at the center of the log or pole heap, spreads both ways.

There are no side logs, because there has been no time to get them—it would be considered finicky to use them; but as the poles burn in a bright flame Pierre hangs his teakettle in the flame, dependent from the end of a slant stick the butt of which he has stuck into the ground—the teastick or 'quorgan stick of the Northern woods. He does not usually set the teakettle down on the poles; but perhaps he can find a place where two of them will hold a frying pan. And at the other end of his long fire he will hang the stewkettle, which was not cleaned out after the last meal—an affair of squirrel, rabbit, duck, partridge, rice, potatoes, onions, or anything else that happens to be in camp. A good stew-pot may begin at the first of a month and still be going thirty days later, additions being made from meal to meal.

Besides these three utensils, there may or may not be another in which to boil dishwater. If so there will be room for all on this long fire, which has been kicked together with no loss of time at all.

The Indian's idea of a long, narrow fire is a good one. It is only the rank tenderfoot who builds a circular fire, made by heaping the firewood up in the center so that the flames run entirely about. You cannot get near to that kind of fire, which is wasteful of heat and room alike. So a general rule regarding your campfire is to make it long and narrow.

An Indian does not usually build a big campfire to last through the night, unless the weather is very cold. He will have far less bed covering than a white man and in a single blanket will sleep out in weather where a white man would perish in four times as much bedcovering.

Remember the Blobs?

The old-time inkwell used to give up many fearful and wonderful blobs. Carter's Ink have had a leading part in making blobs a *recollection* of the inks of other days.

Carter's Ink are as scientifically compounded as the most important laboratory serum or chemical extract. The results are uniform inks that write smoothly and dry into records that are permanent.

Carter's Pencraft
Combined Office and Fountain Pen
Ink

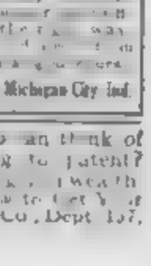
Look for this decorated carton

is two perfect inks in one, *for fountain pens and inkwell use.* It writes a brilliant blue and dries a non-fadable jet black. It is less gummy and less corrosive. Various sizes at prices from $1.00 (quart) to 15 cents per bottle at all the best stationers'.

After all, no ink like Carter's.

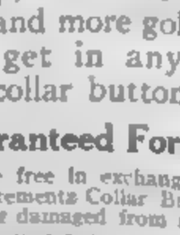
THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago
Montreal

Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon Papers.



KREMENTZ

ON THE **Collar** BACK OF A **Button**



means the best workmanship, the most perfect shape, and more gold than you'll get in any other plated collar button made.

Guaranteed Forever

A new one free in exchange for any genuine Krementz Collar Button that is broken or damaged from any cause.

14K Rolled Gold Plate	$ .25
10K Solid Gold	1.00
14K " "	1.50

Leading dealers sell them. Booklet on request

Krementz & Co
Manufacturers of the Krementz Studs

Drink More Pure Water

CONSUMERS COOLER CO., 24 Carroll Ave., Michigan City, Ind.

WANTED—AN IDEA

You who drive autos are at the mercy of the brake lining.

For safety sake it must give the highest gripping power until it's worn clear through.

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining-100%

contains half again as much material as the ordinary kinds and being hydraulic compressed is the same through and through.

It is not affected by oil, water or gasoline, nor will it burn out by heat generated in service.

It is used exclusively by more makers of high grade cars than all other linings combined.

Our Guarantee—Thermoid will make good, or we will.

THERMOID RUBBER CO.
Trenton, N. J.

BALL-POINTED PENS

Pen your Thoughts with a Ball-Pointed pen. They never scratch, dig or spurt. The secret of Easy Writing is found on every point.

Ten varieties to suit All Hands. Made in England of fine Sheffield steel.

May be had from all Stationery Stores
Sample Box of 24 by Mail 25 Cents

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO.
99 William Street New York

"STANDARD TIME" LOCK TREASURE BOX

combination lock. Made in Nickel Finish $2.50 Each
$3.00. Sent prepaid in U. S. on receipt of price.
MILLER LOCK CO., 4541 Tacony Street, FRANKFORD, PA.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send for free How to Obtain a Patent What to Invent list of Inventions wanted and prizes offered **FREE**
Wanted New Ideas Send for list of PATENT BUYERS Manufacturers
Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

New ¼-horse Motors $19 each
For alternating current, 1 phase, 60 cycle, 110 or 220 volt current. Several hundred other Dynamos and Motors.
GEO. BENDER, 122-130 Centre Street, New York

PATENTS WANTED
and bought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Visible Results* and Terms Book
E. G. & A. E. Lacey, Dept. 2, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

A campfire really has two purposes—it may be used for cooking or for warmth, or for both. If you cook in kettles or pots you can use the direct flame. If you are frying or broiling you want to cook over the coals and not over the flames.

There are all sorts of fads and poses in sport, as in everything else. Some of us like to affect the D. Boone and S. Kenton simplicity stunt and scorn to use anything modern. As a matter of fact, you cannot very well beat a Dutch oven as a camp utensil. At the same time, an aluminum reflector is much lighter and will cook just as good biscuits.

Also, a little folding grid, with legs that you can drive down into the ground, is something that weighs very little and is very useful in steadying a coffee pot or holding a broiler. Drive them right down over your bed of coals, so that the top will be only four or five inches above the ground. It will be handy to set things on; and if you do not try to use too much fire it will make a very comfortable broiler.

Neither, as I have often said, need you despise the long, wooden-handled fork of commerce, or a patent handle for your frying pan—one into which you can drive a long pole—so that you may sit off from the fire and cook without burning your hands.

Of course these things will sound effete to some, and to yet others not sufficiently effete. The latter will want to rig a stove-top or a vast gridiron made of steel bars laid across the two side logs, as recommended by the textbooks.

A Campfire in the South

If you are actually in the wilderness your fare will be rough and it will be condensed—such stuff as beans, dried fruits, and the like. It takes time to cook beans. An iron pot is best; but you can do very well with a tin vessel if you have nothing better.

Before you build your long-pole fire take the butt of the ax and knock out a trench, over which the fire may be built. It will fill with coals gradually, and after you have finished the meal you may set the beanpot down in this trench, and cover it with ashes and coals and let it cook over night—shifting your campfire to some other point if it must burn all night.

Suppose you are fairly modern and fairly well equipped, that you want to have a quiet time in camp in the woods, and that you are out in the fall when the nights are cool, though there is no snow as yet. Your first thought is a wall tent and a sheetiron stove. Men can winter in these conditions, but it would be hard to devise anything more uncomfortable or more unhealthy. You will be more comfortable if your tent is open in front, so that you may get the light and heat of a good campfire.

It will be all the better if your tent has a back so arranged that it will reflect the heat down. The openface camp or shanty or lean-to looks like all out-of-doors, but it is quite comfortable if your campfire is made correctly and kept up adequately.

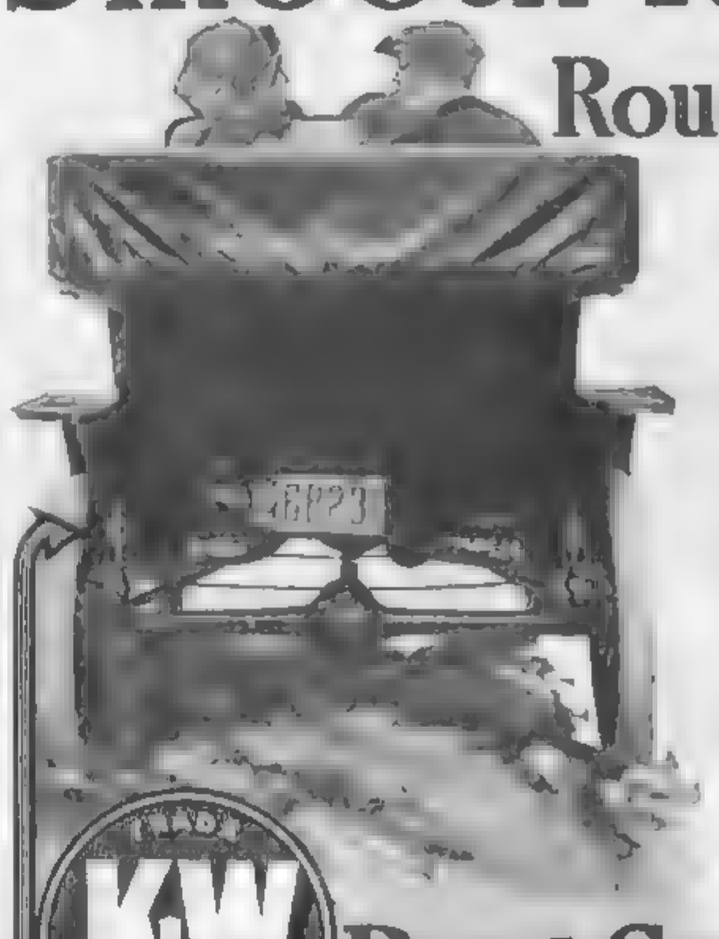
I proved this not long ago in the wintertime, in one of the Southern States, under circumstances which convinced all the neighborhood that I was crazy—and which convinced me, on the other hand, that everybody else was crazy who was not privileged to sleep in precisely the same way.

It came about that a hospitable planter insisted on sending down a couple of negro boys to do the campwork. These boys pitched the tent, secured abundant hay for a bed, and provided an excellent woodpile of sound oak timber eighteen inches in diameter—likewise other oak, hickory and divers priceless materials of like sort, wherewith to light the altar fire.

I slept alone a few nights thus—the fire in front, the same old stars above. It was warm in my tent. I do not know just how it was in the shelter where the negro boys lay huddled in their cotton quilts, but it was fine, along toward morning, when the dawn was becoming gray and the fire had burned low, just to follow the advice of the old planter: "Lie still and holler for the colored population!"

I have never found a scheme that beat this, though it is not in the textbooks. It was a trifle hard on the youngsters, but they were used to it anyhow; so they would get up, build up the fire, cook a very decent breakfast of broiled quail and bacon, with a good cup of coffee—and then stand round, afraid to wake the boss up for breakfast. Can you beat that for a campfire? You cannot!

Smooth Riding *on* Rough Roads



That enviable pleasure of comfortable motoring—regardless of how rough the roads or how fast you drive—is yours, made possible by

K-W Road Smoothers
NAME COPYRIGHTED

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

THEY take the roughness out of the road and eliminate the pitching, swaying and vibration that racks and shortens the life of your car. K-W Road Smoothers seem to level off the high places and fill up the low places. Wherever you ride the bumps and jolts are gone—*ironed out* by the K-W Road Smoothers. They give you *big, heavy car comfort,* combined with *light-weight car advantages.*

What K-W Road Smoothers Do

They save tire bills by keeping the wheels on the road where they belong.

They add to the life of your car by stopping vibration.

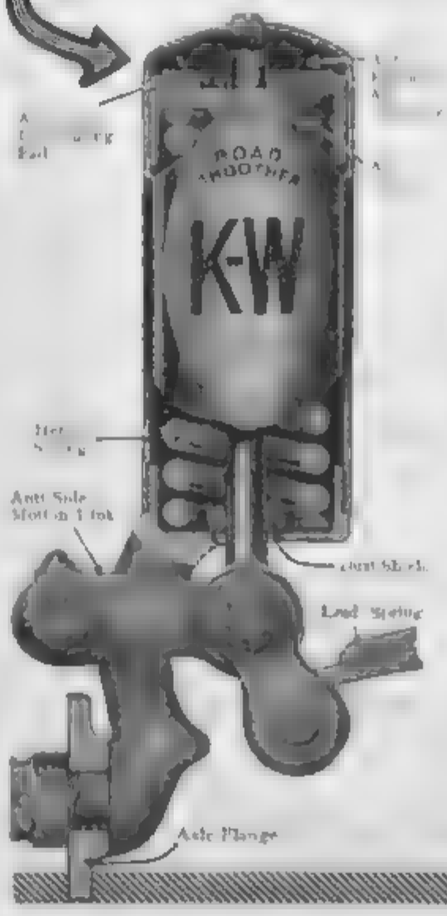
They add greatly to your safety by making the car wheels cling to the road.

They save gasoline bills because the weight of the car doesn't have to be lifted out of every hole and over every hump in the road. It is only the wheels that follow the contour of the road's surface. The body and its load of passengers travels along on the level, *"just like floating through the air."*

The "anti-rebound air chamber" prevents the rebound of the spring. It is an essential feature and found *only* in the K-W Road Smoothers.

The "anti-side-motion links" of the K-W Road Smoothers prevent side rocking and swaying when turning corners, and greatly reduces any tendency to skid.

There are no wearing parts or friction surfaces, consequently no oiling or packing in grease is necessary. No attention required after installation.



K-W Quality Throughout

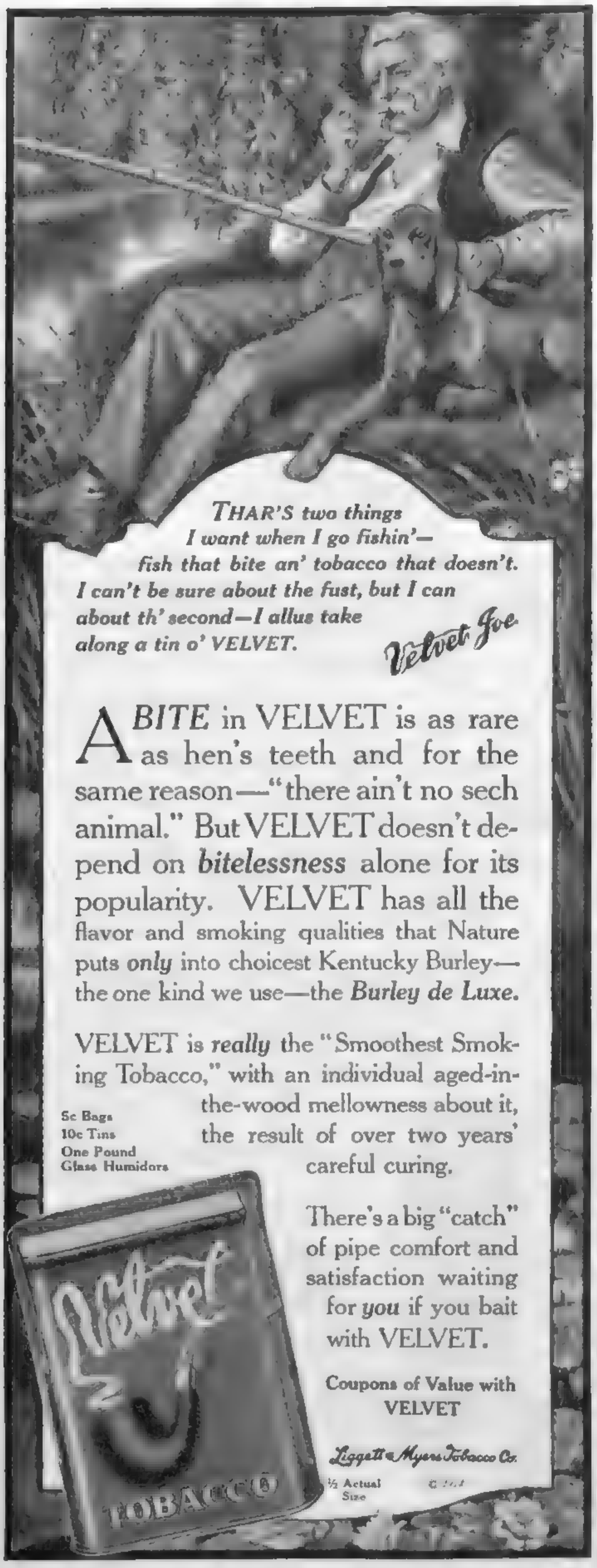
K-W Road Smoothers are built of the very best materials obtainable. We use no cheap castings but instead, high-grade, heat-treated drop forgings. Our springs are made of electric smelted chrome, Vanadium steel—the most expensive spring steel that money will buy. They will not bend—they will not break—they will not lose their easy riding qualities because K-W quality is built into them all the way through.

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

The principle is right—the design is right—the workmanship is right—and the price is right.

K-W Road Smoothers are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a set direct to you on receipt of price. Don't confuse these with ordinary shock absorbers. Write for free booklet—"Taking out the Bumps." We will gladly send it on request.

THE K-W IGNITION CO.
TRADE MARK
CHESTER AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.


THAR'S two things
I want when I go fishin'—
fish that bite an' tobacco that doesn't.
I can't be sure about the fust, but I can
about th' second—I allus take
along a tin o' VELVET.
Velvet Joe
A BITE in VELVET is as rare as hen's teeth and for the same reason—"there ain't no sech animal." But VELVET doesn't depend on bitelessness alone for its popularity. VELVET has all the flavor and smoking qualities that Nature puts only into choicest Kentucky Burley—the one kind we use—the Burley de Luxe.
VELVET is really the "Smoothest Smoking Tobacco," with an individual aged-in-the-wood mellowness about it, the result of over two years' careful curing.
5c Bags
10c Tins
One Pound
Glass Humidors
There's a big "catch" of pipe comfort and satisfaction waiting for you if you bait with VELVET.
Coupons of Value with VELVET
Velvet
TOBACCO
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
½ Actual Size

Sense and Nonsense

Steel Windmills

WINDMILLS are now recording some victories in the battle with gasoline engines that has been waged in recent years, a struggle which threatened the disappearance of the picturesque windmills of Holland.

Steel windmills, with steel towers and steel sails, are displacing gasoline pumping engines in some parts of Holland, the gasoline engines having displaced the old wooden windmills. They are used entirely for pumping water in keeping the low-lying fields well drained.

A Portable Boundary

A NEGRO trooper of the Tenth Cavalry, spick-and-span in his uniform, was walking on one side of a street in Nogales, the Arizona town that is partly in this country and partly in Mexico.

A Mexican, walking on the Mexican side, called to the trooper:

"You going to invade Mexico?"

"No, suh," the trooper replied.

"You going to fight Mexico?"

"No, suh," said the trooper.

"What you going to do?"

"Well, suh," said the trooper, pushing out his chest, "as soon as them folks up in Washington gives us orders we is jist naturally goin' to take this yere border line right up in our hands and never stop with it until we has laid it down on the other side of the Panama Canal."

Water With Meals

TESTS on a poison squad have recently shown that the common belief that drinking much water at mealtimes tends to make one fat is apparently without foundation. Students were given carefully controlled diets for fixed periods, and every drop of water and ounce of food was carefully measured and recorded.

After a preliminary period they were required to drink water copiously at every meal; and then followed another period during which they had little or nothing to drink with their meals.

The compared results showed that in some instances there was a very slight increase in the utilization of fat in the food during the water-drinking period; but this was about balanced by negative results in other cases, so that the final conclusion was that the amount of fat and carbohydrates utilized by the body from food eaten was apparently uninfluenced by the amount of water taken at mealtimes.

Defying the Bullikin Board

APROPOS of the war spirit Representative Heflin, of Alabama, tells of a negro who, at the time of the Spanish War, was much afraid he might be sent to Cuba to fight.

He was told that if he went to work he would not be drafted; so he got a job ditching and kept at it faithfully. One day another negro came along and called:

"Hey, Jim, we-all mus' go to war."

"Not me," said the ditcher, bending to his work.

"Yes, suh—you an' me an' all de res'. It's up on them bullikin boards that we-all mus' go to war."

"Not me," persisted the ditcher. "Ise got my wuk to do."

"But th' Maine's done bin blowed up!"

"I don' care if de mane an' de tail too is blowed up—Ise not goin'!"

A Round Trip

THE attorney for a street-railroad company in a Kentucky town was examining a skinny sixteen-year-old negro boy who had sued for injuries ostensibly incurred in a collision on the highway.

"You say," he asked, "that when this street car hit that wagon you were riding on the front seat of the wagon?"

"Dat's whut I said," answered the little darky.

"And you say the force of the blow knocked you up in the air?"

"Yas, suh—'way up in de air."

"Well, how long did you stay up there?" demanded the attorney.

"Not no longer dan it tuck me to git down!" answered the truthful complainant promptly.

Union Repartee

LABOR unions are strong in the West and especially strong in a city where, on Halloween, the boys pulled a lot of pickets off the fence belonging to a house in which a union barber lived and made a bonfire of them.

The barber bought some new pickets and nailed them on his fence himself. Whereupon he was promptly fined fifty dollars by the council for doing carpenter work which should have been done by a union carpenter.

The barber thought over this for some time. Then he presented the Carpenters' Union with a bill for thirteen hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"What's this for?" asked the chief of the Carpenters' Union.

"Why," the barber replied, "that's what's due the barbers because the carpenters shave themselves."

His fine was remitted.

Some Prosperous

"SPEAKING about prosperity," said Fred B. Lynch, Democratic National Committeeman from Minnesota, "I have the prize story.

"A merchant who runs a general store in a town in the middle of my state came in to see me one day.

"'How are things, Bill?' I asked him.

"'Fine,' he replied. 'I've just closed up the season's business and I've made twenty-two thousand dollars. I had some extra expense this year too.'

"'What extra expense?' I asked.

"'Why,' the merchant replied, 'I had to hire a footman to stand outside the store to open the doors of the automobiles in which the farmers' wives brought their produce.'"

Divorce Teamwork

A KANSAS woman, weighing two hundred pounds and as strong as a female White Hope, came before a Kansas lawyer with her puny, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound husband and said they desired to get a divorce.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Extreme cruelty," said the woman.

"But," said the lawyer, "that is absurd. Here you are, big and brawny, and you say this little, weak man has been tyrannical and cruel to you. You must do better than that. You could turn him over your knee and spank him and not half try!"

"That's all right, Mister Lawyer," broke in the husband. "I agreed to let her have an extra thousand dollars in alimony if she would put that in. You see, I want to send the petition back to my folks in Ohio. When they read it they'll think I have spunked up to beat the band since I came West."

An Inexcusable Error

CYRIL MAUDE, the English actor, and his pretty daughter, who supports him in his plays, were the guests at a tea given by the American Dramatists' Society in New York not long ago.

A newcomer inquired of an earlier arrival who the two guests were. The second person, desiring to be humorous, said gravely:

"That is Cyril Maude, the English actor, and his daughter, Miss Maude Cyril."

A hand plucked at his elbow and from behind him a member of the imported English company spoke in tones of well-bred surprise:

"Pardon me," said the voice; "the young lady's name is Marjory Maude."

Logical Reasoning

A PRIMARY-GRADE teacher in New York—so Bayard Veiller says—was describing a horse race to a class of intensely interested little foreign-born Americans. She explained that, though a certain horse was first under the wire, the jockey fell off him in the home stretch, so that the purse—fifty thousand dollars—went to the horse that had finished second.

"I know why that was, teacher," put in an eager youngster. "It was because the horse was so much lighter after his jockey fell off that he could run faster."

"Naw; that ain't it," spoke up little Herman Feldsberg. "Wot would a horse do with all that money?"

THE NATIONAL PASTIME—INDOORS AND OUT

(Continued from Page 11)

to tell you what I think of a lot of grown men, experienced cardplayers, who would sit down night after night to gamble with a half-baked kid. Some of you are getting five and six thousand a season. You didn't need his pitiful little two hundred a month.

"Mike has asked me where I come in on this. I come in where every other man on the payroll comes in. You sharks have won a few hundred apiece from Doty at the outside, but you've put the rollers under the best pitcher we've got—the pitcher that could win the World's Series for us if he was right. Where do I come in? On the difference between sixty and forty per cent of that gate! That's where I come in! Your cradle-robbing poker game is liable to cost us about thirty thousand dollars!"

Tod stopped for breath and we looked at each other. There didn't seem to be anything to say. It was a true bill. Walker reached for his pocketbook and took out half a dozen slips of paper.

"Hell!" says he. "I didn't know it was as bad as that, Tod. I've been wanting to do this ever since the kid blew up!"

"Hold on!" says Tod. "Don't destroy 'em! That won't help matters any. Doty is a fool, but he's an honest one. He's got a record of every cent that he owes and he'll pay to the last nickel. Tearing up his I O U's won't square this."

"I guess that's right," says Owly Elliott. "We'll have to find some other way—but how?"

"Huh!" says Jib Smith. "The easiest proposition in the world! You know how Doty has been hollering for a chance to get even. Well, he'll get it in my room tomorrow night—three-nineteen. There's a big round marble-topped table in it that's just the thing. We can tell Doty we've decided to give him one more session—and only one—with the blue sky for the limit.

"I don't know how much cash I've won from him during the season, but I'm willing to toss some bread on the waters and look for it to come floating back in October, buttered on both sides. I'll contribute fifty bucks to the conscience fund besides the I O U's. A little dough in his pockets ought to brace him up. If his poker debts are all that keeps him from pitching in his oldtime form it's me for easing his mind right away—quick. What d'ye say, boys?"

"But—suppose he doesn't win?" asks Sholter.

Smith laughed—the first real laugh of the evening.

"He'll win, old son—don't you worry about that! The only question is, how much—eh, boys?"

We figured it out between us, and every man pledged a certain amount of cash for the conscience fund, as Jib called it—and you could pretty near tell how much of a conscience each fellow had. As near as we could come to it, Doty had lost between six and seven hundred dollars into the game. We made up an even three hundred dollars. The I O U's amounted to pretty near two thousand. No wonder they barred him!

"All right, fellows!" says Tod. "I knew I wouldn't have to do any more than explain matters. Be careful in pulling this poker game. Silvertip is beginning to suspect that Doty's smash was due to gambling. He was buzzing me about it this afternoon, but I didn't tell him anything. When you pull this game, pull it on the quiet. Do you get me?"

We got him, and later we got Silvertip too. The old boy rounded us up one at a time and talked to us like a Dutch uncle. He warned us about playing cards with Doty, and said that if we did—and he found it out—he'd soak every man in the game with a fine of one hundred dollars.

"If I had the goods on you I'd fine you now!" says he.

V

ON THE dot of eight o'clock, which was the time set, Doty showed up at three-nineteen—white round the gills and very nervous, but itching for action. He reminded me of Daniel in the lions' den. He brought his last salary check with him, laid it down on the table, and piled a little silver on top of it.

We were all present and waiting for him. As a matter of fact we'd been there for some time, rehearsing the miracle that was to happen when the game warmed up. There were six of us, and the vacant chair at Jib Smith's right was reserved for Doty.

"What kind of game shall we play?" asks Doty, trying to keep his chin from wabbling, but not getting away with it.

"You name it, kid," says Owly. "You're the guest of honor."

"Table-stakes—dollar ante—jackpots go with the buck."

"Fair enough!" says Walker, who was riffling the deck. "Jib is banking. Whites one dollar—reds five—blues ten."

Of course we all bought chips to the extent of our conscience money, and then Elliott pulled out his wallet. You understand, the theory of table-stakes poker is that a man may bet just as much as he has in front of him, but no more—unless he declares himself as playing a certain amount behind his stack.

"I've got some collateral here that's just as good as cash," says Elliott. "Doty, you don't care who collects these I O U's, do you? I'd like to play 'em behind my stack."

"Sure! Play 'em!" says Dowling. "They're just the same as cash. Is that satisfactory to you, kid?"

Doty nodded and swallowed a few times, and the I O U's came out all round the table. By this arrangement nobody was liable for more than Doty owed him and the amount of his conscience money.

We had a tough time getting the kid started. Evidently he had been doing a lot of thinking and had made up his mind to play a conservative game. He stayed out of the first four pots—and that was a world's record for him—but when he did come in on the fifth everybody chipped and drew cards. Doty bet five dollars after the draw and four of us called him—me among the rest.

"Tens and sevens," says Doty.

"That wins!" says Dowling, showing me queens and sixes.

I put three jacks back in the deck without saying a word and Doty was off to a flying start. The idea was to fatten Doty to the point where most of the chips would be in front of him; so whenever he horned into a pot it didn't make any difference what he had—it was enough to win. An outsider watching that game would have seen some mighty queer things.

Along about nine o'clock Doty began to prattle like a kid will when he's excited and happy. He was about two hundred and fifty to the good. There wasn't any sense in prolonging the agony or taking a chance on being caught by Silvertip; so when it came Jib's turn to deal a jackpot he gave us the wink and we went through with the sketch as it had been rehearsed.

As Jib began to shuffle the cards I called Doty's attention to my new seal ring with the monogram on it; and while Doty was trying to figure out the letters Jib went down in his hip-pocket and dug up a cold deck, with seven of the hottest poker hands in it that ever appeared in company. It took us half an hour to stack that deck and you can bet we did an artistic job.

"Cut 'em!" says Jib; and he slid the warm deck over to Doty.

The cold one was under Jib's left hand and the switch was made without a fumble. When I picked up three kings and a pair of treys I knew the stacking was correct. I heard Doty suck in his breath as he looked at the last one. He always picked up his cards one by one, which is a sure sign of a bad poker player. Elliott, on Jib's left, had the first say.

"Boys," says Owly, "I hate to do this—right under the gun; but here's a hand that won't play itself. Five little castiron dollars to associate!"

"Just to keep out the pikers," says Hetherington, "I'll make it ten."

"Piker your own self!" says Walker; and he hurls a twenty-dollar I O U into the pot. "Play to that!"

Dowling saw the twenty and so did I, which put it up to Doty. While we were stacking the deck we had quite an argument as to how he'd play that hand when he got it—whether he'd go wild and bet his head off before the draw; or whether he'd be foxy enough to let everybody draw against it, which is the correct thing to do when you've got a hand they can't beat by

"Eat Sunkist Oranges"

Nature *made* them for you and your children. *She* knows how good they are. So does your physician—ask him.

People who fast to improve their health eat only oranges. And orange juice is one of the first foods that the tiniest babies get.

Sunkist Oranges—solidly packed with thousands of tender little juice-containers—are heaviest, most luscious, sweetest and most *healthful now.*

Easy-peeling, richly-flavored. *Tree-ripened* Sunkist Oranges are glove-picked in California *every day* the year 'round, tissue-wrapped and shipped right from the tree by fast freight. No matter where you live you get them fresh.

Keep well this summer on Sunkist Oranges. Eat them at meals, between meals and at bed-time. Oranges now and then are of only *temporary* benefit. Learn the *permanent* health-giving qualities of Sunkist Oranges through *regular* use.

The world's most perfect fruit is offered you in Sunkist Oranges at trifling cost, so see that you get "*Sunkist.*"

Sunkist Oranges
Sunkist Lemons

Get Sunkist Lemons, too—juicy, full-flavored, practically seedless.

The most appetizing looking lemons with the most appetizing tang. They make the prettiest appearance on the table, sliced or quartered and served with fish or meats.

Try "Sunkist" lemonade. Use "Sunkist" lemon juice in place of vinegar in salads or any other dish that calls for vinegar. Many noted chefs add the connoisseur-touch with lemon juice.

See what *you* can do.

Don't forget. Don't ask any longer for merely "oranges" or "lemons." Say, "I want the Sunkist brand."

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Growers, pickers, graders, packers and shippers of the world's finest oranges and lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. E
139 N. Clark St., Chicago

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our illustrated premium book which tells you how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful table silver. Send this coupon or call at the above address.

Name

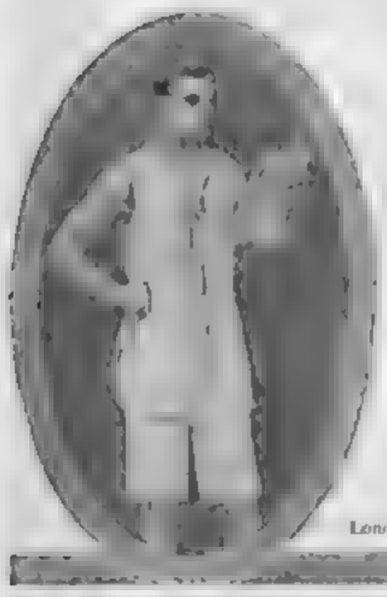
Address

He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it*.

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label



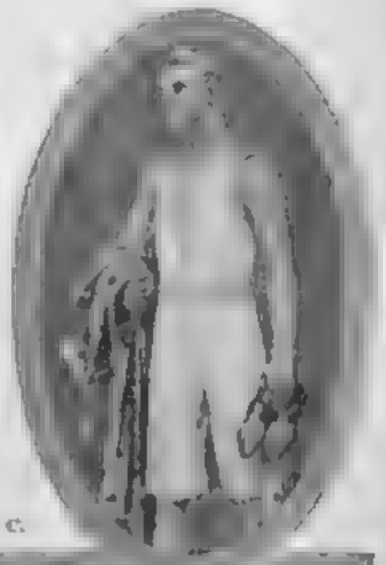
MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4.10.07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company, NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 65, Aldermanbury, E. C.



Hot Nose Hot All Over

American Self Heating Flat Iron

Sold on a positive guarantee

Never sticks on any kind of marching. Ordinary four hour ironing can be done in two, and done better, with less labor. [illegible] If your dealer does not keep it send for circular. If your dealer does not keep it send for circular. If your dealer does not keep it send for circular.

American Gas Machine Co. 418 Clarke St., Albert Lea, Minn.

The BEST Light

The problem of adequate illumination vanishes when you install a "Best" Light system. More than 200 styles are pictured in our catalog—every one of them guaranteed to give a clear, radiant white light at minimum cost. Agents wanted.

THE BEST LIGHT CO. 825 East 8th St., Canton, O.

Mount Clemens *The Health Resort of America, Famous for Its* Mineral Water Baths

NOWHERE in all the world are waters that excel the Mount Clemens Mineral Springs for their health producing properties.

Mount Clemens Baths combines recreation with health building, reinvigorates tired muscles, restores overstrained nerves, rebuilds blood tissue and stimulates the circulation, rejuvenates body and mind.

The attractive location of Mount Clemens, its balmy atmosphere—fresh breezes from the Great Lakes, driving, motoring, fishing, boating, golf and other outdoor amusements have made Michigan's Bath City popular throughout the country as an ideal health and pleasure resort for vacation parties, overworked business men and office men, and women who are overburdened with the cares of domestic life and the exactions of society.

Nowhere in the world can you find a more delightful place for health, rest and recuperation. Excellent accommodations to suit any purse are offered by the many hotels and boarding houses. Open all the year round.

Mount Clemens is a suburb of Detroit, located on the Grand Trunk Railway. Through trains from all directions. Detroit interurban cars every 15 minutes. Beautifully illustrated Book of Mount Clemens mailed free. Address

CLIFTON D. JACKSON, Sec'y
Business Men's Association
7 Chamber of Commerce
Mount Clemens, Michigan

taking the rest of the deck and going as far as they like with it.

"I—I may be beat," says Doty, "but—I'll have to see that twenty!"

I felt like patting him on the back; he was really learning something about poker after all. Jib Smith put up his twenty, and Elliott and Hetherington made good—"on percentage," as they said.

"Lucky is the dealer of a large Johnpot!" sings Jib, picking up the deck. "Cards, gentlemen?"

Elliott studied a while and then took two. Hetherington said one would suit him. Walker stood pat; Dowling took one; I said I didn't need any—and Jib looked at Doty, who was still squeezing his five cards with all his might.

"I—I'll play these!" says he, clearing his throat.

Jib whistled.

"Three pat hands!" he says. "If I make fours you'd better run with 'em. Dealer takes a couple off the top. . . . Now then, Elliott, it's up to you."

Owly scratched his head, counted what chips he had left, sorted over his I O U's and cussed a little under his breath.

"This may be bad poker," says he, "but this was a good hand before the draw and it's better now. I helped it some, and—I'll just step down and bet a glittering gob! Weak sisters to the fire-escapes! One hundred is bet!"

Hetherington, Walker, Dowling and myself did considerable acting, but we all managed to get one hundred dollars into the pot. The bet nearly cleaned me—I didn't have as much paper as the rest.

"Well, kid?" says Jib to Doty. "Be careful what you do, because there's a lot of money in this pot!"

Doty didn't say a word. He laid his left hand flat on his five cards and picked up his salary check with his right. It looked for a minute as though all he was going to do was to call—but maybe he was just thinking. He gulped once, and his Adam's apple moved up and down like a slide on a trombone. Then he dropped the check on top of his chips and shoveled the whole pile into the center. If Jib hadn't made a quick grab Doty would have mixed up the pot then and there.

"I raise it!" he croaks.

Well, sir, my statistical friend with the whiskers would have appreciated the figuring that was done after that bet. Roughly speaking, there was about twenty-two hundred in the game, divided in seven equal parts. Four hundred of it was in cash—Doty's salary check for the half month and the conscience fund. The rest was in collateral security.

Doty tried to count his chips without letting go of his cards, but he was too nervous; so I audited the pile for him. He had raised us two hundred and thirty-seven dollars—more than enough to wipe the table clean. That was the main idea of course—to get every chip and every I O U into the pot, one way or another.

"Kid," says Jib to Doty, "if you're trying to steal something you're in a bad fix. Let's see—three hundred and thirty-seven dollars to call. You've got a customer; and if you're out on a limb I'm certainly sorry for you!"

The call traveled slowly round the table and I never heard such a lot of beefing and roaring in my life! It sounded like a real poker game at that. Elliott and Dowling started an argument, and Dowling offered to bet Elliott a thousand on the side that he had him beat. Walker and Hetherington pretty near got into a fight; but all the time the I O U's were coming to the center. Those who didn't have enough to make the call borrowed from those who had too much; and when it came my turn I swept the table bare and took a short interest in the pot.

Jib, who is a great stage manager, insisted on stopping the game long enough to figure out how much would be coming to me in case I won—and that was cruel, because poor Doty was sitting there shaking like a man with the ague.

"All set!" says Jib. "Turn 'em over! I don't mind saying that I can beat an ace full!" He boarded four sevens.

"No good!" says Elliott. "Four nines here!"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" says Dowling. He had a straight flush in hearts, from the deuce to the six.

Doty couldn't stand the suspense.

"Look at 'em!" he yelled, and his voice cracked like a whip. "Look at 'em! A royal flush in diamonds!"

Well, that was what we had given him, because we wanted him to have something he could play with confidence. It's the sort of hand that you can't beat—and once in a million years you may tie it.

It was half an hour before Doty was fit to leave the room. The nervous reaction gave him a terrific jolt and I never saw a human being go to pieces like it in my life—I hope I never will again. He wanted to laugh and cry and talk—all at once. Then he insisted on tearing up each separate I O U and making a ceremony about it. After that he thanked each one of us for giving him the chance to get even.

"I was sure the luck would turn sometime!" says he.

"Listen to me!" says Dowling, pretending to be very sore. "Such luck as you had tonight comes only once in a lifetime. You beat a straight flush for me and if you played a thousand years you couldn't do it again. To show you what I think of your luck, I'll never turn another card with you!"

"You won't have a chance!" says Doty. "I'm done!"

Doty shook hands with us all round and said he had to go and write some letters. He was on his way to the door when it opened in his face—and there was old Silvertip, fairly bristling.

"Aha!" says the boss, looking round the room. "And I warned you fellows too! Doty, have you been playing poker—after what I told you?"

"Yes—yes, sir," stammers the kid.

"That's right! Tell the truth and shame the devil! You're fined twenty-five dollars!"

"Yes, sir," says Doty.

Never having been fined before, he didn't know that it would be deducted from his next salary check. He reached down in his pocket and brought out a roll of bills as thick as his wrist. I thought Silvertip's eyes would pop out of his head. Doty skinned off two tens and a five and handed the bills to the boss.

"Get out of here!" says Silvertip. "I want to talk to these pirates!"

Doty was only too glad to get away; and then Silvertip turned loose on us. I'll state that I've heard many a good roast in my time, but never anything like that one. Silvertip picked up where everybody else quit and went on from there. Body-snatchers was the nicest name he called us! Jib Smith butted in once when Silvertip ran out of adjectives for a second.

"But, boss," says Jib, "you—you don't understand! You ——"

I kicked him on the shin good and hard, and he quit. We had done a fine piece of work, but we couldn't get any credit for it without explaining why it had to be done.

"I fine every one of you one hundred dollars!" says Silvertip when his vocabulary petered out on him.

There was considerable silence and a lot of deep thinking after the door closed behind him.

"Well?" says Owly.

"Boys," says Jib Smith, "there's only one way out: Mr. Doty has got to find his pitching habits again between here and October. A piece of bread on the water is all right—but heaving in a whole loaf is wasteful. Yes; we've got to ready him up for that series!"

VI

AS EVERYBODY knows, it wasn't a bad investment. Doty told me—on the bench before the first game started—that his girl would be at the telegraph office in North Platte waiting for the returns.

"Give her something to cheer about, kid!" says I.

"Watch me!" says Maxwell. "These tramps will be lucky if they get a foul off me today!"

That was the thought he took into the box with him and he never lost it through the entire series. He worked in two games and had those Panthers pulling their chins out of the way of his fast one from start to finish.

The difference between sixty and forty per cent amounted to $1375.23 a man; so we all cleaned up nicely on the poker game in Room Three-nineteen.

Doty is married now and his wife travels with him. She plays casino with him in the evenings—at five cents a game—and beats him out of all his small change. On their first wedding anniversary we are going to chip in and make 'em a present of that marble-topped table.

"SIXES" RUN 32.8 MILES ON ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE

NINETY-FOUR CARS MAKE STARTLING AVERAGE IN "FRANKLIN" TEST

"Stock" Machines With Three Passengers Each Make Simultaneous Record Runs in All Parts of United States

VICTORY FOR LIGHT-WEIGHT IDEA

Many Dealers, Sold Out, Compelled to Borrow the Machines of Local Owners to Take Part. Varying Weather Conditions Met.

Syracuse, N. Y.—On May 1st, 94 Franklin dealers in the United States and Canada, in 94 Franklin Six-Thirty stock touring cars, regardless of weather conditions, made a test to demonstrate the best possible mileage on one gallon of gasoline.

The rules required that the finish be as near the starting point as possible. Each test was made with two official observers, and results sworn to before a Notary Public. The test represents the average of 94 cars, 94 drivers, various road conditions, all kinds of weather, different grades of gasoline and, therefore, what can be obtained by skillful driving in the scientifically light-weight six-cylinder Franklin car.

The highest mileage was made by Wm. F. Sanger, Milwaukee, Wis. (See list.)

The different conditions under which the tests were made are graphically shown by the following telegrams:

Salt Lake City, Utah—"40.1 miles. High wind and wet roads or could easily have made 50."

Laramie, Wyo.—"32.1 miles. Weather cold. Roads rough but hard."

San Diego, Cal.—"33.1 miles. Roads very slippery. Drizzling rain during run. Rather cold. Conniry drove. Top and glass front down. H. C. Covell, Club representative, Louis Elmgren, Fire Chief, observers. Car with load weighed 3385."

Georgetown, Texas—"Made 17.2 miles. Top and windshield up. Wet and badly washed pike roads. Very little wind. Three passengers and car weighed 3310 including accumulated mud. Showered just before starting. Average speed eighteen miles per hour. Affidavit follows by letter."

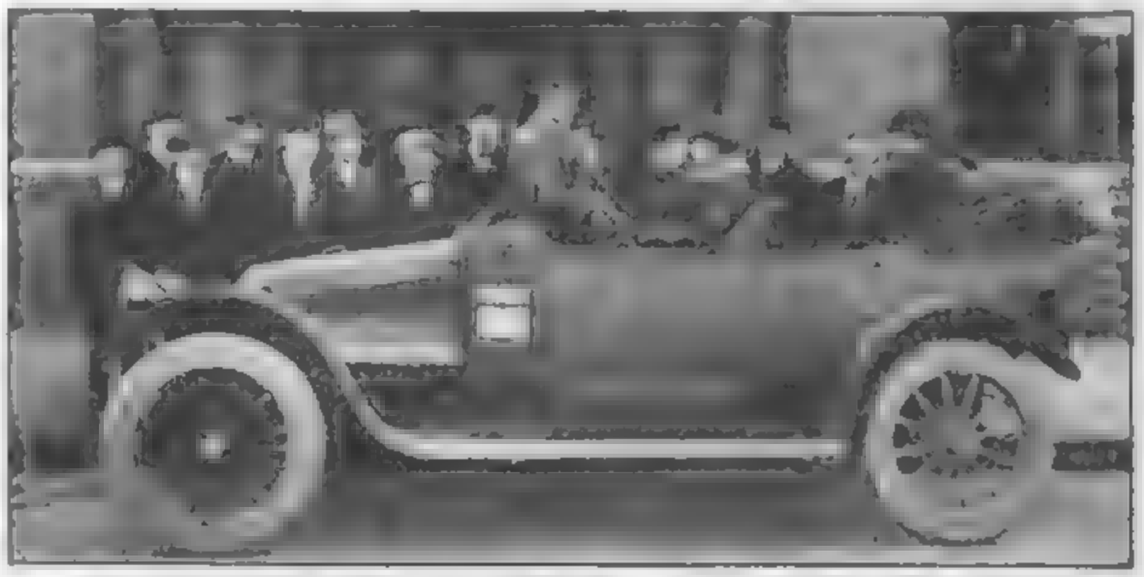
Bangor, Maine—"21.5 miles. Dry dirt roads, rough in places, and hilly. Weather cold, thermometer 31 at six, 45 at end of run. Strong wind. Driver, Hall. Weight 3250. Glass front and top down. Snowed lghtly during night. Started at ten, finished at eleven-thirty."

Newark, N. J.—"On official test obtained 34 4-10 miles. Roads dry, fair condition. Weather clear, mild. Driver, Walter Parcells. Weight of car including passengers 3320 pounds. We doubled back over identical course. Course contained 15 hills (grades from 2 to 8 or 10 percent). Demonstrating car used, run total 5,000 miles covered period 8 months."

York, Pa.—"Made thirty-seven and nine-tenths miles on turnpike which was covered one-tenth of way by deep blue stone. Can do forty-five miles if roads are in good condition."

Kansas City, Mo.—"Williams makes forty-two and eighty-eight hundredths miles on one gallon gasoline. Weather cool. Slight wind. Roads good."

(Continued in booklet, sent free on request by Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.)

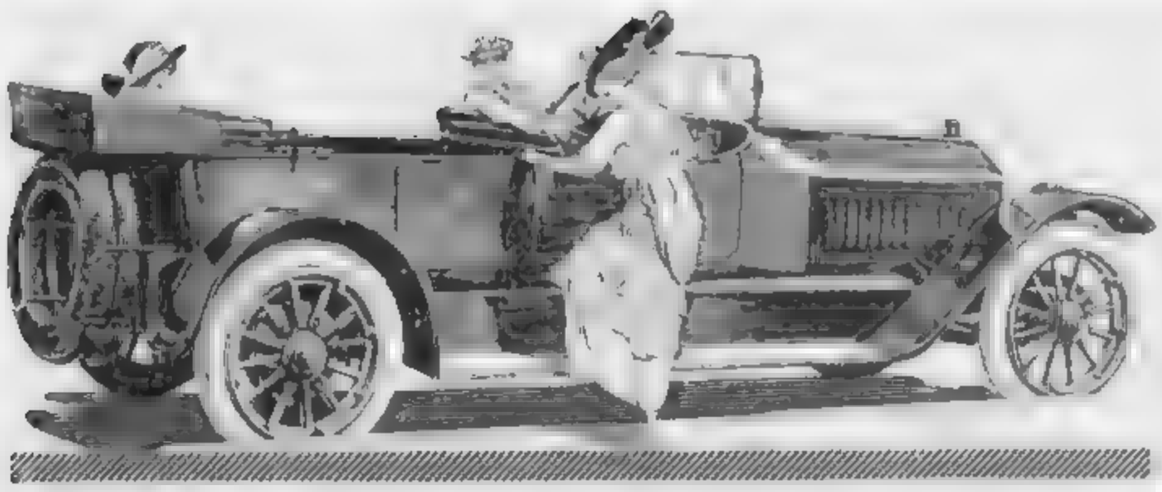


THE SYRACUSE TEST CAR JUST IN—40.3 MILES ON ONE GALLON

THE CERTIFIED INDIVIDUAL RECORDS:

Car	City	Dealer	Weather	Record
FRANKLIN	MILWAUKEE, WIS.	WM. F. SANGER	FAIR	32.2
FRANKLIN	ABERDEEN, S. D.	C. M. WORTHINGTON	FAIR	18.1
FRANKLIN	AKRON, OHIO	A. AUBLE, JR.	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	ALBANY, N. Y.	C. G. BECK	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	AUBURN, N. Y.	GEORGE H. LEONARD	WINDY	30.6
FRANKLIN	BALTIMORE, MD.	W. E. KNEIP	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	BANGOR, ME.	EDWIN U. HALL	WINDY	21.5
FRANKLIN	BAR HARBOR, ME.	FRED I. SAVAGE	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	BINGHAMTON, N. Y.	S. H. LEWIS	FAIR	30.8
FRANKLIN	BOSTON, MASS.	OTTO A. LAWTON	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	ARTHUR L. CLARK	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	BUFFALO, N. Y.	GEORGE OSTENDORF	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	CANTON, OHIO	GEO. W. BEEDEN	FAIR	30.4
FRANKLIN	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	J. B. WOODSIDE	WINDY	34.0
FRANKLIN	CHICAGO, ILL.	F. H. SANDERS	FAIR	31.3
FRANKLIN	CINCINNATI, OHIO	NEWMAN SAMUEL	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.	G. W. BEADE	RAIN	18.3
FRANKLIN	CUMBERLAND, MD.	A. E. GUSAN	FAIR	30.9
FRANKLIN	DALLAS, TEXAS	W. G. LANGLEY	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	DAYTON, OHIO	F. B. HEATHMAN	FAIR	30.2
FRANKLIN	DENVER, COLO.	F. C. LEES	RAIN	29.3
FRANKLIN	DULUTH, MINN.	D. PEACHA, JR.	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	EAU CLAIRE, WIS.	G. R. WOOD	FAIR	30.7
FRANKLIN	EDMONTON, ALTA.	HOLLAND W. ROSS	FAIR	30.3
FRANKLIN	ELIZABETH, N. J.	F. V. PRICE, JR.	WINDY	31.2
FRANKLIN	ERIE, PA.	JOHN GRIFFITH	WINDY	30.3
FRANKLIN	GALESBURG, ILL.	F. A. BYRAM	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	GENEVA, N. Y.	W. W. McCARROLL	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	GEORGETOWN, TEXAS	C. J. CANWELL	RAIN	17.2
FRANKLIN	GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	JOHN VLASIC, JOM	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	GREAT FALLS, MONT.	B. D. WHITTEN	FAIR	30.4
FRANKLIN	GREENSBURG, PA.	E. L. FOSTER	FAIR	30.7
FRANKLIN	HAGERSTOWN, MD.	H. F. BAKER	FAIR	30.3
FRANKLIN	HARTFORD, CONN.	H. P. SEYMOUR	WINDY	30.8
FRANKLIN	HORNELL, N. Y.	JOHN MOSELEY	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	HUTCHINSON, KANS.	I. B. YOUNG	FAIR	30.3
FRANKLIN	KANSAS CITY, MO.	E. E. WILLIAMS	COOL	30.9
FRANKLIN	KINGSTON, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY	30.7
FRANKLIN	LA CROSSE, WIS.	ALFRED JAMES	FAIR	30.0
FRANKLIN	LARAMIE, WYO.	E. LOVEJOY	FAIR	32.1
FRANKLIN	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	R. C. HAMLIN	RAIN	33.6
FRANKLIN	LOUISVILLE, KY.	GEORGE M. YOUNGER	FAIR	33.1
FRANKLIN	LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	S. F. JONES	FAIR	33.1
FRANKLIN	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	L. A. McKAY	WINDY	30.6
FRANKLIN	NEWARK, N. J.	W. L. MARTIN	FAIR	34.1
FRANKLIN	NEWBURGH, N. Y.	GEORGE MASON	FAIR	30.9
FRANKLIN	NEW HAVEN, CONN.	COWLES TOLMAN	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	NEW YORK CITY	G. A. TEAGLE	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	NORWICH, N. Y.	A. M. JUDSON	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	OAKLAND, CAL.	FRANK BARTELS	WINDY	31.5
FRANKLIN	PATERSON, N. J.	J. S. HUGHES	FAIR	33.3
FRANKLIN	PENDLETON, ORE.	J. W. McCORMMACH	FAIR	33.6
FRANKLIN	PEORIA, ILL.	S. D. HAZELTED	FAIR	33.2
FRANKLIN	PHILADELPHIA, PA.	JAMES SWEETEN, JR.	WINDY	30.3
FRANKLIN	PHOENIX, ARIZ.	GEORGE DARRAH	RAIN	29.6
FRANKLIN	PITTSBURG, PA.	W. MURRAY CARR	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	PORTLAND, ME.	W. M. FIELDS	FAIR	30.2
FRANKLIN	PORTLAND, ORE.	J. C. BRACY	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY	31.6
FRANKLIN	PROVIDENCE, R. I.	WALLACE E. WILCOX	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	PUTNAM, CONN.	O. C. BOSWORTH	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	READING, PA.	JAMES M. KALBACH	FAIR	30.8
FRANKLIN	RISING SUN, OHIO	F. E. DAY	WINDY	31.0
FRANKLIN	ROCHESTER, N. Y.	G. R. McCOLLUM	WINDY	31.8
FRANKLIN	SAN ANGELO, TEXAS	M. C. RAGSDALE	RAIN	20.4
FRANKLIN	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	L. F. BERTSCH	RAIN	30.8
FRANKLIN	SAN DIEGO, CAL.	WILSON S. SMITH	RAIN	33.1
FRANKLIN	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	JOHN F. McLAIN	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	SAN JOSE, CAL.	F. NORMANDY	FAIR	33.9
FRANKLIN	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	J. F. VAN FORD	WET	40.1
FRANKLIN	SCRANTON, PA.	O. D. DEWITT	FAIR	30.7
FRANKLIN	SEATTLE, WASH.	W. A. WICKS	FAIR	30.0
FRANKLIN	SIOUX CITY, IA.	THOMAS MURPHY	FAIR	30.0
FRANKLIN	SIOUX FALLS, S. D.	KNAPP BROWN	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	SUPERIOR, WIS.	N. P. DAHLEN	WINDY	30.6
FRANKLIN	SHREVEPORT, LA.	W. H. JORDON	FAIR	30.1
FRANKLIN	SPOKANE, WASH.	J. A. NICHOLS, JR.	WINDY	30.1
FRANKLIN	SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	W. W. ANDERSON	FAIR	30.4
FRANKLIN	ST. LOUIS, MO.	JOS. B. LOCKE	FAIR	30.9
FRANKLIN	ST. PAUL, MINN.	A. C. CLARK	FAIR	30.8
FRANKLIN	SYRACUSE, N. Y.	L. A. VOLZ	WINDY	40.3
FRANKLIN	TULSA, OKLA.	W. P. CHAPPLE	FAIR	30.4
FRANKLIN	UNIONTOWN, PA.	C. W. JOHNSON	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	UTICA, N. Y.	W. W. GARABRANT	WINDY	30.4
FRANKLIN	VICTORIA, B. C.	C. H. GRANT	FAIR	29.4
FRANKLIN	WALLA WALLA, WASH.	R. S. [illegible]	WINDY	30.0
FRANKLIN	WASHINGTON, D. C.	DAVID S. HENDRICK	WINDY	30.3
FRANKLIN	WASHINGTON, IA.	SIDNEY S. SMITH	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN	WATERLOO, IA.	R. D. CRAMER	WET	30.1
FRANKLIN	WILKES-BARRE, PA.	WILLIAMS, EE	WINDY	30.5
FRANKLIN	WINNIPEG, MAN.	JAMES B. STEPHENS	FAIR	30.0
FRANKLIN	WORCESTER, MASS.	A. J. ECKBERG	WINDY	30.3
FRANKLIN	YORK, PA.	T. S. PFEIFFER	WINDY	37.9
FRANKLIN	YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	J. STUHLDREHER	WINDY	26.4
		Average		**32.8**

FRANKLIN SIX-THIRTY, 2725 POUNDS, 4½ IN. TIRES



National

Beauty, Luxury and Utility

OUR advanced design, the symmetry of creative lines—beautifully and distinctively original—reflect your good taste and judgment.

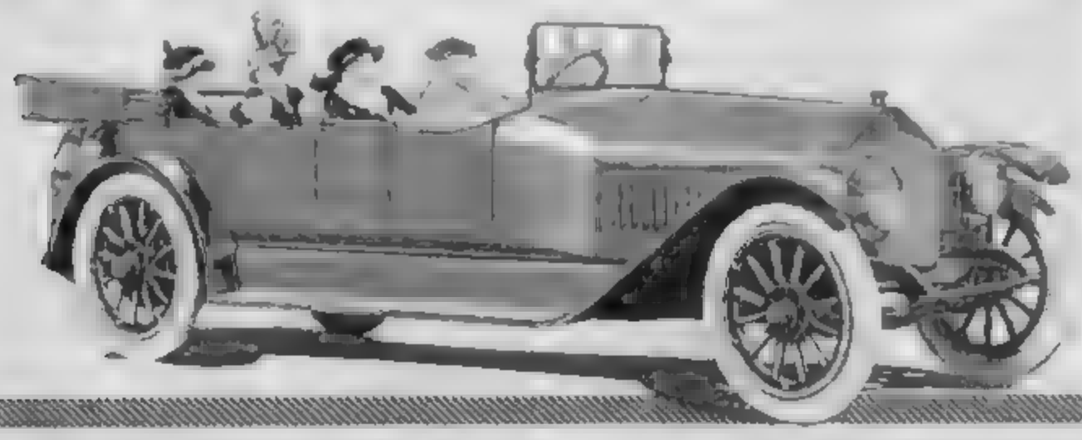
The smart, sloping hood and pointed effect of the *National* (due to the body converging towards the radiator) adds a distinct note of attractiveness. The wide metal guards are enclosed, continuous and unobstructed. These points of refinement and care help to give the *National* its *ensemble effect* of a long, low, graceful craft.

The admitted mechanical superiority of the *National*, added to its comfort and convenience, gives you the ideal combination of a quality car, built and guaranteed by an old, reliable and successful institution. The rear springs on the new "SIX" are of the Cantilever type, which, combined with the *National's* wide, deep, resilient, spacious body and general balance, enables you to enjoy unexcelled comfort in riding. The left side drive center control, convenient and simple dash equipment and easy access to all four doors add to your comfort and satisfaction.

National cars are built for service, proved by their fourteen years of dependability and reliable performance; their ample reserve force and speed when you need it, or two miles an hour if you prefer.

We say "you don't have to raise the hood" because the *National's* success justifies your confidence in our mechanical ability.

The one and only American-made car that remains superior to all foreign cars in the International 500-mile races is the NATIONAL.



Write for illustrated catalogue. Department L.

SIX--$2375
FULLY EQUIPPED

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Billings & Spencer

97 WRENCH
"The Old Reliable"

Never excelled in Quality, Reliability and Convenience.

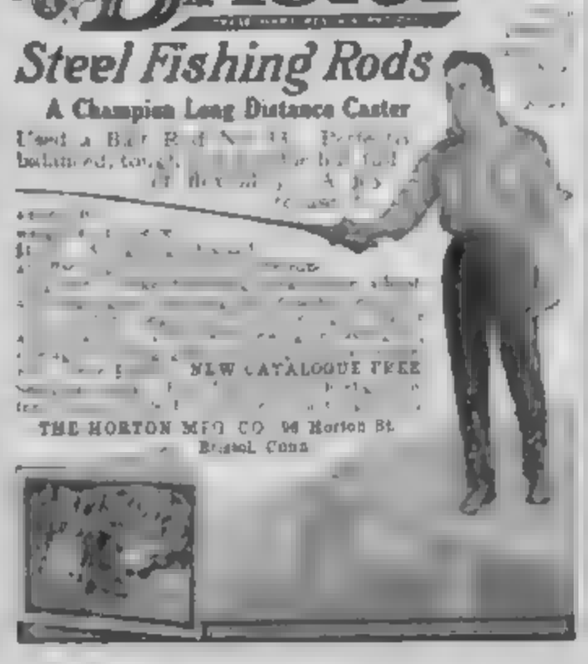
A small wrench of the highest grade for automobiles, etc.

More than six million sold.

Examine it at your Hardware store or garage.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO
Hartford, Conn.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods
A Champion Long Distance Caster



NEW CATALOGUE FREE
THE HORTON MFG CO 98 Horton St
Bristol, Conn

THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Do you mean you won't be a lawyer?" and Mrs. Hicks' voice broke a little, for she had earnestly wished her son might follow in his father's profession.

"No," Tommie said as he rose from the table, "I'll be a lawyer all right, but this opportunity is too good to be lost."

That afternoon he went down to the office of the Salestown Beacon. Grandison, the editor and proprietor of the Beacon, was busy with some auction bills that meant ten dollars cash when delivered, and he was not very cordial when Hicks entered the composing room.

"Mr. Grandison," began Hicks, "I am going down to Washington to attend the inauguration and see my old friends Mark Hanna and Senator Paxton."

Grandison was cutting some leads and he stopped and looked at his visitor. "You don't say," he commented.

"Yes, and it is quite probable I shall not return for some time. In fact I expect to enter the Government service."

"Do tell," said Grandison, resuming his leadcutting.

"I thought," continued Hicks, "that you might want to make mention of my departure in the Beacon."

"I'm busy, gol-durned busy."

"I see you are, and I thought I might help you by writing the notice myself."

"Go ahead," said Grandison; "go as far as you like. There's copy paper in there."

"Oh," said Hicks easily, "I brought down a little piece I fixed up on my typewriter. I'll put it on your desk."

When Grandison had his auction bills on the press he went to his desk and read the Hicks communication. He laughed a little and hung it on the copy hook. Grandison liked Hicks and so did almost everybody in Salestown. Hicks attended to that. He desired to be everybody's friend, and was; and though he welcomed reciprocity in his friendships he did not demand it as a requisite of continuity. He paid no attention to rebuffs, or to ridicule, or to sneers. If a man tried to be sarcastic at his expense Hicks blandly took the remarks at their word value and was grateful. He was ubiquitous and urbane. Some of the village folks said his hide was as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and Hicks heard these comments with a smile, and invariably sought a way to say something complimentary about the detractor or do him a favor if the opportunity came.

When the Beacon came out on Thursday Judge William Percival Smith read the notice about Hicks to Col. Seth Howard, an old crony who spent much time in the judge's office. "Listen to this, Seth," chuckled the judge, and he began:

"'Our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, has in contemplation a trip to Washington, the capital of the nation, to participate in the inauguration ceremonies incumbent on the installation of William McKinley as president of the United States. Mr. Hicks was active in the campaign that culminated so gloriously in the election of Mr. McKinley, and his powerful efforts have been recognized both by Chairman Mark Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, and by Senator William H. Paxton, of this state. Mr. Hicks has letters from both of these distinguished statesmen inviting him to come to Washington, and it has been intimated he will receive from the new administration an adequate measure of reward for his valiant services in the cause of the gold standard. We congratulate Mr. Hicks on this auspicious and well-merited recognition both of his Republicanism and of his success as a political leader.'"

"There's only one thing lacking so far's I can see," commented Col. Seth Howard after the judge had finished the paragraph.

"What's that?" asked the judge. "It seems to me to be a pretty reasonably complete statement of the case."

"It ought to be signed by T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"Probably," continued the judge. "But you must say this for Tommie—he certainly doesn't lack the nerve to push himself in anywhere he wants to go, and I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days he got somewhere."

"He'll get somewhere," agreed Colonel Howard. "I don't know whether it will be in the Senate or in jail, but he won't stand still, you can bet on that."

"Oh, pshaw, colonel!" laughed the judge; "don't be too rough on him. He's a clever boy, and the Congress of the United States, for example, is all cluttered up with men who have developed to a paying political basis just these traits we observe in our young friend Tommie."

"I tell you he's a demagogue already, and he ain't hardly dry behind the ears yet. I met him the other day and what do you think he said to me—what do you think he said?"

"What did he say?" asked the judge. "Tommie is likely to say almost anything pleasant. Told you you are getting younger every day, I suppose, and that you are one of the great men of Salestown, whose example and daily walk and conversation are an inspiration to him."

"Well," admitted the colonel rather sheepishly, "he did show some sense in those remarks, but he got to talking politics and he said something like this"—and the Colonel rose stiffly and assumed an oratorical position:

"'Colonel,' he said, 'Colonel, I feel that there is a great opportunity for me in public life. I have made a study of conditions and I have firmly resolved to espouse the cause of the people, to help lift the burdens of the toiling masses, to relieve them of the oppressions that now dismay them, to lead them into the sunlight of a happier day.'"

"Hooray!" cheered Judge Smith.

"'Yes,' he said, 'the people are to be my first concern. I shall address my abilities to the improvement of their political and social conditions. I shall labor for them and with them. I have decided to enter politics for no other purpose than to protect the toiling masses from the cruel and rapacious oppression of the classes.'"

"Hooray!" shouted Judge Smith again.

"And what I want to know," continued the colonel, "is how he squares that sort of a program with his support of McKinley and the goldbugs."

"My dear colonel," answered the judge, "he doesn't have to square it. If he gets a job under this administration he'll forget it. If he doesn't get a job he'll have nothing to square, for that naturally will be his platform in the circumstances."

"A demagogue," insisted the colonel again, "a demagogue before he's dry behind the ears."

"Well," answered the judge, "I guess that's so; but so far as I can see from this angle there seems to be a better market for demagogism than for any other political commodity in these days."

"Humph!" retorted the colonel, who could think of nothing better to say, and stalked out. He met Hicks at the foot of the stairs that led to the street from Judge Smith's office.

"Going to Washington, I see," the colonel greeted him.

"Yes, colonel; that is my intention."

"Going to take a job under McKinley?"

"It may be."

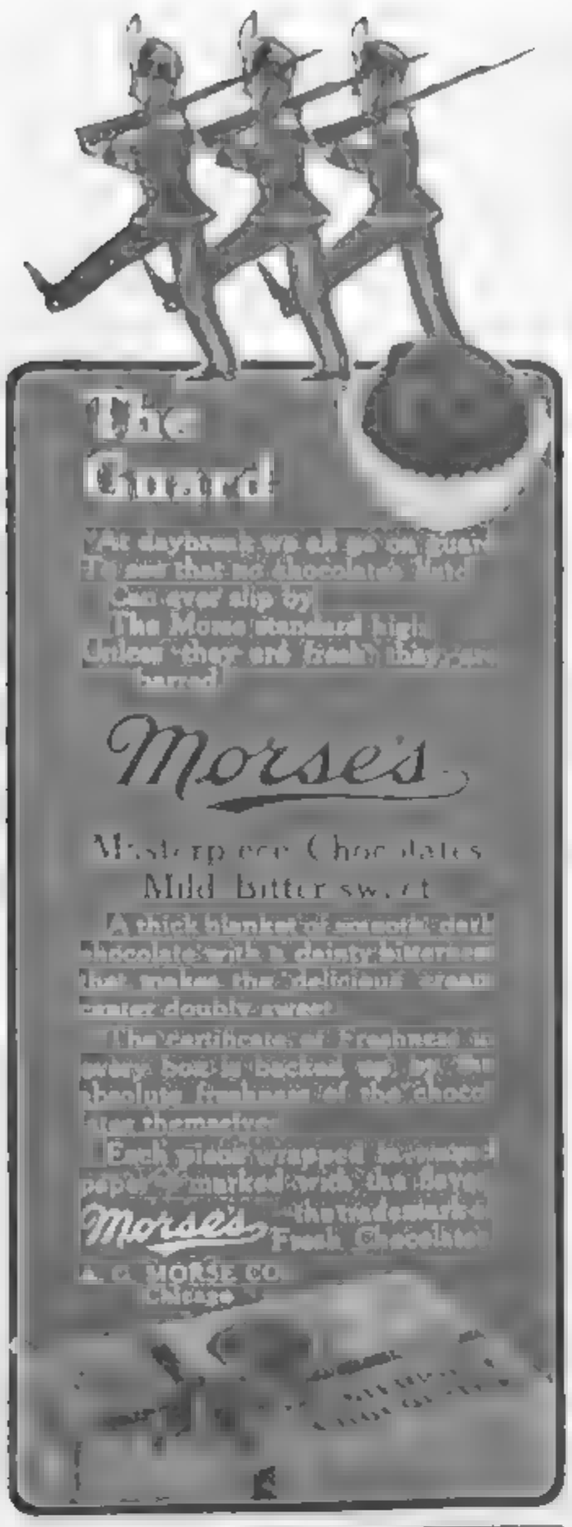
"Now look here, young man," and the colonel was indignant, "how in blazes are you going to join out with this goldbug administration and believe in all that stuff about the common people you handed to me the other day?"

"Why, colonel," Hicks replied suavely, "reforms can be more easily accomplished from within than from without the party organization. If the people ——"

"Great Scott!" shouted the old man. "Quit it! Don't insult my intelligence by that sort of rot. I'll tell you where you belong—not here in this community, but out in the prairies with the Populists. Good afternoon."

Hicks looked after him and laughed a little. "There might be something in that too," he said to himself.

Hicks made his preparations and went to Washington, where he arrived with many thousands of other people on the night of March 2, 1897. He had written to a friend who had a place in one of the departments, and had the address of a good boarding house. He secured a room and spent the next three days in happy enjoyment of the crowds, the clamor, the parades, the fireworks, the glitter and the glamour of an inauguration and its aftermath. He called on Senator Paxton, found him out, but secured from Paxton's secretary a gallery ticket for the ordinary sessions of the Senate, and jammed his way in on the busy March third and saw the hurly-burly of the closing hours



of a Congress. He watched the proceedings carefully, tried to pick out the famous senators on the floor, and was somewhat hurt because Senator Paxton did not send for him and give him a ticket admitting him to the inauguration ceremonies in the Senate chamber and on the stand outside. However, he was up early on March fourth, secured a good position in the crowded plaza, and was much impressed with the ceremony that made Mr. McKinley president and retired Grover Cleveland to private life.

Senator Paxton was busy, exceedingly busy. The change of administration from Cleveland to McKinley brought many patronage problems to him, and he was early and eagerly trying to find places for some of his leaders in the home state. Hicks called three or four times a day at his office, but each time was shunted off. He stood for hours in the corridor waiting for Paxton to come out, unconscious of the fact that the senator had a side door to his office through which he escaped from the office-seekers. Hicks carried himself jauntily, although secretly much depressed because of the tardy recognition of his merits and claims, and exerted himself to make the Paxton corps of clerks and secretaries his friends. He sat a good deal in the outer office of the Paxton suite, reading the papers and waiting for the senator, positively refusing to be turned away by any of the subordinates who constantly assured him there was no chance for him and that he'd better go home.

One day as Hicks was sitting in the outer office, about two weeks after he arrived in Washington, the door to the inner room opened and Senator Paxton came out with a great bunch of papers in his hands.

"Look here, Madden!" the senator shouted to his secretary, "you're a thousand miles behind with this correspondence. What's the matter? Can't you keep up with it?"

"I'm doing the best I can with it," Madden answered sulkily. "You don't seem to appreciate that since McKinley came in your correspondence has increased about six hundred per cent and you are making us handle it with the same old force."

"That's so," admitted Paxton. "I hadn't thought of that. Get another stenographer or a typewriter or something, and clean it up."

Hicks started eagerly from his chair. "Senator," he said, coming forward, "let me take hold of it."

"Who are you?" asked Paxton brusquely. "I never saw you before."

Hicks winced. "Oh, yes, you have," he replied. "I met you out in Salestown and you wrote to me. I have the letter here."

He took out the well-worn letter. Paxton glanced at it and smiled. "That won't get you very far," he said. "Who are you?"

"I am T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown. I am a competent stenographer and typewriter and I want a job with you."

Paxton looked at him. He saw a tall, well-dressed young man, his eyes alight with eagerness, a young man who had a bright face and an agreeable manner.

"From Salestown, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom do you know there?"

"Everybody. I have studied law with Judge William Percival Smith."

"Studied with Billy Smith, have you? Well, that's a good start. Will he recommend you?"

"I think so."

Paxton turned to his secretary. "Madden," he said, "wire Judge Smith at Salestown and ask him about this young man. If he's all right put him on extra in the morning. We've simply got to get this mess of stuff cleaned up. Meantime try him out on the typewriter and see if he is any good. Give him some of the form-letter stuff."

Paxton turned and went back to his room without another look at Hicks. Madden said: "Pull off your coat, young man, and get busy. Take that machine over there and use these addresses for this letter."

He handed Hicks a printed form. "Copy it exactly," he ordered, "and do them as neatly as you can so each rube will think he has a personal letter from the senator."

Hicks took the form letter and the list of addresses and began work at the typewriter assigned to him, but his heart was heavy within him. His letter from Senator Paxton had been a form letter also.

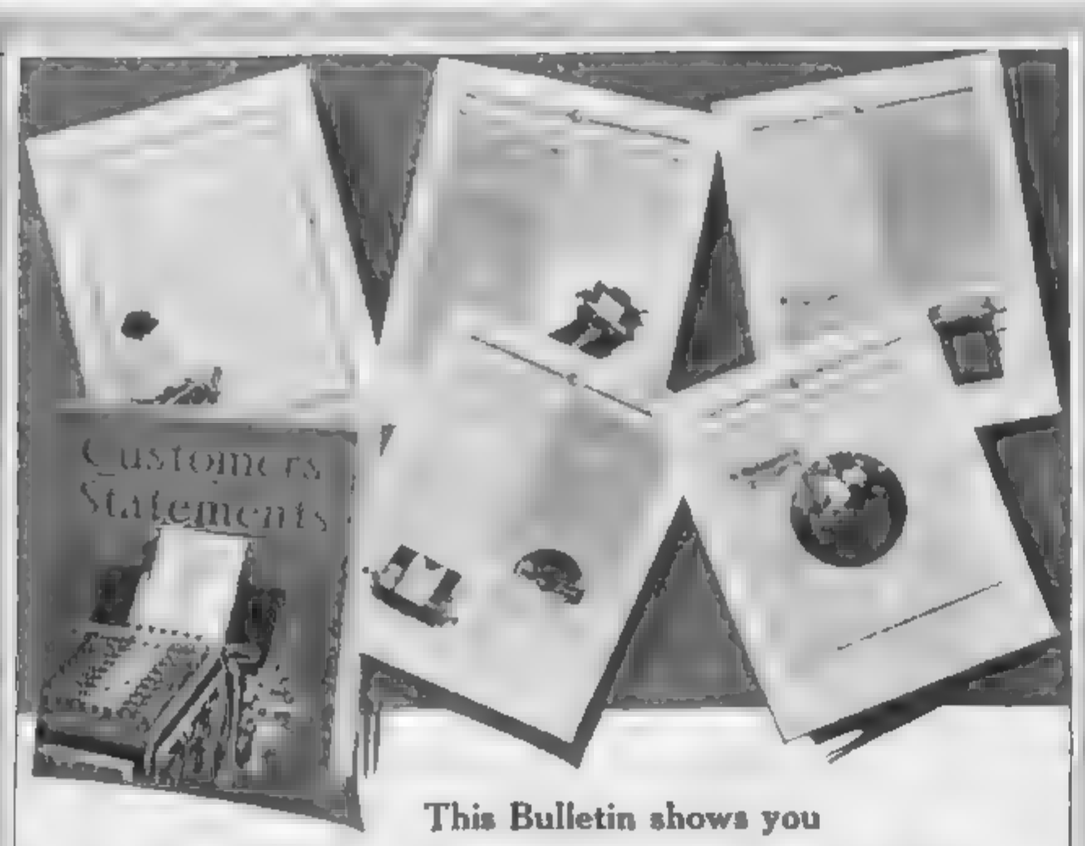
IV

JUDGE SMITH telegraphed to Senator Paxton that Hicks was honest and smart, came of a good family and had no bad habits. He wrote at length detailing

A VISION
of your car,
disastrously skidding
on the slippery turn ahead –
You have neglected to put on Weed Chains. You anxiously view the slippery turn ahead and have a mental picture of your car skidding into the school children.
Stop nursing anxiety and coaxing calamity. For Safety's sake —for your own peace of mind fully equip your car today with
Weed Anti-Skid Chains
The Only Real Safeguard Against Skidding
Safety demands that all tires be equipped with Weed Chains. Rubber lacks the bite-and-hang-on ability to prevent skidding. Rubber slips—never grips. It slides on wet pavements like a cake of soap rubbed on the moistened hands. Wheels equipped with Weed Chains automatically lay their own traction surface. They grip without grinding—hold without binding. No matter how muddy or icy the road, they hold on like a bull dog, prevent side-skid and drive-slip.
EVERY WEED IS GUARANTEED
Weed Chains are attached without any jacks—They do not injure tires.
Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere
Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
Bridgeport - - Connecticut
DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY Limited
Head Office: Shaughnessy Building, Montreal, Canada

"This new Signal Summer Shirt is great!"
That's the way you will talk about it after you have worn one. It's made especially for red blooded athletic men—those who like to get outdoors and play ball, tennis, golf, etc. The big, roomy collar and short sleeves make it an ideal athletic shirt. Style enough for the most fashionable summer resort—serviceable enough for the camp. Only $1.00, delivered.
Signal Pongeplay Shirt
We pay particular attention to the manufacture of soft summer shirts. The Signal line comprises a large variety of styles and patterns. Some have a flat collar, others military collar, others detachable collar.
from $1.00 to $1.50
you one prepaid. Your m
refunded if you don't keep the shirt
SIGNAL SHIRT
Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.
Manufacturers of the famous Signal

Everybody'll Work Better In a Fan-Cooled Office!
They'll think clearer, accomplish more and make things move faster, because their energy hasn't been sapped by enervating heat!
A Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fan is a good investment. It'll pay big dividends in increased efficiency, in a better quality of work, in keeping employees comfortable and satisfied. In many offices a "STANDARD" Fan is considered as necessary as a typewriter.
Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans
Most Economical
Less than half the current consumed by an ordinary electric light keeps a "STANDARD" Fan going at top speed, blowing billows of cool comfort through the room. So cheap you can't afford to be without its refreshing aid this summer
18 years of specialized effort have produced for you the utmost in an electric fan. Swift, silent, steady and amazingly durable.
Prices from $9.00 up, according to motor type.
Find Out More About It
Write for our Free Fan Book, showing all "STANDARD" styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust—for either direct or alternating current—for offices, factories, stores, cafés, places of amusement and homes.
We'll also tell you where you can see Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans in dealers' stores in your vicinity. Your name on a postal will bring full information.
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio
BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, New Orleans. Agencies in All Principal Cities.
(97)



This Bulletin shows you

How to get Customers' Statements *Out*— on time and at less cost

Thousands of business houses have helped us to revise this Information Bulletin (3d edition)—told us how they get their statements out *on the first*—how they cut the cost of getting them out—how they save time, and clerk hire.

"Net Profits" nowadays must come by economies and by business ingenuity. It is the experience that if you get your statements all out on the "first," you get them paid more promptly. You have the use of your money while the other fellow is still sending out his statements and talking about "slow collections."

You make more turnovers, discount your bills more easily, and borrow less money—all meaning greater profits.

Prompt statements mean fewer bad debts, better collections; therefore, better standing at your bank.

This Bulletin, "Customers' Statements," shows how successful business men are saving one-third in time in making customers' statements the Burroughs way; whether they get out thousands of statements, or only a hundred. There is no "new system" about it. You won't have to change your present office methods—they will simply be shortened.

Name _____

Firm _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Send me a copy of the "Customers Statements"

Name the your representative is in this vicinity, and he will be glad to have him call and explain how a Burroughs Statement Machine could be profitably applied to my business

O.K. _____

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Office, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C.

Makers of adding and adding-listing bookkeeping machines, listing and non-listing adding and calculating machines, visible printing adding and calculating machines. 86 different models in 402 combinations of features—$150 to $950 in U. S. Easy payments if desired.

Every Boy Has His Hobby

He may spend his vacation fishing in the stream below the dam for bass and suckers. He may take long jaunts over the hills with his camera slung over his shoulder. He may be planning a wireless station of his own—and with a friend or two, rigging up his aërial and connecting his apparatus. He may be building a shop in the backyard so that, when winter comes, he'll have a place to work on stormy days. But whatever it is, it's his hobby—and his heart's in it.

Now, good fishing tackle and cameras are expensive. So are the detector, tuning coil and other odds and ends that go to make up a wireless outfit. A carpenter's chest with guaranteed tools—this costs good money, too. Every hobby has a little expense attached—

But that's no reason why you shouldn't own what you want and need—and without paying a cent for it. There is a small army of alert, enthusiastic boys representing THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in cities, towns and villages throughout the country. Like grown-up salesmen, each has his own circle of friends and "business acquaintances" to whom he sells his goods—the Curtis publications. On *Post* and *Journal* days he is eagerly awaited as he makes his rounds with the current issues.

Each copy he delivers nets him a cash profit; many of our boys earn from two to ten dollars a week. And this is not all: he also receives a lot of premiums selected from our Book of Rebates, an illustrated catalogue describing over five hundred splendid prizes. Whatever his hobby is, here he can secure what he needs.

Every boy has his hobby. You have yours. Whatever it is, let us hear from you. You can then see for yourself how these thousands of boys are earning money by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, how they have secured the articles they wanted more than anything else—how you can secure what *you* want. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 521

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

some of the Hicksian personal characteristics, and Senator Paxton read the letter, laughed and asked Madden: "How's he doing?"

"Pretty fair," the harassed Madden replied. "He's a reasonably good typewriter, seems to be intelligent, is willing to work and to learn, and is companionable enough round the office, although he doesn't underestimate his own abilities any."

"Judging from what Billy Smith says," commented the senator, "he has several kinds of pep in him and may be worth watching. Put him on temporarily and give him a good work-out."

Whereupon T. Marmaduke Hicks became an attaché of the office of Senator William H. Paxton at a wage of sixty dollars a month. Madden thought he might remain two or three months, until the great rush was over. Paxton dismissed him from his mind. Hicks himself had no other idea than a permanent billet in the office, and he was right. He grew expert on the typewriter, practiced stenography assiduously, cultivated Madden in every possible way, was willing to labor nights and Sundays, and at the end of the third month was a fixture and had his pay raised to a hundred dollars a month. This was done by the simple Paxtonian expedient of placing him on the senate roll as an assistant committee clerk, which not only gave Hicks more money but relieved Paxton of the necessity of paying Hicks sixty dollars out of his own pocket.

Hicks had a natural bent for politics and he studied Paxton's methods carefully. He had a retentive memory and applied it to all of the minor matters that came up in the office. He remembered names and dates and kept close track of the files. He studied state-patronage questions, briefed applications, watched the Senate when he could, read the newspapers assiduously and kept in touch with all important measures, and especially those in which his chief was interested. He started a little clipping bureau of his own, reading the state papers closely for all articles and editorial comment having a bearing on Paxton's activities, saved up small items for the correspondents of the home newspapers, and before he had been there six months knew as much about the inside routine of the office as Madden did, who had been with Paxton for fifteen years.

One morning he arrived at the office at eight o'clock and to his astonishment found Senator Paxton there, fussing and fuming for a stenographer.

"Where's Madden?" asked the senator crossly.

"He doesn't get here until nine o'clock."

"Damn!" exploded Paxton. "I want to dictate a few paragraphs of a speech."

"I can take it," said Hicks eagerly.

"Are you a stenographer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, then, and don't hash it any more than you can help."

Paxton dictated swiftly for half an hour. Hicks concentrated every atom of intelligence he had on his work, and when Paxton had finished and ordered, "Make a carbon of it," he went nervously to his typewriter and began to transcribe his notes.

He handed the typewritten sheets to the senator and stood anxiously by while the great man read them. Every time the senator made a pencil mark on the paper Hicks felt his heart sink within him, but he was radiant when the senator said, after he had finished reading: "Not so bad." That night at the boarding house he told his table companions that he was now the confidential stenographer for Senator Paxton.

Six months later this statement became reasonably true, for Hicks made himself so useful and worked with such earnestness and zeal and intelligence that Senator Paxton appointed him assistant to Madden and increased his salary to sixteen hundred dollars a year by and with the aid of a friendly contingent-expenses committee of the Senate, of which the chairman was an old friend of the senator's.

This enabled Hicks to move to another boarding house, and he chose the establishment of Mrs. Lake.

Washington is freckled with boarding houses. There are sections of the capital that resemble Bloomsbury in London. Row after row of what were once fashionable residences are now, and were in Tommie's time, establishments of varying merit as places of entertainment, occupied by various grades of boarders, ranging from penurious or precarious statesmen to clerks and other employees in the service of the Government.

The house conducted by Mrs. Lake and her daughter was on a good street and excellent of its kind. Mrs. Lake was the widow of a man who had had some property and more debts, and had been compelled to support herself after the lawyers had finished settling the estate. She was well bred, a good housekeeper and a woman of attractiveness and ability. She was a wise boarding-house mistress. Her parlors and her dining room and her hall were well furnished. She knew the charm of shaded lamps and cozy corners and employed them both numerously. Her rugs were good. Her pictures were copies of old masters, her service careful and expert, and her food, though not lavishly served, was of the best quality and well cooked. The brass doorknobs always shone brightly, the small negro who opened the door was immaculate in a blue uniform and white cotton gloves, and had a welcoming smile that was an essential part of his training. Occasionally Mrs. Lake entertained transients sent by some former boarder, but most of her people stayed with her for long periods.

Tommie took a small room on the top floor, which he secured for sixty dollars a month, a sum quite insignificant, as Mrs. Lake assured him, when compared with the social advantages he would enjoy while under her roof. These social advantages and the resultant social requirements dawned on Hicks on the first Friday night he dined at the boarding house. Everybody dressed for dinner on Friday nights. It was the custom of the establishment.

To be sure, Mrs. Lake and her daughter dressed for dinner every night and sat in regal state at a small table near the door through which the waitresses came into the room, thus giving a "real swell tone" to the establishment, as Mrs. Lake put it, but the other guests—not boarders, guests—ate in their usual day costumes. Mrs. Lake rather insisted that the modish resources of the establishment should be displayed on one night of the week, and it had come to be accepted that the guests should tog out in their very best on that night. Usually, in order to give an added air of distinction, Mrs. Lake served a canapé of caviar that night instead of beginning the meal with the customary soup.

Tommie did not know of this custom and he was astounded when he came down to dinner on his first Friday night and found the women, some of them in low-cut bodices and some in bodices with guimpes removed, and the men rigged out in dinner coats, evening coats and stiff white shirt-fronts. Even the Texan, who had made it a tenet of his politics not to wear a dress suit, compromised between his principles and his politeness by wearing a low-cut waistcoat beneath the long and flowing frock coat in which he made his impassioned appeals for the welfare of the people on the floor of the House of Representatives. Tommie stared a little at the unwonted display of elegance but was neither disconcerted nor dismayed. Instead he nodded cheerfully at the men and women who were sitting stiffly in their chairs and toying with their minute portions of caviar, and proceeded easily to the table where Mrs. Lake and her daughter sat, both regally arrayed.

"My dear Mrs. Lake," he said, "why didn't you tell me everybody would dress up tonight?"

"Why, Mr. Hicks," that lady replied, "I supposed you knew. I am very sorry."

"Oh," laughed Tommie, "it is a matter of small consequence. I'll know next time."

Next day Hicks started on his search for suitable attire. After much consideration he decided to buy a dinner coat, compromising between the demand of his position and the supply of his purse. Tommie and his friends called the coat he bought a tuxedo. It was a good tuxedo and it fitted him well after a few alterations. Tommie knew Senator Paxton had his clothes made in New York and hoped to be able to patronize the same tailor one day; but for the present he concluded a ready-to-wear coat would do.

He spent an afternoon in the stores on F Street shopping for suitable studs and cuff-links and, after beginning at the largest jewelry store and pricing real pearls, finished the expedition with the purchase of some imitation pearls and buttons that matched. The shopkeeper told him the imitations could not be told from the genuine except by an expert. Tommie was sure there were no experts in his home circle.

He had consulted a friend at the Capitol about a high hat, or at least a crush hat, to

(Continued on Page 45)

PIERCE-ARROW

Safe, light, strong, fast, lithe and economical

THERE will always be people who buy motor cars as they do straw hats—for a season! Then there will always be PIERCE-ARROW buyers. The PIERCE-ARROW represents a greater first cost than the bought-for-a-season cars—considerably greater.

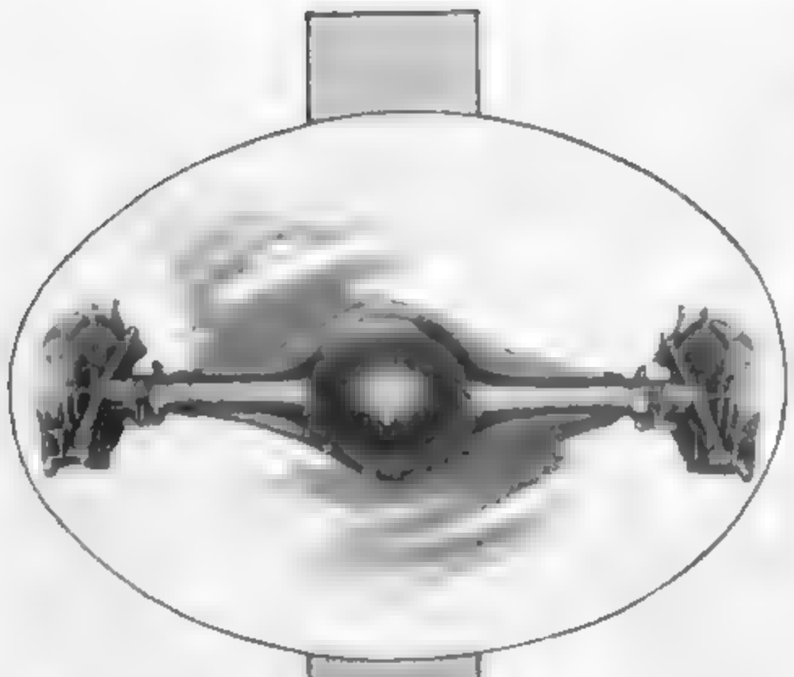
But at once it starts delivering an infinitely higher type of service. It offers greater comforts. It is capable of longer journeys and pleasanter short journeys. It costs less for oil and gasoline than any car that might be compared with it. It weighs less than any such car.

Those are some of its advantages at the start. But it is of even greater importance that, in the second or third or seventh year of service, these advantages loom up just as big in comparison with new cars of less standing and lower cost. If for any reason the cost of a new PIERCE-ARROW is greater than you care to pay, you can get all the desirable qualities of a PIERCE-ARROW in a car which some one else has paid the initial cost to own at first.

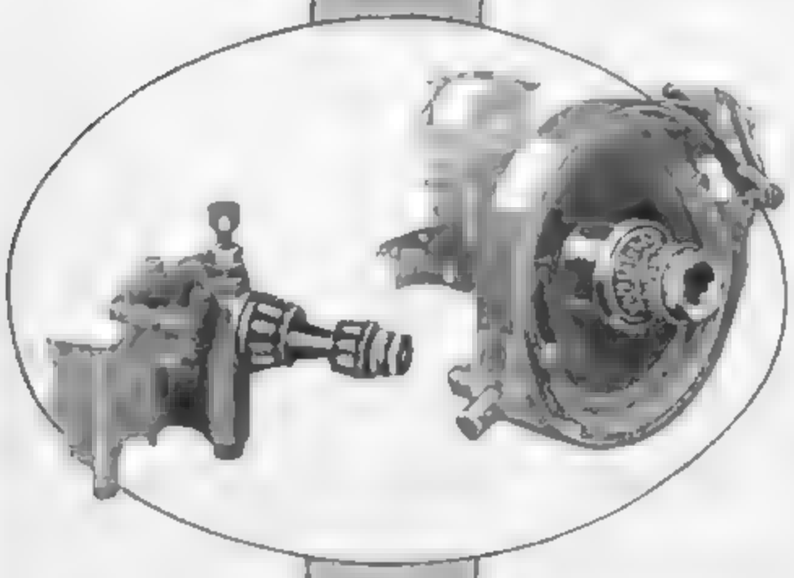
Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY

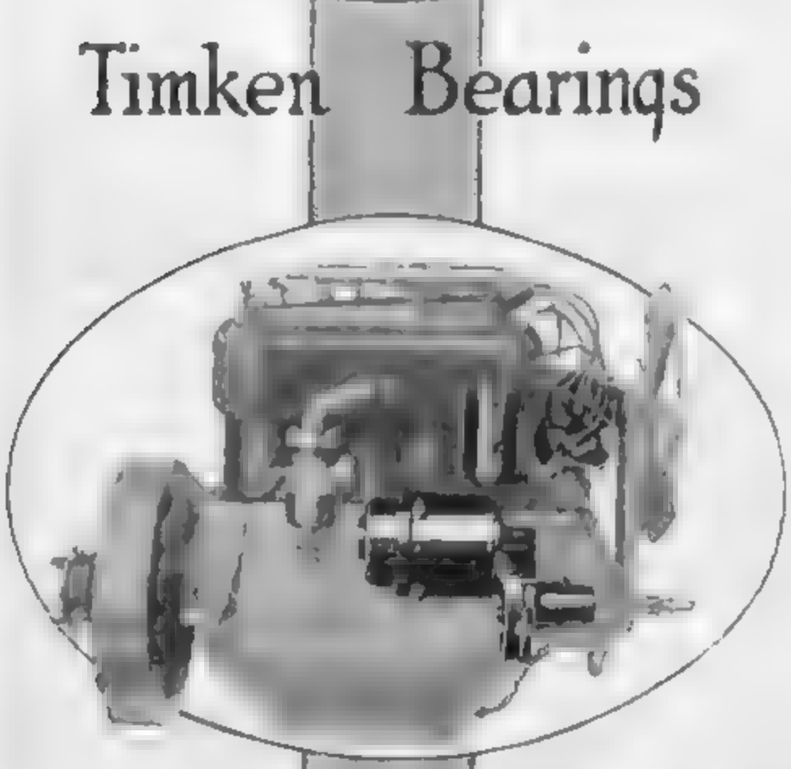
BUFFALO · NEW YORK



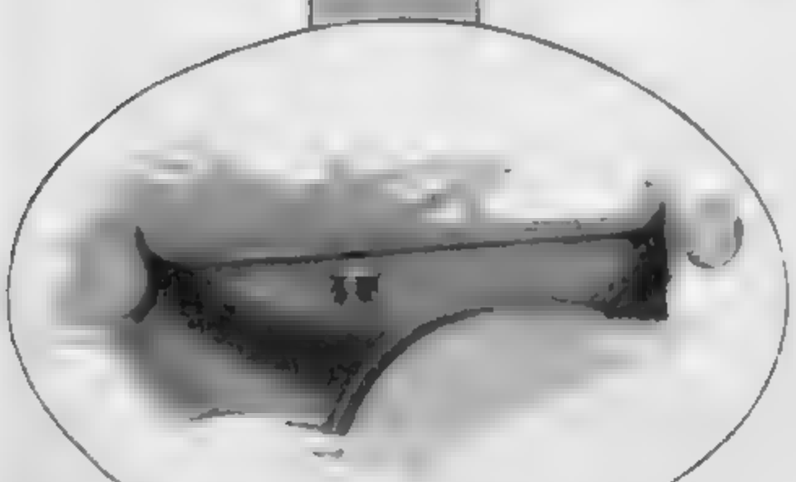
Full-Floating Rear Axle



Timken Bearings



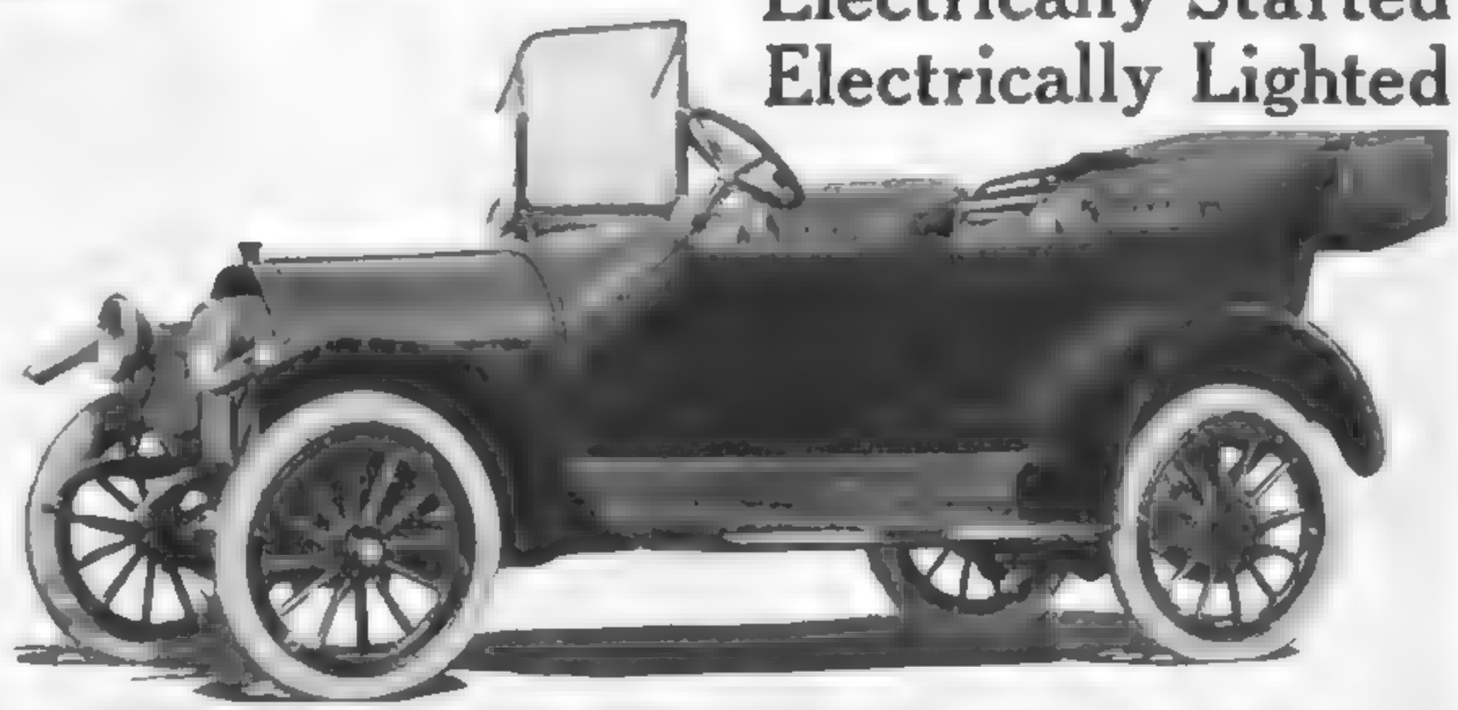
Electric Starter



Gasoline Tank in Cowl

Studebaker FOUR

Electrically Started
Electrically Lighted



Completely Equipped **$1050** Completely Equipped

Money's-Worth

There are intrinsic superiorities in this car, which even a slight engineering experience can discern.

And—in addition—external over-values which are plainly apparent to the most casual inspection

Four of these are described and illustrated here—a quartet of excess-values **combined in no other car** at $1050.

The axle, the bearings, the starting and lighting, the gas tank under the cowl unite these valuable features to the internal refinement achieved by an engineering staff whose watchword is quantity production of quality cars.

The net result is extraordinary money's worth at $1050.

Full Floating Rear Axle

The full floating type of axle possesses a great excess of efficiency over the ordinary so-called "[illegible]axle." Its shafts have only one function: the turning of the wheels. The weight of the car is carried entirely by the steel housing, the shafts turning freely within it, with the wheels revolving on double Timken bearings

Electric Starting

The Studebaker-Wagner Electric starting and lighting system has been designed and built to meet every requirement of the Studebaker FOUR motor. The [illegible] is positive under all conditions [illegible] to the lowest [illegible] gasoline can be vaporized. [illegible] The [illegible] current for lighting [illegible] Its output is greater at [illegible] than at higher speeds

Full Equipment of Timken Bearings

The Studebaker FOUR is Timken equipped throughout—even to the [illegible] of its wheels. By this [illegible] equipment we have obviated friction at several points that have usually been neglected, and have thus produced over values in efficiency gained and in the durability of the car

Gasoline Tank in Cowl

Makes for better hill climbing. Stre[illegible] of gasoline from the tank of the Studebaker FOUR to the carburetor. The tank is located in the cowl of the dash. The feed is by [illegible] short and direct [illegible] the tank

F. O. B. Detroit	
FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	$[illegible]
SIX [illegible] Roadster	$1800
SIX [illegible]	$[illegible]
[illegible] Touring Car	$[illegible]
[illegible]	$[illegible]
Six [illegible] SIX	$1950

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operation of Studebaker. Send for it.

STUDEBAKER
Detroit

F O B Walkerville, Can	
FOUR Touring Car	$1[illegible]
SIX Touring Car	$1[illegible]
SIX Landau-Roadster	$[illegible]
SIX Sedan	$2950

Canadian Factories
Walkerville, Ontario

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

(Continued from Page 42)

go with his evening clothes, but the friend had told him he could wear his derby and be in good form, and that gratified Tommie. But, none the less, he almost bought a crush hat. He had seen pictures in the magazines that presented tall and exquisitely dressed men carrying crush hats in various modish crush-hat positions, and he felt it would give him much added distinction if he could come down to the big assembly room in the boarding house with his hat carelessly but gracefully disposed beneath his arm, and when going out could open it at the door with a flourish and a pop.

On the following Friday night he came down to dinner ten minutes late in order to give the others ample time to be at their places, and made an impressive entrance clad in his new clothes. He had placed his handkerchief in his sleeve, for he had observed that an under-secretary at one of the embassies, whom he had closely scrutinized while that rising young diplomatist was talking to Senator Paxton, carried his handkerchief that way. Tommie looked round the room. So far as he could observe, no person there had his handkerchief in his sleeve, and Tommie saw to it that all near him were made aware of this crowning touch of elegance. Indeed he took out his handkerchief so often that one of his table companions, the motherly wife of a representative, asked anxiously whether he had a cold and offered to supply him with a remedy.

♥

HICKS spent the next year and a half comfortably with Mrs. Lake, laboriously with Senator Paxton, and profitably to himself in a way, for he skittered through a sort of a law course in a sort of a law school, devoting two nights or three a week to the accumulation of such legal knowledge as was dispensed at this institution. He made no serious study of the law, because serious study of any subject whatsoever, save that of his own aggrandizement, was foreign to the mind of Hicks.

He bought notes of lectures from impecunious digs, flattered and cultivated the professors and lecturers, delivered semi-orations when called upon to tell what he knew, and was on his way toward his degree recommendation.

He did not care for the law, but he felt he needed the law as a peg on which to hang his political ambitions. He made a close study of politics, watching Paxton's every movement—Paxton was a master politician—and had it vaguely in mind to go somewhere, after he had saved a little money, open a law office and depend on his skill as a handshaker and his general alertness of mind and lack of scruples to advance him in politics. He knew most of the usual political tricks, for politics was his passion, and he essayed the various artifices employed by the men who seek votes for their values as votegetters rather than for their showing of principle and principles.

Hicks had learned one thing. He never offended any person who might possibly do him any good, and took whatever came from such sources with smiles and thanks; and he never failed to impress on those whom he considered on terms of equality with himself his own advanced ideas of his personal importance and ability. His affability and urbanity were famous in clerical circles at the Capitol; his polite attention to his betters made him many friends; and his complaisance and readiness to do what was required of him led Paxton to use him, more or less, in semi-important affairs. Madden of course was the real operator for Paxton, the man who stood with broad shoulders always ready for any shifted responsibility, who ran such risks as there were and who was as loyal as he was pliable.

Paxton's attitude toward politics and public service was that it is a game, with the people as pawns. This also was the attitude of the men associated with Paxton in the leadership of the Senate and the direction of the House. That was the atmosphere in which Hicks worked and the atmosphere he absorbed. Paxton himself was a wise and likable person who never went further in his philosophy of politics than to assert the theory that the end justifies the means and that power must be retained by the organization at all hazards. He was willing to do for the people whatever would help the organization in the doing, and almost every act of his and of his controlling associates in the Congress was predicated on the political effect that act would have on the personal and political fortunes of himself and his friends.

Long years of experience with the selfish motives and desires and practices of the men in politics, and long years of observing the ease with which these selfish and self-seeking men deluded the people, had given him a sort of good-humored contempt for the people as a whole, especially as to their politics and the practice of it. He had accumulated a fortune through politics and he had assumed a philosophical view of the game, as he called it, and took nothing seriously that did not threaten his own continuance as a leader of those who played the game with him. He was under no delusions as to his colleagues. He knew just how shallow their pretenses were, how much of lip-service there was in their resounding promises on the stump and on the floor of the Senate, how bogus it all was. So he continued at it for the fun he had and for the power it gave him, and though he was as bogus as the rest of them, so far as regard for the general good was concerned, he had the redeeming quality of knowing himself exactly how bogus he was, and not assuming virtue.

He had a sense of perspective, a sense of humor, and a full working knowledge of all the weaknesses, follies, ill-considered sentiment and lack of knowledge among the populace.

"Undoubtedly," he said to Hicks one day, "undoubtedly, Tommie, Mr. Lincoln was right when he said you cannot fool all the people all the time. But the limit hasn't been reached. A large number of men in the politics of this country have been at that business of fooling the people for a great many years and haven't been caught yet. In the long, the ultimate, run the contention may be right, but no one of much consequence as a fooler has been stopped thus far to my knowledge."

Hicks pondered this and similar sentiments from the cynical and contemptuous Paxton. He watched the operations of the organization leaders in the Senate and saw them doing things day after day that were planned carefully, and so executed, for the effect they would have on the political and other fortunes of the party and with small regard for any popular merit except such as might incidentally accrue. He accepted this as the proper theory of politics and the wise theory, and he shaped his own plans and actions thereby. He intended to be a politician, to enter politics, and he had no other idea of entering politics than the steadfast idea of getting everything possible for Hicks by whatever means might present themselves. He formed the Hicks party, with himself as sole member, solely to profit thereby, and resolved to operate along those lines.

He was encouraged in his attitude by his occasional visits to Salestown, where the village people looked on him as some sort of an extraordinary person who was shaping the destinies of the nation in conjunction with the famous Senator Paxton. Hicks tried out on his old friends some tentative boasts and assertions of his importance and was amazed to see how unquestioningly they took as true everything he claimed. Once he made a speech at an Old Home Day dinner. He began, rather modestly for him, his recital of his activities at the capital, but, on observing the pleased acceptance of his assertions by his auditors, threw off all restraint and proclaimed himself as a most potent power behind the throne.

"It is my good fortune," he spouted, "to be associated with these great men at Washington who are directing the affairs of this nation, to act with them, to consult with them and to be consulted by them; and I want to say to you, friends of my boyhood days, that no one knows better than I the unselfishness, the clear-sighted patriotism, the high nobility of purpose and the unfaltering determination of these statesmen to conserve the welfare of the people."

There was loud applause from everybody except Col. Seth Howard.

"Tommie," said that unbeliever after the dinner, "I thought the constitution provides for no more than two senators from a state."

"Why, so it does, colonel," replied Hicks.

"That's the way I read it," continued the colonel, "but I take it from your remarks our state has three."

"Why, no, colonel; only two."

"I'm glad to be reassured on that point, for I gathered from what you said that you are acting as a senator for us also."

Tommie laughed. "Oh, colonel," he said, "I am afraid you didn't listen closely to what I said."

A Notch in the Right Place

And what it means to the man who wears "5130"

THE comfortable fit of a Clothcraft No. 5130 Blue Serge Special is due to care in little things.

Little notches in the edges of patterns, for instance. Those notches are not put in by guess-work. Their position is calculated to a fraction of an inch. And every piece of cloth cut from the pattern has a tiny notch in exactly the same place.

When the parts that form coat and lining are sewed together, the little notches must correspond — not more or less, but absolutely.

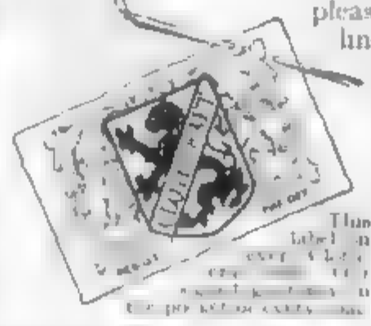
Clothcraft linings are designed in advance to fit the garments, instead of being put in afterwards by hit or miss methods.

It's just one of several hundred improvements in individual operations that come back to you in better workmanship and — because that saves money — in better materials and designing.

Drop in at the Clothcraft Store and try on one of the 5130 models. It's the best all round suit we can make for $15.00. You might also look at some of the many other fabrics and pleasing patterns in this one GUARANTEED ALL WOOL line at $10 to $20.

Write for the new Style Book and a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft dealer.

There is also a full weight Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $18.50 known as No. 4140



The Joseph & Feiss Company

Founded 1842 —Oldest Makers of Men's Clothes in America

620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W. Cleveland, Sixth City

HAVOLINE OIL

"It Makes a Difference"

OUR Marine Oil is to the life of your Motor Boat what our Motor Oil is to the life of your Car. Each oil is made only of *one uniform, base crude* of tested quality and lubricativeness, and is manufactured by a special process which preserves the molecules of the oil and consequently its lubricating value. Thus while they are thoroughly filtered of free carbon and impurities, they nevertheless hold their potency and life.

By forming an even film of oil between the metal parts, it preserves the life of the Motor and increases its efficiency. This lubricating oil "cushion" eases the contact between parts and leaves the least carbon deposit upon them, because it burns up evenly and cleanly. Frictional losses are thus minimized.

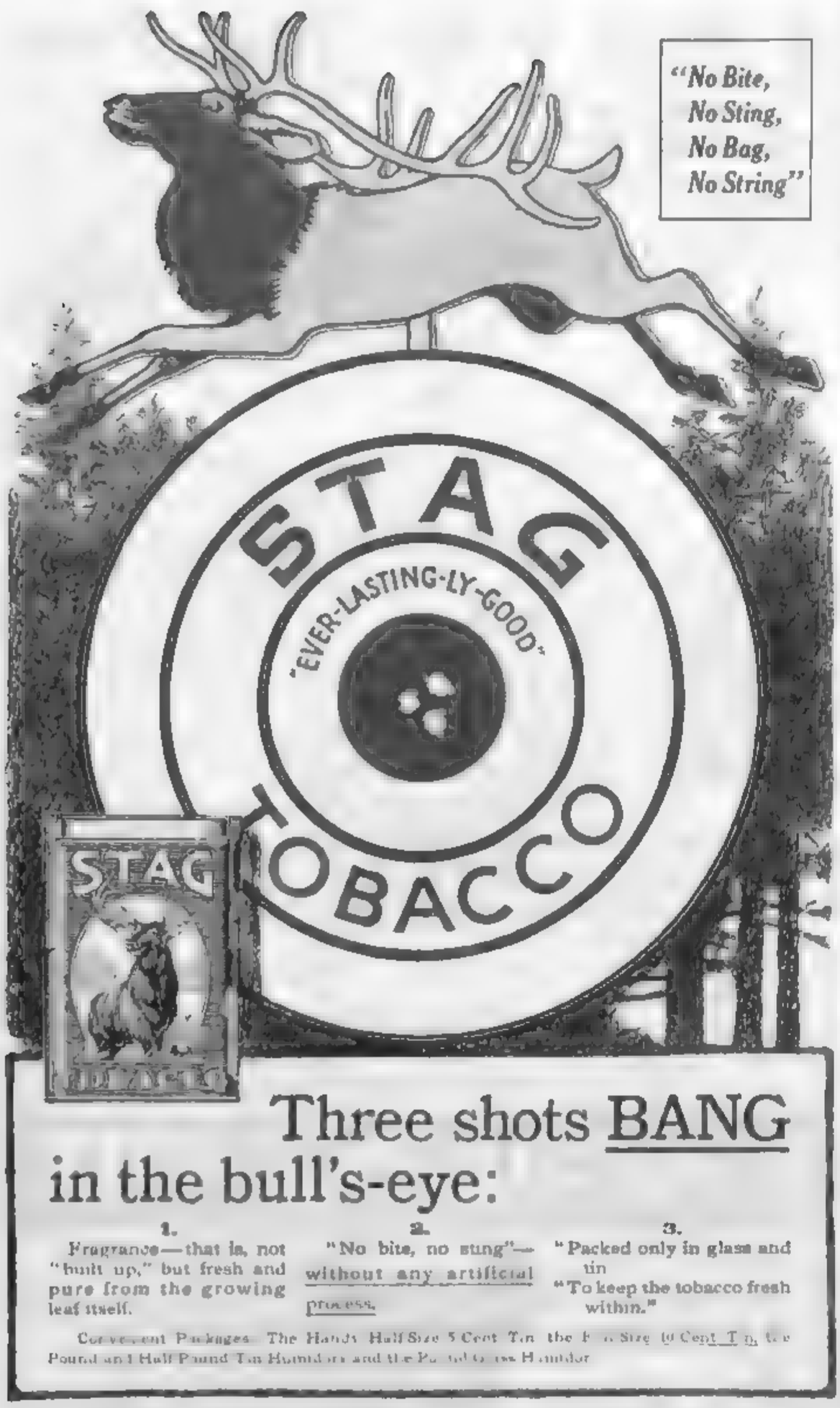
Sold on Land at the Garage, General Store or Grocery

Sold on Sea at the Motor Boat Club or on the Float

If your dealer cannot supply you, get it from us direct.

Buy the Oil in the Blue Can. 2 Five-Gal. Cans to the Case.
Tell Us Your Make and We'll Tell You Your Grade.

INDIAN REFINING CO.
Dept. "A"
NEW YORK



Three shots BANG in the bull's-eye:

1. Fragrance—that is, not "built up," but fresh and pure from the growing leaf itself.

2. "No bite, no sting"—without any artificial process.

3. "Packed only in glass and tin
"To keep the tobacco fresh within."

Convenient Packages: The Handy Half Size 5 Cent Tin; the Full Size 10 Cent Tin; the Pound and Half Pound Tin Humidors and the Pound Glass Humidor

"That's the trouble," snarled the colonel. "I was about the only one who did listen closely" and he stumped away.

Tommie saw to it that the Beacon had a report of that speech, and when the paper came in put a clipping of it on Senator Paxton's desk.

Paxton's eyes twinkled when he summoned Hicks to his room.

"Tommie," he said, holding in his hand the clipping from the Beacon, "I see that you have begun to inculcate the true faith in the minds of the people."

"What do you mean?" asked Hicks.

"Why, I have just been reading this report of the speech you made up at Salestown. I couldn't have done better myself in portraying the high and patriotic aims of such workers in the vineyard of the common people as are the instruments here at this capital for ameliorating their woes. I congratulate you."

Madden read the clipping also. "Say," he said to Tommie after he had finished Hicks' glowing account of his own performance; "you are wasting your time round here."

"What do you mean?" asked Tommie in alarm, for Madden was a powerful factor in that office.

"I mean you're too good to be working as a stenographer to a senator—any senator—or anybody else. A young man who can get away with that sort of guff as well as you can ought to be out among the dear people. You are not deluding anybody here, you know, but it is different outside."

"I don't understand you," Hicks replied.

"Oh, all right," continued Madden, "but I understand you. Now don't attitudinize to me. I tell you there is a future for you in politics if you get the right field."

Madden stopped, lighted a cigar and looked out of the window.

"I have been here for twenty years," he said, as if talking mostly to himself, "and fifteen of those years I have served with the senator. I've seen them blow in, blow up and blow out by the hundreds. If there is any kind of bunko artist, faker, charlatan, demagogue or other professional friend of the people I haven't run across in my time, it is some new sort just invented. I tell you, Hicks, you've got the earmarks and all the tendencies and all the traits for a successful career as a noble and self-sacrificing citizen who is actuated by the sole desire to aid the common people. You could bring yourself to love them. I know it."

"But ——" began Hicks.

"Oh, but nothing!" interrupted Madden. "There are no buts about it. If there ever was a man born to handshake and talk his way to a good place on the payroll, that man is yourself, Hicks, and I don't say this to your disparagement, for I admire your abilities. You are a born friend of the people. Moreover, you are rapidly acquiring all the knowledge and details of that pious profession, and it's a shame for you to stay here pounding the typewriter when you might be out uplifting the dear common people from the slough of despond, to your own subsequent advantage both politically and financially."

"I think you misjudge me, Mr. Madden," Hicks began again. "I certainly do not feel that my principles should be weighed in any such sordid scale ——"

"Misjudge you!" broke in Madden. "That line of talk you have just begun stamps my judgment as infallible. Let me have those letters about the Redding case."

Hicks brought the Redding file. He thought a good deal that day of what the senator and Madden had said. In his opinion their ideas of his abilities and tendencies, to say nothing of his ambitions, were couched in terms that might have been more delicately put, but on the whole he was not dissatisfied. For if two such experts were beginning to consider him adroit enough to make his way with the populace, he felt he might be progressing.

And when the correspondents came in that afternoon to see if there was any news for home consumption, Tommie handed each of them a typewritten excerpt from the Beacon's account of his speech. He had early learned that political success depends to a large extent on the proper appreciation and cultivation of the sources of publicity, and the reporters liked him. They all made paragraphs about the speech, which went with the day's news grist, and some of these were printed, to the great delight of Hicks and to the great amusement of Senator Paxton and Madden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Name and a Trade Mark

"Champion" on the porcelain and the Globe trade mark on the package are two features worth remembering when you buy a spark plug.

Your dealer has our Car Index, which will tell you the "Champion" you should use in order to get the greatest efficiency from your motor.

It is probable that the manufacturer equipped your car with "Champions" [illegible] factory equipment for 75 [illegible] cars made in America today, including the Ford, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell, Metz—and some sixty others.

In such cases you should, of course, use "Champions" only for duplicate sets, thereby utilizing the judgment of the experts who designed your motor.

The Ford plug—the "Champion" X—price 75c. The "Champion" O for Overlands, and "Champion" S for Studebaker, price $1 everywhere.

Your dealer can tell you the "Champion" [illegible] Motor Car Model [illegible], Stationary Motor or Aeroplane.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
114 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Export Representatives
Automobile Supplies Co. 18 Broadway, New York.

Soles Made Flexible and Tough

by our special tanning give your children comfort and withstand the hardest wear.

Trot-Moc
BACK-TO-NATURE SHOES
For Grown-ups and Growing-ups.

Nature shape for growing feet [illegible] less—won't slip—no nails to [illegible] the [illegible] comfort of ordinary shoes. Brown Indian [illegible] their soft pliability when dried out after wetting. For men, women and children. All styles, regular or high cut, tan or white.

At 2000 dealers or write us if no dealer is convenient

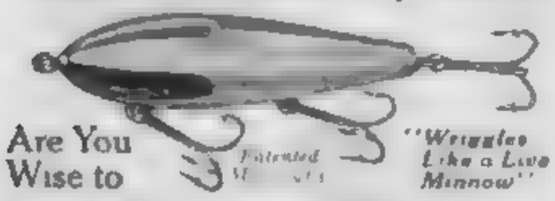
Ashby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass.

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight. Very durable. All head sizes. Prices from $2 to $ inches. Sent Postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. "Weaver to Wearer" Style Book—Free.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 239 Broadway, New York City

FISHERMEN, HO!



Are You Wise to Good Luck Wobblers

"Wriggles Like a Live Minnow"

(Wilson's Patents, formerly known as Wilson's Wobblers)

The sensation of 1913. They catch fish when live bait fails. Now made in two styles, Fluted and Winged. Fluted Wobbler is for semi-surface fishing. Moves with tail motion of live minnow. Winged Wobbler is for deep water fishing. Moves with [illegible]. Nickel [illegible] Value Reel and Pure Silk Cast [illegible]. Tackle folder with line samples free on request.

HASTINGS SPORTING GOODS WORKS, Sole Mfrs. Dept. A Hastings, Mich.

COLORADO

Where Every Vacation Joy is Multiplied a Thousand Fold

Let me tell you how little the cost will be—board only $7 to $10 per week—what to see and do when you get there, and all about the "Rocky Mountain Limited," the finest train between Chicago and Colorado. Other fast trains from Chicago, St. Louis and Memphis—perfect dining car service—finest modern all-steel equipment.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all important cities. Our representatives are travel experts who will help you plan a wonderful and economical vacation, give you full information about hotels, camps, boarding places, and look after every detail of your trip. Write today to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Room 720, [illegible]

"Wels-Ko" FILES SERVE ME SPLENDIDLY"

Many satisfied users attest their excellence

This Solid Oak Letter Cabinet

[illegible] ings and fitted with [illegible] locking compressors. As serviceable as any file [illegible]

$13.25

Three Drawer $13.25—Two Drawer $8.00

Wels Expansible Bookcases

[illegible] k—(golden, weathered or [illegible] ed finishes. 40 in. high, 36 [illegible]

$12.80

Wels Filing Desk

[illegible] choice of 10 kinds [illegible] desk [illegible] Drawers on [illegible] rs. The size you want are at your fingers tips in this "Complete Office On Legs."

Swinging Desk Stand, shown attached to desk for typewriter, reference books, etc. Top 14 x 18 in. Swings on strong black enamelled metal frame. By Parcel Post anywhere in U. S. $3.50

NOTE Freight paid at prices quoted [illegible] consistently low prices in the West and South. See your dealer or write

The Wels Manufacturing Co.
68 Union St. Monroe, Mich.
New York Office—[illegible]

What are the elements which enter into Cadillac reputation?

That the Cadillac is regarded with profound admiration the world over, everyone knows.

There is nothing new in the statement that its reputation is international.

And the high favor in which it is held, here at home, is almost a household word.

But it is interesting to dissect the elements which go to make this unique reputation.

Precisely, why is the Cadillac, by common consent, invariably discussed as a car apart from all other cars?

The average owner would probably express his enthusiasm at first in terms of general satisfaction.

His contentment is so complete that he rarely bothers to analyze its component parts.

But the comforts and the advantages which he enjoys are none the less definite and specific.

It would be practically impossible to persuade any Cadillac owner, for instance, that any other car compares with it in riding quality.

This peculiar Cadillac quality—and it is distinct and distinguishably different—has its immediate source in the two-speed direct-drive axle.

But far back of that—underlying it and emphasizing it—is the principle of intense standardization, interchangeability, correct alignment of its parts and units and the harmonious operation of those units with one another.

How much these contribute to the exquisite ease and steadiness of the Cadillac, how much they contribute to its constancy and endurance, and how important they are considered as principles, is indicated by the two awards of the world's most significant motor car honor, the *Dewar Trophy*.

These Cadillac features everyone recalls immediately.

But it is equally interesting and important to remember that the Cadillac is what it is—the standard of the world—because of the features which characterize the car itself:

An engine of 40-50 horsepower which those who know motor car engines recognize as unsurpassed in fineness of construction and in capabilities commensurate with its proportions.

A cooling system so adequate that overheating is practically unknown.

A lubricating system so competent, so simple, so free from annoyance that you scarce realize its existence.

A carburetor so efficient, so flexible that it needs acknowledge no superior.

A clutch so smooth, so velvety in its action, so simple and so dependable that it leaves nothing to be desired.

A system of electrical cranking, lighting and ignition (now in its third successful year on the Cadillac) so nearly 100 per cent efficient that it would be difficult to more nearly approach perfection.

A steering mechanism so steady, so safe and so sure,—possessing none of the attributes which might make it otherwise—that you always feel secure.

Axles so strong, so substantial that they are equal to any legitimate demands.

A spring suspension so soft, so flexible, so yielding that it abundantly justifies the popular saying:—"The Cadillac carries its own good road with it."

A car, in all, designed with such consummate skill and executed with such painstaking care that it will uphold the name of "Cadillac" and all that the name implies.

A car, in all, which embodies in surpassing measure, all of those qualities which make motor car ownership desirable.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger $1975.00

Seven passenger car	$2075.00	Landaulet Coupé, three passenger .	$2500 00
Phaeton, four passenger	1975.00	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger	2800 00
Roadster, two passenger	1975.00	Standard Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Where Do Your Profits Go?

ENGAGE an expert accountant. Instruct him to mathematically analyze the various reasons, causes and forces that take the profits out of your business and you will probably be dumfounded at the enormous amount of money and time that is literally eaten up by the old time method of hauling merchandise with horses.

In contrast to this get in touch with some of the various concerns using Willys Utility Trucks (we will supply any number of names)—and what do you find?

In a word you find that those who use Willys Utility Trucks are enjoying a much greater volume of business at a greatly reduced cost of getting it.

And the increase in business was effected after Willys Utility Trucks were put in operation.

Every operator of Willys Utility Trucks *saves* what every operator of horses is daily *losing*.

The Willys Utility Truck is the great modern remedy for any concern that is hampered with too much overhead and too little business. Their adoption starts the income on the increase and the outgo on the decrease.

Why Willys Utility Trucks in preference to others?

—because their purchase cost is from 15% to 50% less than other similar trucks.

—because they cost less to maintain.

—because their operating costs are less; that is, the cost per delivery or pick up stop is less; in most cases more ground or a greater mileage can be covered.

—because the chassis, that is the mechanical construction, of this truck is perfectly sound and fundamentally correct.

—because it is built to stand the wear and tear of ordinary every day use.

—because the most prominent merchants and manufacturers—men who have the means to exhaustively investigate before they purchase—have bought this truck in preference to all others.

—because behind this truck is one of the largest and strongest organizations in the world.

We suggest that you send for our plans, reasons, costs, special body book, means of disposing of your horse equipment and all the necessary information which we will gladly supply and which will show you exactly how to reduce your present high cost of doing business with horses.

All information is gratis and very instructive. Write today. Address Dept. 151.

Look up our dealer in your town.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Willys Utility Truck $1350—¾ Ton

f. o. b. factory

Price includes chassis and driver's seat.

Body as shown $150 extra.

CORPORAL BILLY'S COME-BACK

(Continued from Page 18)

the crowd. Corporal Billy was all right, but at his age what would he be doing on a posse after a desperate murderer? Better stick to his last! More than one wit audibly suggested this, and the sally evoked laughter. Before it had died the posse was off, with a final word from the sheriff, who was remaining right there because he felt that was the place for a sheriff.

Corporal Billy turned away. It was the supreme insult! He who had marched to the ringing strains of We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More, to be refused as a volunteer to a little California mountain posse. And they had laughed at him; in fact they had laughed at his uniform—insulted the blue! Corporal Billy was near to an unseemly outbreak when he grasped that. He had turned back to the remnant of the crowd, wild words on his lips, when a low, tense voice at his side arrested him.

"Hist!" said the voice.

He turned and confronted Cyril Naughton Webster, the intrepid captain of boy scouts.

"Hey?" asked Corporal Billy. "What say?"

"Hist!" repeated the captain. "A word with you in private."

"Hey?" queried the corporal again.

"Aw, com'on over here away from those rubes where I can speak to you," said the captain, irritated into a relinquishment of his official manner. By one blue sleeve he tugged Corporal Billy beyond earshot of the crowd.

"What's all this?" demanded the corporal.

"You'll find out soon enough," flashed the captain ominously. "You've got your work cut out. Now not another word! Simply follow me. One incautious word may spoil all."

"All what?" demanded the corporal.

"Who knows what the day may bring forth?" parried the captain, fingering the crippled army pistol at his belt. "Trust in me, no matter if the skies seem dark. And come on! Hurry up!" He turned and marched briskly down the street. Corporal Billy gazed after him briefly and was shocked to a sudden alarm.

"My good land!" he muttered; "he's gone and done it! He's killed one them Indians! He's takin' me to the body!" He started after the swinging figure of the captain, a sickening fear in his heart. Through the town the pair made their way. The captain did not look back. The corporal pursued him. Wrath was growing within him, even above his fear. He devised a series of ingenious punishments for this youth of undeniably high spirits.

At the edge of town the captain turned off and skirted the railroad track. Corporal Billy removed the fatigue cap to wipe his steaming brow, and followed his leader. From time to time he shouted ahead impatient demands for details, but the captain merely waved back a silencing hand. After half a mile beside the track, he leaped lightly up the bank and paused at the edge of the wood. Into this wood and ascending the steep hill Corporal Billy observed a well-marked trail; it was the trail leading to the Indians' camp. He was breathless when he reached the captain's side, not alone with his rapid walk but with rage and alarm. The captain stood coolly there, but obviously restraining with vast effort some subterranean excitement.

"I knew you were the bravest man in these parts," said the captain before Corporal Billy was equal to speech. "I knew you wouldn't be afraid of anything."

"Where you got him?" demanded the corporal, visualizing a murdered Indian.

"Never you mind! I got him all right all right! But I'm—of course I'm not afraid—but I thought I'd better have you."

"You young fool! Wha'd I tell you?"

"Say, you've got a giant's strength, haven't you," asked the captain, curiously unmoved by this insult.

"Well—of course I used to—— What if I have?" replied the corporal savagely.

"You told me you once felled an ox with one blow of your fist, didn't you tell me that? You know you did. And you're brave as a lion; you can't fool me. Gee whiz, if I could grow up to be as brave as you are!"

"Look here! What's this mean?" But the rage of the corporal was sensibly mollified.

The captain turned to ascend the trail. "Not a word above a whisper," he hissed, "and don't make a sound."

"Now look ahere——" But the captain was stealthily climbing and the corporal followed him perforce. For twenty minutes he toiled up through the gloom of the spruce and pines, stumbling over boulders in the ancient trail, slipping on the damp earth-mold, once more heartily disparaging the first born of his only sister. And then, twenty paces beyond him, the captain left the trail, beckoning to his follower, and dove through a dense wall of manzanita shrub. The corporal pursued him at some cost to his uniform, sadly impeded by the dangling saber.

Beyond the manzanita the captain pointed mysteriously downward and surprisingly dropped from view. Making his way to the spot the corporal looked over a wall of rock to where the captain stood on a ledge some six feet below. His upward glare was so tense, the finger on his lips so eloquent, his beckoning gesture so potent, that Corporal Billy, once more under his spell, dropped precariously to the ledge beside him. The captain thereupon descended to another projecting bank another dozen feet below. It was only a narrow bank and of soft earth, affording a most perilous foothold, and even to sustain this they had to grasp for partial support at the bushes growing above them. Corporal Billy did not discover the insecurity of this perch until he stood panting beside the captain.

"Look ahere——" he began indignantly, but the answering hiss was again so truly ominous that he broke off. The captain now firmly grasped a bush and leaned far over the edge of their narrow foothold to peer intently below him. Then Corporal Billy recognized the spot. They were back at the railroad track, still ten feet above its level, and on the verge of a bush-screened semicircle that a spring had hollowed out of the hillside.

The captain squirmed farther forward for a clearer view into the depths. Then suddenly he resumed his upright position beside the corporal, the keenest pleasure irradiating his ingenuous young face.

"Still there," he hoarsely whispered, and delightedly dug the amazed corporal in the side with a grinding fist.

"The Indian?" demanded the corporal, whispering in turn.

"Indian? Aw, wake up! It's that big coon they're huntin' for!"

Corporal Billy's heart set up a pounding that he thought must reverberate for miles through the forest. He could feel his scalp contracting, though there was little hair for it to move. With a dizzying distinctness there ran through his mind the items he had gleaned back there on the street—"in for murder, big fellow, savage, wild, already killed half a dozen people since he broke away, won't be taken alive." He swayed lightly and reached for a stouter bush to support him. A bit of earth crumbled beneath his feet and rattled down the sheer bank. He drew a shuddering breath and glanced upward.

"He's sound asleep," whispered the captain.

"How we goin' to get back up there," whispered the corporal with no want of caution in his tone.

"We can't get back," responded the captain promptly. "I figured out this was the way for you to get him. You got to jump on him."

"My good lands!" groaned the dismayed corporal.

"What would you want to get back for anyway," again hissed the captain. "You want to go back there and give those rubes the credit, when all you got to do is jump on him and take him in by yourself?"

"Jump on him!" repeated the corporal dully.

"Sure, jump on him—if he makes any resistance just tear his heart out." The captain grinned fiendishly. The corporal shuddered.

"I wouldn't trusted any one but you to do it this way," continued the captain. "I knew you were braver than that whole bunch rolled into one. It'll seem like old times, like when those three rebs come at you and you laid 'em all out," he concluded brightly.

Once more the captain peered over the bank. Corporal Billy had not yet dared to do so. But now in his ordinarily discreet

Concrete floors laid in 1912 for Garden City Spring Works, Chicago
Frank D Chase Architect, Brown Building Company, Contractors

Get This Free Book and Have Better Concrete Floors

You know that ordinary concrete floors are porous. You know how they dust and crumble because they are porous. You know what it costs to patch, paint and keep them clean.

This book shows how to prevent [illegible] concrete floors by [illegible] material with a three-quarter-inch topping that will wear better and give far better service than three inches of ordinary concrete.

The Day of Ordinary Concrete Floors is Past

Master Builders Concrete Hardener [illegible] Method [illegible] Properly used by our Standard Specifications it makes [illegible] smooth and [illegible] resistant to abrasion from heavy traffic. Properly used by our Standard Specifications it makes wear-resisting [illegible] floors.

This book shows [illegible] floors—[illegible] Master Builders Methods are now in satisfactory use—good as new—in important buildings of all types, everywhere.

Your contractor can give you a wearproof, dustproof, waterproof and [illegible] floor by following our Standard Specifications. Send for this book. Send for it now.

The Master Builders Company
Department B. Cleveland, Ohio
Chicago and Branches Everywhere

Master Builders Method

Playtime Fashions
Ralston
1914

COMFORT WITHOUT NEGLIGENCE
is the key-note of our high cut and Oxford models in the Ralston Du-Flex specialties.

Our Special Process *Du-Flex Sole* wears like leather and *holds like new rubber*, without the dragging weight of ordinary rubber soles.

Style 636, as illustrated, is a Tan Russia Calf Bal, with Du-Flex sole and heel. Ferncroft last, stitched tip and blind eyelets. Price $5.00. Comes also in Oxford, same last and leather.

Authority Styles—Foot Moulded
$4.00 to $6.00, a few at $7.00

On sale in over 3000 first-class shops
To Dealers: This shoe is carried in stock

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello) Mass.

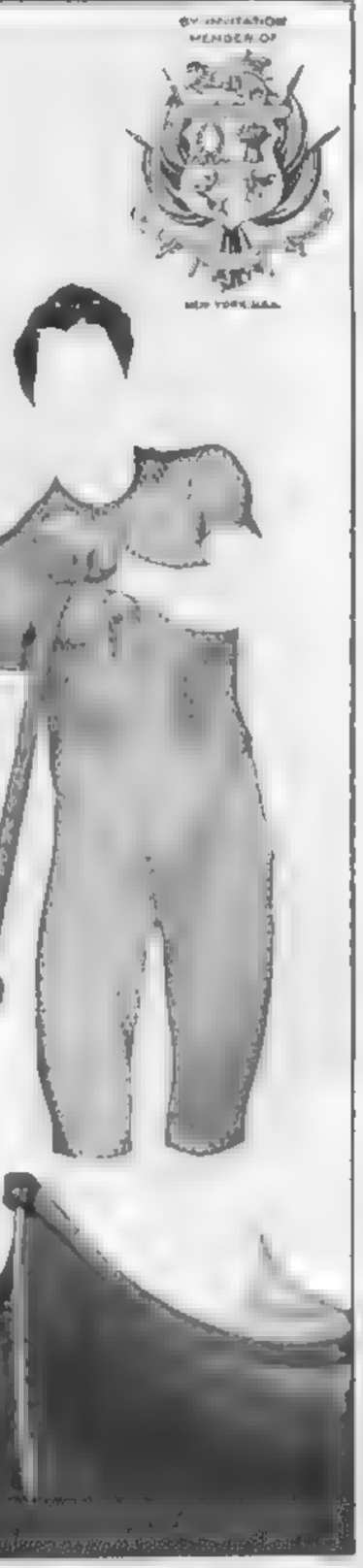
The *Extra* Quality

You'll know genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" (Guaranteed) by the sewn-in label. Buy by the label.

The label means *extra* quality in materials—*better* yarn than needed. It means extra care in making—reinforced seams, *double*-seamed by cover seaming—extra stitches everywhere. It means cleanly making, in a spick-and-span, modern mill. It means underwear fit, comfort, *coolness*.

This Label on Every Garment—Ask your Dealer

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
GUARANTEED



Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. (The Union Suits are especially comfortable.) Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness elimtnates irritation of the skin

Our Guarantee With Every Garment:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN 50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS 25c
FOR MEN $1.00	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS 50c

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

CREOLE PECAN PRALINES
New Orleans' Wonderful Candy
Made of the Louisiana plantation sugar and Pecans from the old Creole Mammy's recipe
$1 FOR A TWO POUND BOX PREPAID or send 4 cents postage for a free sample Praline
Lucas Kraemer
423 Bourbon St
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ORANGE TREES IN YOUR HOME!
You can plant them outside now, moving indoors in winter. They make ideal pot plants—fine shape, leaves, rich glossy green and bring balmy [illegible] to you. Five thrifty little trees, three or four feet high, prepaid by parcel post, $5.
If you own or expect to own land in Florida, ask for our catalog
BUCKEYE NURSERIES, TAMPA, FLA.

Shamrock
the new madras model for summer

SLIDEWELL HALF COLLARS

WITH the smart dressiness of the modern collar—*plus* all the tie ease and neck comfort of the SLIDEWELL patent back button shield and graduated tie space that give you your own way with your ties.
Sold Everywhere—15c, 2 for 25c
If your dealer hasn't them, send us 75c for six, and ask for the SLIDEWELL catalog.
HALL, HARTWELL & CO.
TROY, NEW YORK

Save Half Your Floor Space With

SNUG-SEATS

BEAUTIFUL and novel in appearance. Chairs come to point and fit in ugly under-table space when not in use. Exceedingly comfortable and ideal for *soda fountains, card rooms, grill rooms, club houses*, etc.
They *pay for themselves* by accommodating many more soda patrons than you can serve at ordinary tables. Beautifully upholstered in mahogany, [illegible], white enamel, oak or any other hardwood color you wish. Price only $25 a set—*monthly payments arranged if preferred*. Money refunded if not pleased. Display glass show case tops if desired. *Write for catalogue.*
W. B. McLEAN MFG. CO.
Main Office and Factory, 1070-96 Herron Ave.
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

and sensible mind there loomed the image of a gloriously intrepid Corporal William Safford, a superb being, primed for feats of the most grandiose daring. Of course it was the audience that in an instant made this reckless fool of him. And the youth of the audience aggravated his folly. With a man of his own age beside him Corporal Billy would doubtless have relied upon the other's understanding in such matters and acted with a wiser restraint. But who of us would confess to cowardice, even to the tempered cowardice we call discretion, when the calmly believing eyes of youth are upon us, so adoring, so absolute in their trust? Corporal Billy drew a long breath and peered over the edge of the bank.

Ten feet below him in a prison uniform a giant negro lay sleeping on his back. The immense legs sprawled over the damp ground in a weary abandon; one powerful arm partly shielded his face. His mouth was half open. The very snore that issued therefrom was terrifying. Corporal Billy drew quickly back.

"It took the bravest man in these parts, that's what I said to myself," whispered the captain. "I saw him sneak in there and climbed up here and watched him awhile, and then I thought I'd give you all the credit. I knew you'd make light of it, with your strength."

Corporal Billy assumed an expression which he hoped was gratitude.

"He's stirring," warned the captain. "Quick, draw your sword!"

Corporal Billy stiffened, listening intently, but did not move. The captain himself drew the antique saber and thrust it into the other's hand. The hand was nerveless, but somehow the fingers closed upon it.

"Get ready!" urged the captain. Discretion shrieked alarm to the corporal, but there was confident youth at his elbow, and dimly a background of those who had thought him done for, not even man enough for a grand marshal. He did not flinch; yet he did not advance. So tenuous are these lines of bravery that accident may easily earn a credit it does not receive. Again the corporal peered over the edge of the bank. The captain peered with him.

"Take this," directed the captain, and thrust the wrecked pistol into the corporal's left hand.

Below them the vast hulk stirred uneasily, a groan was heard, and two immense fists rubbed the shut eyes open.

"Jump!" commanded the captain in a firm, loud tone. The eyes below them looked upward in affright. They beheld, poised across the heavens, a formidable figure in uniform, arms outspread, one hand grasping a saber, the other a powerful-looking pistol. Even as the fright grew in those eyes the terrifying figure descended with a demon's yell, for the captain had with one foot neatly scoured the soft earth from beneath Corporal Billy's feet, and the corporal, feeling himself going, had made the best of it. The captain had never questioned the iron of Corporal Billy's purpose; he had, divining that the moment had arrived, merely feared hesitation. He paused but a moment to look below before scrambling down the bank. Two yells had ascended to him, Corporal Billy's and the one inspired thereby. This had emptied the lungs of the hunted one even as the man from the sky had fallen upon him.

When the captain reached their level Corporal Billy, in a sitting posture, was rubbing both his knees. The negro, gasping fearfully for breath, lay half unconscious from the assault. Corporal Billy arose, picked up his fatigue cap with his sword hand and carefully donned it. Captain Webster regrettably forgot his dignity as an officer and a gentleman and danced wildly about the two.

"Hurray! Hurray! You got him, Uncle Billy! You got him! I knew you could do it. I knew you wouldn't be afraid!"

It was music to the ears of the corporal, and yet he perceived that this was no time for music. Their victim gave a final shuddering gasp of restored breath and essayed to sit up. Standing above him, Corporal Billy kicked out vigorously. The recumbent one yelled in supreme pain and grasped both shins. Corporal Billy kicked again, emphatically and with effect. Then he stood off and turned the ancient pistol upon his capture.

"Look here, you!" he challenged grimly.

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral!" The Corporal felt relieved. The reply had come with a pleading whine.

"You listen. Get up and walk straight down that track into town. I'll be ten inches behind you, and if this gun goes off it'll blow the whole top of your head off and then I'll cut you to pieces with this sword. Do you understand?"

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh! I undastand." His eyes flitted over the uniform. "My Lawd! They got the ahmy out afteh me. Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral."

"Get up."

Slowly, with many groans, the huge hulk was partially raised. While he still crouched his eyes flashed aside furtively.

"Kick again!" warned the lynx-eyed captain, and Corporal Billy again kicked, emphatically and with a deadly aim. A yell of utter submission was evoked, while the big hands nursed the abraded shin.

"Get up," directed the corporal in steely tones. "Walk down that track and don't forget this gun is right at your head."

The prisoner had been hunted for a day. He was weary and bruised and spiritless. And the uniform of the corporal, no less than his fearful weapons and the cool authority of his manner, had been of hypnotic value.

Slowly he gained his feet. Corporal Billy held the pistol upon him.

"If I have to shoot ——" warned the corporal.

"Aw, don't shoot him, Uncle Billy," pleaded the captain. "Just fell him with one blow like you felled the ox!"

The prisoner flashed a glance of extreme disfavor at this officer.

"Throw him down and tear his heart out," urged the captain.

The prisoner flinched and tamely bowed his head.

"March!" rang the command.

At the edge of town an excitable small boy observed Ophirville's second parade that day and dashed ahead to the town hall with the news of its coming. The sheriff stumbled down the steps, hurried and incredulous. Remnants of the crowd surged eagerly back. Corporal Billy, behind the prisoner who towered above him, marched unwaveringly to the group which hastily parted to receive them. With military precision the captor raised his saber to "present" and declaimed: "Corporal Safford, Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, reports one prisoner, sir."

The sheriff called frantically to the crowd:

"Hold another gun on him, somebody!"

Corporal Billy permitted himself to sneer. Then he launched a final kick at his prize, a hard kick truly aimed. The crowd gasped and a cry of pained protest came from the victim.

"A real soldier don't need to hold a gun on his kind," announced the corporal in tones of rich contempt. "I brought him all the way in without a gun, except for that there old fool broken thing the kid's been playing with. Are you afraid of him, sheriff? Shall I kick him again for you?"

There was another howl of protest from the prisoner, a howl of appeal from the military to the civil authorities.

"Oh, Mistah She'ff, doan' let that soljuhman rough me up no mo'! He been abusin' me. He ain't got no right!"

"We got him! We got him!" shouted the dancing sheriff. "Put these irons on him, some of you."

"Three cheers for good old Billy Safford!" shouted the town clerk, who was ever an opportunist. The cheers rang out vehemently from the enlarging throng. Corporal Billy blushed and essayed to slink off, but they crowded about him, cheering him again and again, proudly wringing his hand. He knew that he was now perpetual grand marshal of all public functions in Ophirville, but he suffered acutely as he saw his captive led away to the jail. He was wishing he hadn't been so rough with the fellow. "I kicked the poor devil to show off," he muttered. "I'm jest a fool smarty! If only I hadn't kicked him that last time!" He looked about him for the face of one who would truly understand, and brightened when he saw Mrs. Kelly beaming afar on the outskirts of the crowd. She would know just how he felt.

"Hist!" said a low, tense voice at his elbow. He turned to see Captain Cyril Naughton Webster, B. S.

"Hey? What's that?"

"Hist!" repeated the captain. "That Mrs. Kelly wants us to come up to her house to supper. She's got fried chicken."

And it was even so.

But let us learn from this that bravery may be one thing; then again it may be another.

Good Light Means Better Business

more and better work with fewer mistakes and less waste, more comfort, better health and more constant attendance of employees. Good light attracts customers. They see better, stay longer and buy more.

Good light is also good-looking light—handsome globes, shades and fixtures, properly and artistically combined. It often costs even less than poor light.

Macbeth-Evans Lighting Equipment

(Fixtures and Glassware)

We make many kinds of efficient, beautiful globes and shades and correct fixtures, and combine them into harmonious units for the proper lighting of stores, offices, homes, factories and institutions. A few of these units are shown here—more in the Portfolios listed below.

For most purposes, Alba or Decora Globes and Shades on Macbeth Fixtures get the most and best illumination from the current; diffuse the light; direct it where it is needed, and make seeing easy and comfortable—no eye-strain.

How to Get Good Light

Ask for one or more of the following Articles, which tell how to get Good Light, and for Portfolio of Individual Suggestions for your needs:

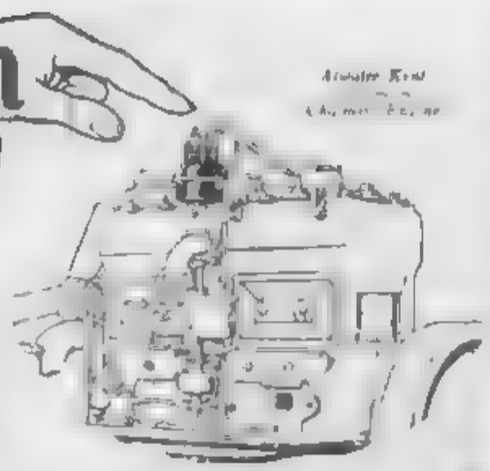
1-Homes 3-Restaurants 5-Offices 7-Hotels 9-Theatres
2-Dept. Stores 4-Stores 6-Clubs 8-Banks 10-Hospitals

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh

Sales and Showrooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia
St Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Ltd Toronto

Reg U S Pat Off

Emancipation for the engine!



Do you realize that—ten chances to one—you are today putting up with certain handicaps which limit the performance of your engine?

Do you realize that your *power* at slow speeds should be far greater than at present—your *maximum speed* appreciably higher—*control* far simpler and more automatic,—and that *starting* should be a mere matter of an easy turn without "spinning"? Those handicaps are avoided in cars using

The Atwater Kent Ignition System

with Automatic Spark Advance

Hitherto you have associated a certain performance with certain cylinder sizes. Forget it! It was *not* the natural performance of the engine, but only of the ignition equipment. The engine will do far better if it has a chance!

Try any of the latest cars in the list herewith—do not choose your new car until you have done so. You will gain a brand-new conception of power, flexibility, smooth running and easy control. You will wonder at the limitations you have suffered so long.

The simplicity and endurance of Atwater Kent Ignition have been proved by nine years of service. 75 400 cars carry it today. Over 5 000 are being added in 1914. Will you be one of the fortunate ones to secure its benefits? Ask any agent of the cars named above for full information or write us direct.

Used by

Chalmers
Paige
King
Saxon
Norwalk
Westcott
Meteor
Corbitt
Lexington-Howard

What they say:

"Practically the only system with a successful automatic spark advance." Saxon Motor Co.

"Automatically advances and retards the spark much better than can be done manually by an inexperienced driver." (Name given on request.)

"Gives fully as much power at high speeds and more at low speeds than other devices. Almost abrogates the [illegible]" [illegible]

"Gives wonderful power at low speeds [illegible] loads." The Mitchell Motor Car Co.

"Stays fixed. No need of continual adjustment, as with a good many [illegible]" Corbitt Automobile Co.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works Philadelphia

MEDART'S Playground Apparatus

For Public Parks and School Yards

Made of steel, hot-galvanized, unbreakable either through use, abuse or constant exposure. It assures that safety which the Municipality [illegible] to children.

MEDART'S PLAYGROUND APPARATUS

[illegible]

THE MEDART HOME GYMNASIUM [illegible] a home. A combination [illegible] horizontal bar, flying [illegible] ladder, see-saw and [illegible], all mounted. This [illegible] Can be set [illegible] easily [illegible]. Develops quick [illegible] spirit [illegible] outfit, [illegible] No. 10

Fred Medart Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.

NEVERLEAK

NEVERLEAK TIRE FLUID

PATENT

Ends Your Tire Troubles.

This famous preparation is just what you want to make your tires leak-proof. Heals punctures instantly while on the run and preserves the rubber. Actually makes your tires give *double service.*

NEVERLEAK is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Whip Ready Rolled Tobacco

is the best tobacco we Pattersons ever made

We've blended many brands of smoking tobaccos—some of the most popular tobaccos now on the market were originated by the Pattersons.

But all of these brands have to take their hats off to "Whip."

They are good tobaccos and have solaced millions of men, but their biggest value is that they have made "Whip" possible.

They have been stepping stones for "Whip," that have led to this finest of all smoking tobaccos.

The refinements we have brought into the production of "Whip" make it a delight to every smoker. They glorify the pipe with new degrees of pleasure.

First of all, "Whip" is the mildest smoking tobacco ever produced. It is so mild and gentle that you can smoke it all during your waking hours without "feeling it."

And "Whip" is so deliciously fragrant, so tasty, so cool and refreshing that you will want to keep the old pipe purring all day long.

So free of bite and burn, that there isn't a sore tongue in a carload. We Pattersons originated smoking tobaccos without the bite years ago, and in "Whip" the "no bite" process is brought to a state of perfection.

OUNCE TIN FREE

A postal card bearing your name and address and the name of your dealer, will bring you a full 1-oz. can free.

"Whip" is put up in one-ounce tin at 5c., two-ounce tins at 10c.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors

M. C. Patterson, Pres't

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2 oz. 10c tin—a little stronger than "Whip"—we believe, a little better than many 2 oz. 10c tobaccos.

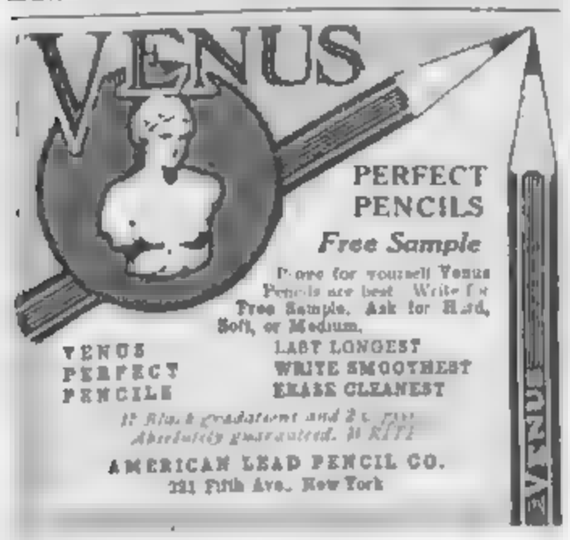
Delivered TO YOU FREE
on Approval and 30 days Trial

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a *Ranger* Bicycle one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big handsome catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offer" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. No one can offer better values and terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write Now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-55 CHICAGO, ILL.


VENUS
PERFECT PENCILS
Free Sample
Prove for yourself Venus Pencils are best. Write for Free Sample. Ask for Hard, Soft, or Medium.
VENUS LAST LONGEST
PERFECT WRITE SMOOTHEST
PENCILS ERASE CLEANEST
17 Black gradations and 2 copying. Absolutely guaranteed. At KIFT
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
221 Fifth Ave. New York
VENUS

The Squarehead's eyes blazed like live coals as the last words burst from him; and if only the Shadow could have looked into his brain at that moment he would not have pleaded for hours to turn his decision. At last he gave in and interpolated in the final clause of the contract: "except one fight."

"A couple o' years, Dutch, an' we'll be on Easy Street—on de sunny side!" he exclaimed as he watched Olaf affix his scrawl to the agreement. The Shadow was jubilant. "De kink o' Norway'll have nuttin' on yous! All yuh gotta do's cut booze an' women, an' de woild's yours!" Then, patting himself on the chest, he added: "An' here's one ex-champ dat's goin' tuh come back wid bells on!"

The Norseman for a moment studied him incredulously.

"So mooch money ve make—so mooch as Ay can make bay de gold mines?" he asked.

The Shadow doubled with laughter, and at the sound of it many an eye went forward to where he and Olaf sat together on the forecastle head. It was the first time Larkin had been heard to laugh since coming aboard the Karluk.

"As much as yuh cud make in de gold mines!" he chuckled. "Dere's a mint!" He slapped the back of one of Olaf's big hands. "An' dere's anudder!" And he slapped its mate.

Olaf looked away at the sea and pondered this for some time.

"You bane champeen vonce, Yimmy," said he, turning round again. "Vay you come here? Huh?"

The jubilant light went out of the Shadow's face; his square, pugnacious jaw set, and his small black eyes became pinpoints as he met the Norseman's gaze.

"If I wasn't here, Dutch, dey'd have me in jail back dere—see?" he answered evasively. "Dey's a indictment 'gainst me in Frisco fer votin' four times too many last 'lection day. But yuh don't unnerstan' dese t'ings. Youa is a furriner. But I'll fix dat indictment up wid de foist poise yuh win."

The Shadow was right. Olaf did not understand any of this, except that his question had not been answered, and stolidly he repeated it.

"Vay, Ay ast, Yimmy—vay air you no more day champeen praze fighter?" was the way he put it; and the Shadow's wit failed him.

"John Barleycorn!" he snapped in answer. "Booze, Dutch, an'—an' a—an' a woman. . . . Come on an' take yuh lesson!"

And that evening the Squarehead felt a new sting in the Shadow's gloves, the boxing gloves they had improvised from pieces of canvas and stuffings of oakum. They cut like knives, bruised like slungshots; and the master was savage, merciless. Yet his pupil made no complaint, though he wondered much at Yimmy's mood.

That night, as they turned in at the end of the second dogwatch, the Shadow, who was already in his bunk, suddenly drew a battered heart-shaped locket of silver from under his pillow.

"Dere she is, Dutch—de goil what trun me down," said he, holding out the locket toward where Olaf stood unbuttoning his coat. "I'd be champeen tuh-day ef she'd stuck. She was me wife—oncet."

The Squarehead crossed the forecastle to the guttering lamp which dimly lit the hole. As he raised the heart to the light it fell open loosely on a worn hinge, and he found himself looking into the face of Olga, Bull Wilson's wife; and thereupon he understood much. Silently he handed the heart back to its owner.

"A feller what I was good tuh w'en he was down an' out—he stole her, Dutch!" whispered the Shadow.

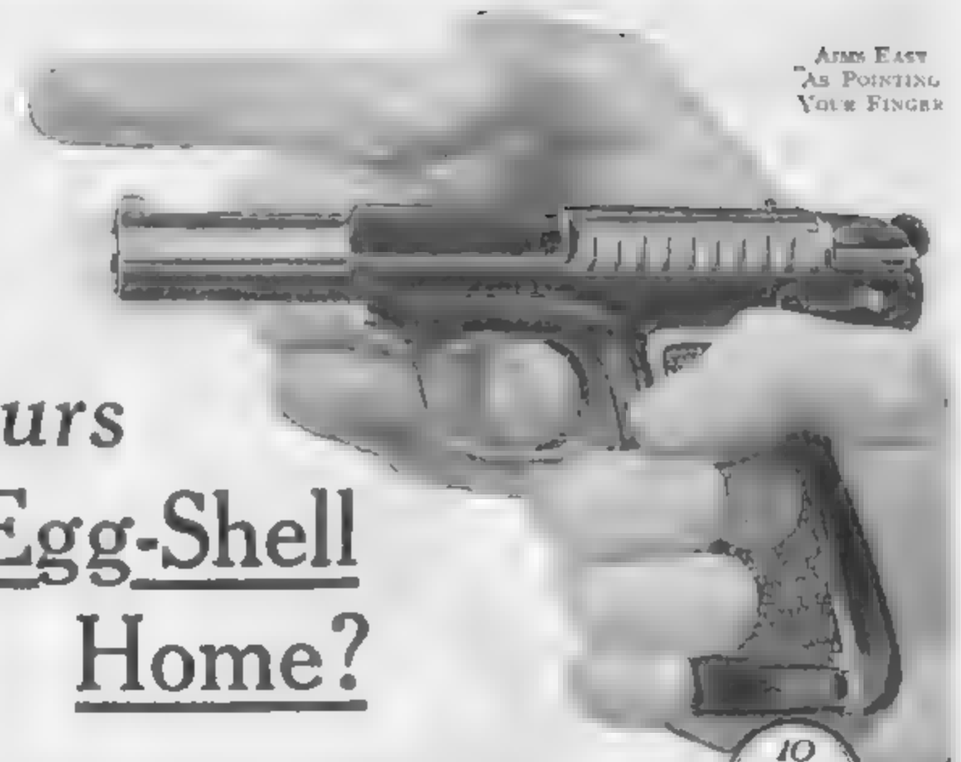
"Vay you naw have killed dat faller, Yimmy?" asked Olaf with solemn mien; but he was a seething furnace inwardly.

"I'll have tuh do it some day! I'll have tuh ——"

The rest was smothered in his pillow; and, all atremble, the Squarehead climbed into the bunk over Jimmy Larkin's, but not to sleep.

The Karluk fished her way into the Arctic by way of the Kamchatkan coast. By June she was up with Wrangel Island. Thence she went off to the eastward and the world heard of her no more until one September day the lookout on the rocky brow of Point Barrow sighted two specks far off to the northward in the ice-packed sea.

The revenue cutter Bear, taking aboard the last home mail in the harbor below,



Is Yours An Egg-Shell Home?

SUPPOSE your wife, mother or sister, left alone in the house, should wake up to-night and find a burglar in her room. What would she do?

Suppose she were left alone and a tramp, drunkard or sneaking criminal should enter the house and attack her. What *could* she do by way of resistance?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing! She would be *helpless*—helpless as a little child.

Get her the "human arsenal"—the new Savage Automatic. We call it a pistol, but, in reality, it should be called a "human protector"—a human protector in the condensed form of pocket arm. It converts your home from a helpless, defenseless egg-shell of a place into an arsenal. It converts your wife, mother or sister into a human arsenal. It actually makes a woman able to put up a crack shot's defense. For any novice can aim it as expertly as any crack shot. Show her how she can shoot once for each trigger pull; how she can tell at a glance or a touch if it is loaded.

Shoots ten shots—double the number of an ordinary revolver, two more than other automatics. The only automatic that guards *her* against the old excuse, "didn't know it was loaded." Made in .32 and .380 calibre.

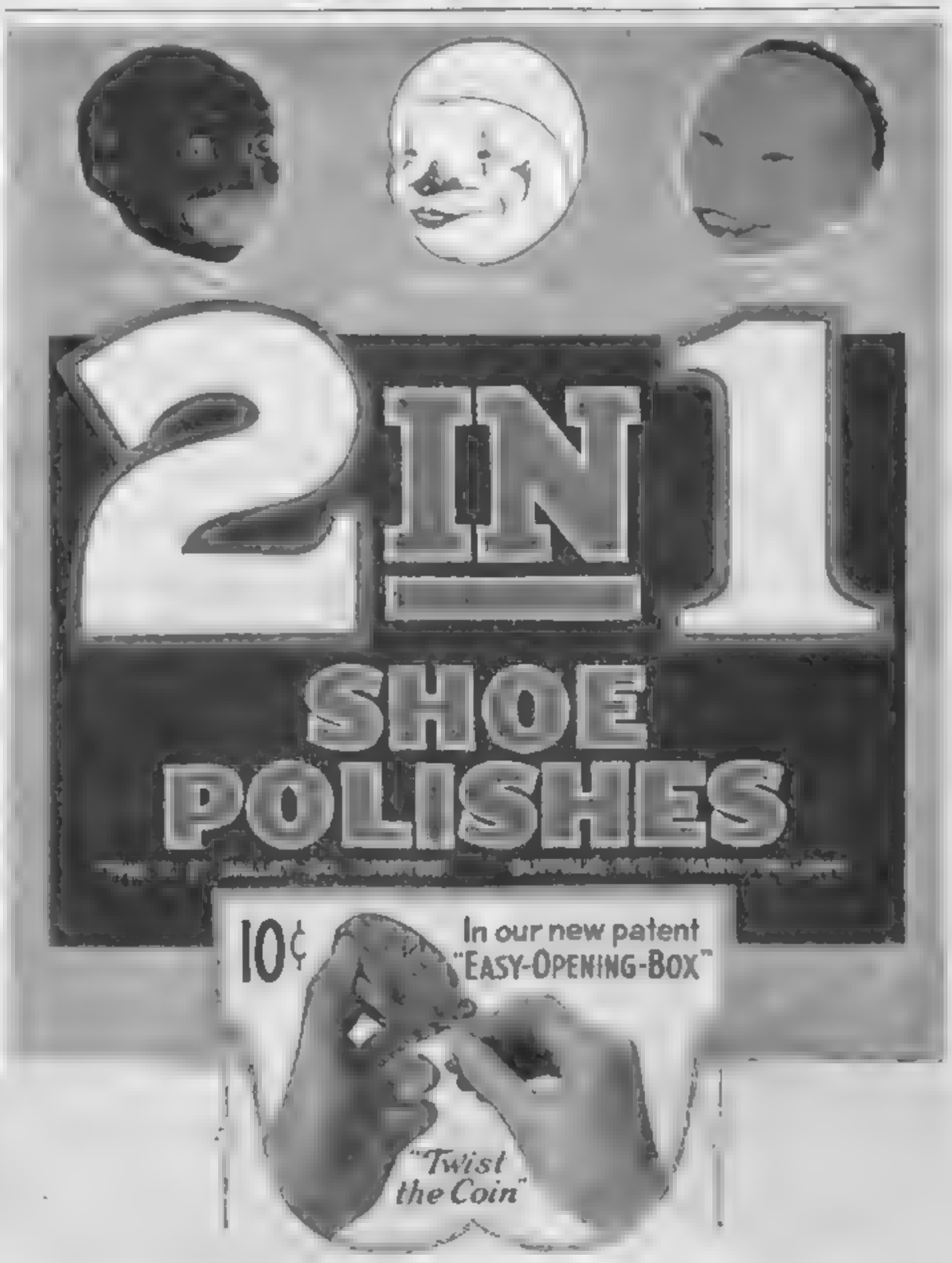
Send today for free booklet "If You Hear a Burglar"—written by a famous detective.

A Brand New Savage Rifle!

This .22 Tubular Repeater has all the original Savage features—hammerless, trombone action, solid breech, solid top, side ejection, etc. Price $12. Send for circular.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 75 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



IN OLUS the outside shirt and underdrawers are one garment. This means that the shirt can't work out of the trousers, that there are **no shirt-tails to bunch in seat**, that the drawers "**stay put**," to say nothing of the comfort and economy of saving a garment. OLUS is **coat cut**—opens *all the way down*—**closed crotch—closed back.** See illustration.

Remember—If it isn't *Coat-Cut*, it isn't OLUS.

For golf, tennis and field wear, we recommend the special attached collar OLUS with regular or short sleeves. **Extra sizes for very tall or stout men.**

All shirt fabrics, in smart designs, in all sizes—**$1.50 to $10.00.**

OLUS one-piece PAJAMAS for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. Made on the same principle as OLUS shirts. Coat cut—closed crotch—closed back. **No strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 to $8.50.**

Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you we'll send prepaid. Booklet on request.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O, 1199 Broadway, NEW YORK

To dealer: If our representative does not call on you, write for Agency for PHILLIPS-JONES products—Emperor, Princely, Jack-Rabbit and OLUS SHIRTS.

Do You Want a College Education?

A full course in any college, conservatory, business school or agricultural college is offered by *The Saturday Evening Post* in return for some work done in leisure hours this summer. If you would like to enter college next fall at our expense you can obtain full information how to do it by dropping us a line of inquiry.

Educational Division, Box 520

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

BASLINE
AUTOWLINE

is a neat, compact little coil of ¼-inch Yellow Strand wire rope designed especially for automobile towing. Attached instantly by special hooks and manila slings. It extends about 25 feet between cars, giving abundant margin for safety. On the road, coiled for carrying, Autowline

Goes Under a Cushion

out of sight and knowledge till some road trouble makes a pull out or tow home necessary. Then, you bless your lucky stars that Autowline is right there on the job. The best time to get an Autowline is before you need it. Why not right now? Ask any supply dealer. Price east of the Rocky Mountains, $3.95.

FREE A fine pictorial Autowline circular. Write for it.

Broderick and Bascom Rope Company

811 North Second Street, St. Louis, Missouri
New York Office, 76 D. Warren Street

Makers of famous Yellow Strand wire rope

forthwith smashed out through the floes and a couple of hours later came up to the specks—two boatloads of all that remained of the whaler Karluk's company. A week they had been fighting their way toward the land from where the bergs had nipped their ship.

In the stern sheets of the first boat sat the Karluk's captain, in command and alone. In the stern sheets of the second sat a giant Norseman in command, but not alone. Cuddled up against his side, where the Norseman had tried to keep him warm and where death had turned him to ice, was all that was mortal of the once great Jimmy Larkin, surnamed by men the Shadow.

A fortnight afterward the Bear went south through Bering Strait, carrying Olaf Greig, a person distinguished among all her company simply because he had been a friend and the pupil of the Shadow. Such is fame! Dead though Jimmy Larkin was, yet he lived again, as the cutter's crew saw it, in this Norseman, when they heard the Karluk's survivors tell how the Shadow had proclaimed him the White Hope. They gave him of the best of their bedding and food; they gave him shore clothes and money. A king could have commanded no more service.

But silently the Squarehead accepted all that was thrust on him, and this silence was construed as a proof of the greatness to which he was considered heir. Such is the fetish of hero worship. Yet never for a moment did Olaf Greig's mind open to one thing extraneous to the vengeance he had vowed and renewed again when Jimmy Larkin's farewell breath, calling "Olga! Olga!" froze against his ear.

He and Bull Wilson were alone once more in the red world he had entered on that September day, two years before. Still, often as he counted the Bear's screw throbs, every one of which carried him closer and closer to his goal, he felt that he was not alone. Sometimes he even imagined he could hear a voice whispering: "He stole her from me, Dutch; an' I was good tuh him w'en he was down an' out!" And, with this whisper, always a battered silver heart would fill his vision, the heart with which the Shadow, his friend, slept in Point Barrow's icy flank.

It was on a Sunday morning, a new October day, sparkling with sunshine and blue of heaven, that the Bear went through the Golden Gate. It was a day to make the soul soar. The tang of new and heady wine was in its air. Down from the city on the hills the sound of many worshiping bells floated to the sea. Now and again the laughing and calling of children at play came off from the waterfront streets.

Aboard the Bear the men whom she had saved from death saw and heard and were thankful, and thought deeply of the life that lay ahead of them. All save one cast their thoughts in this wise; but his life's course ran only so far as the door of the Bowhead, a sailors' boarding house in Drumm Street. That door was the portal of the end.

An hour after the Bear anchored in the stream one of her boats was landing the Squarehead and the rest of the Karluk's survivors at the wharf float where, with only kindness and dreams in his heart, he had first come ashore. Greig, with cunning, eluded his companions. One moment he was among them; the next they stood in bewilderment, wondering whither he could have disappeared. And while they looked round and made inquiries the Norseman was holding toward the Bowhead. As straight as a bullet he went, ignorant though he was of the streets.

Had he been blind he could have found his way. A thousand, a million thousand times he had traveled it!

And suddenly the Squarehead halted. Across the street was the Bowhead, and in a chair to the right of the swinging bar door sat Bull Wilson. There he was in his shirt-sleeves, basking in the sunlight. A boy flying a kite ran along the sidewalk, obscuring him for a second. As the youngster passed on, Olaf Greig started on a run toward his enemy; but as he reached the opposite curb in front of his prey he stopped as though he had butted into a brick wall.

The chair in which Bull Wilson was sitting had wheels under it, and his legs were wrapped in a rug. His hair was long and gray; the florid countenance of old was now a pasty, sickly white. The diamond stud was missing from his blue-striped shirt front. The silk tile was roughed and its black nearly green.

"Hello, sailor!" hailed the crimp, with an effort at his old stage heartiness. "If yuh lookin' fer a good boardin' house de Bowhead's de place tuh bring yuh dunnage." He did not recognize Olaf; but if he had it would not have mattered. From his point of view—and everything is in the point of view—he had not wronged this man. In the true crimp's scheme of things it is foreordained that sailors are born to be bought and sold; and that is all there is to it. "Come ahead, sailor," Bull went on, "an' I'll blow yuh th' drinks—only yuh gotta wheel me inside."

While he had been talking the Squarehead had been slowly, almost imperceptibly, drawing closer and closer to his enemy. Now he stood over him. He had but to open one of his clenched hands and close it again on the scrawny, dewlapped throat, and this thing in the chair would speak no more; and one of the big hands started up and opened—only to fall back inert. This man was broken, helpless. The Norseman could not touch him.

"Have anythin' yuh want, sailor," Wilson was saying. "Whisky, wine, beer. But push me gently through th' door—th' threshold's high. Gotta have it cut down. Doctors say I'll never get outer dis chair. Hell, ain't it? Fell from a ship's side intuh a boat six months ago—both me legs paralyzed."

The earth was slipping from under Olaf. He could not touch this man, and yet he could not leave him. His throat was closing, his gaze darting round seeking a means of escape. His impulse was to run, but he could not. Instinct called to action.

At this moment his roving eyes went over the Bowhead's swinging door, and at the end of the bar he saw Olga kissing the runner who had brought him from the Palgrave. Crocky's arms were round her.

"Ain't yuh goin' tuh roll me in, sailor?" pleaded Bull.

"Jes," answered Olaf, but quite as unconscious that he answered the crimp as he was of taking hold of the wheel chair and pushing it through the doorway. As he sent it spinning across the bar floor a screech of helpless rage from Wilson broke Olga's lips from the man to whom she was rendering them.

Laughing loudly, like one in drink, Olaf Greig staggered out into the street. An eddy of a passing Salvation Army procession drew him into its wake, and he marched with it willynilly until a cornet player called him a drunken beast and pushed him aside.

And here the eddy of another procession, a benevolent society of some kind, picnic-bound and marching like an army with banners, snatched him up and carried him along to the gates of a ferry, where he was hurled back because he had no ticket. Somebody seized him and pushed him inside a railing, before an open window.

"Where to?" snapped the ticket seller within.

Olaf looked in at him dumbly, as one in a trance.

"Where to? Where to?" repeated the ticket seller; and thereat the Squarehead plunged his hands into his pockets and brought forth a fistful of money—the money the Bear's sailors had contributed to Jimmy Larkin's White Hope. Among the coins was a discolored and tattered piece of paper. The man in the window snatched it and opened it. It was Hildigunn Svensen's letter.

"Coffee Creek, Trinity County, eh?" read the agent.

"Jes!" said Olaf eagerly.

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Here! Hurry! Shake a leg! That's your train boat!"

A kindly policeman standing by caught the Squarehead by an arm and rushed him through the closing gates. A moment later the ticket seller was saying to the cop:

"Ain't these foreigners mutts!"

A Big KRIT Year

Every day since the announcement of this wonderful car, orders have been piling up far ahead of the factory output. Constantly increasing production has failed to catch up with the popular demand. Power and good looks—with light weight, economy and endurance—have made this year's great **KRIT** success.

Now, with the selling season at its height, we have accepted orders for all the cars we can build for the rest of the season.

Our dealers have bought from us all the KRITS we have to sell. Some of them may have a few of these cars not yet ordered by customers.

The first big reason for this wonderful KRIT success is the KRIT motor. Following the best European practice, we have made this motor, from the first, small in size but amazingly powerful.

Built of very fine materials, with aluminum crank case, imported ball bearings, crank shaft and valves of highest grade steel, the KRIT motor is lighter by 150 pounds than the average motor of equal dimensions. It will lift the light-weight KRIT car up hills and over roads that halt heavier, less efficient cars.

Light weight and perfect balance make the KRIT a very economical car to run—another reason for popularity. The KRIT, while amply strong in every part, carries no excess weight to consume gasoline and cut down tire mileage.

KRIT comfort has helped to win public approval—and orders. Though avoiding the awkward appearance of bulk, the bodies are generously roomy.

And, from the first, KRIT cars have had underhung rear springs and drop frame, resulting in utmost riding ease.

Six years' faithful performance, in all parts of the country—and the world—has won public confidence.

Everywhere KRIT cars have stood up under the hardest service. They have shown that they have the power, the speed, the endurance that people demand.

"Text Book of Motor Car Economy" free on request.

Touring Car or Roadster, ... $950
With Electric Starter and Generator, . $1050
F. O. B. Detroit

KRIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

"The Girard Smile"

As conceived by Guy Hambidge

There is something cheerful about a fat man, and we should say that a fat man with a Girard Cigar was quite irresistible.

GIRARD Cigars

just by themselves are a cheerful proposition. They comfort you by their full tropical flavor, and yet they are so mild that they are easy on nerves.

If you have never tried them say to your dealer to-night—"What does your trade say about these Girard Cigars?"

The Girard Cigar is made in 14 sizes and shapes; from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Men's Wear Merchants Know!

The Public Prefers

Cooper
Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch
Union Suits

—because they're made with but *one smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch;*

—because the Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch is the key to Union suit comfort and utility;

—because Cooper Union Suits have a three-seasons'-wear reputation.

We have taught the consumer how to know and recognize the Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits from all others. He knows the great crotch comfort of the single thickness.

We make every good, wanted style, weight and quality.

Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Retail at $1.00 and up to $10.00 a suit

COOPER UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Originators, Patentees and Manufacturers
Kenosha, Wisconsin

always comfortable All ways

The Truth About Two-Speeds

The riding season of a Two-Speed year has opened with the roads alive with over 30,000

Indian Two-Speed Motocycles

MOTORCYCLING interest centers today in the Two-Speed Gear. Old riders—new riders—engineers—manufacturers—all are giving their most extensive consideration to the Two-Speed device. It has suddenly acquired a universal acceptance as a true advancement in motorcycle construction. But Two-Speeds are not new to the Indian—they are not a novelty—not a 1914 feature to be exploited.

The Indian Two-Speed Gear is five years old.

The Indian advocated Two-Speeds long before other manufacturers had begun to realize their possibilities.

The Indian has 30,000 Two-Speed Machines on the road now—more than all other multi-speed makes combined.

The vast number in actual use is a final acknowledgment of Indian Two-Speed supremacy.

Such widespread demand has created quantity production, reducing manufacturing cost to a margin below average, and has made it possible for you to purchase a Two-Speed 7 H. P. Indian Twin for $275.00, F. O. B. Factory.

Our five years' experience in Two-Speed construction—season after season of road use and test—has made a practical piece of mechanism with all the mechanical fallacies eliminated.

The Indian commands the 1914 Two-Speed situation. Justly it should, for by its own initiative, faith and progressiveness it has had most to do with bringing it about.

The Indian Two-Speed is the supreme type of motorcycle.

It conquers any road.
Will start from a standstill on any rideable grade.
Takes a hill like a bird.
Increases wonderfully the flexibility and pull of the motor.
Throttles down to a walking pace in congested traffic.

The Indian Two-Speed Gear is a certainty. You should be satisfied with nothing less than a known and proven mechanical achievement.

1914 Catalog Ready

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 800 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Branches and Service Stations:

CHICAGO	DALLAS	KANSAS CITY	MINNEAPOLIS	DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO	ATLANTA	TORONTO	MELBOURNE	LONDON

MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

(Continued from Page 21)

"In that house," he replied; "and he went to school right in Plaster Rock. The truth is Rupert got his money too young. You see, his pa and ma both died when he was fifteen, and Rupert got his share of the mill profits from that time on. Kinder turned his head. Money's a bad thing for a boy—and Rupert has always had his five hundred a year. That's what give him the idee of goin' to college. That finished him for good!"

"Oh, come!" I protested. "There's no use in talking about him like that. He's all right."

Rupert's uncle shook his head. Evidently he felt the lack of conviction in my tone.

"I suspect Rupert's kind of petered out!" he answered meditatively. "Still, you know him better'n I do, I guess. Anyhow he went to Harvard, and when he came back he was no good, to my way of thinking. He hung round a while summers, but he wasn't any use in the business, and he talked of nothing but books and the folks he knew; and so I told him he'd better try his luck where his talents would be more appreciated." He gave a dry laugh and looked at us quizzically.

"He's very much liked in New York," said Clare with a show of warmth. After all, Rupert was her friend!

"Oh, I ain't got nuthin' agin Rupert!" he repeated. "I guess it's in the blood somewheres—this wanderin' streak. His mother's people was sort of unreliablelike. She was a De Grégoire from up the coast. They came over from France 'way back—God knows when! My wife was a MacMurtrie from Aberdeen. Most of the folks along the river are Scotch, with a few French. Rupert's more like a feller out of a book than the rest of us."

My wife looked at me quickly. That was it—Rupert was like a fellow out of a book. And yet what a riverman he would have made in a red shirt and *bottes saucagesl* Strange are the usages of inheritance. Some infinitesimal admixture of Covenanter, and Rupert would have been a lumberjack; while a drop or two of the atavic De Grégoire strain made him, in fact, a modern chevalier loitering away his existence amid the fair women and luxuries of the metropolis—just as his ancestors had perhaps done under the old régime.

"Anyhow, I send him his share of the profits—two hundred and fifty dollars—regular every six months to some club in New York; and I never git a word from him," finished Uncle Vallon. "But give him my regards when you see him. Yes; it's going to be clear weather tomorrow. Good-night!"

He turned and sauntered away through the lumberyard, leaving the sweet, harsh odor of his pipe hanging on the chill air.

"Well!" I chuckled, gazing at my wife sidewise. "How about Mr. Rupert Vallon now?"

"Well!" she answered. "Didn't I tell you I'd solve the mystery? I have!"

We strolled back along the bank toward our campfire in the growing dusk of the early autumn evening, our minds full of strange thoughts.

"Whoever would have imagined ——" I began.

"But that's what makes it so interesting!" she interrupted eagerly. "Don't you see?—Rupert's nothing but a nobleman in disguise. Can you reconcile the idea of one in whose veins flow the united streams of the blood of the Vallons and the De Grégoires spending his life working in a lumber mill? He could have conquered the wilderness—yes, fought with Indians and wild animals, struggled against disease and famine; but once the frontier had been beaten back, and the craving for adventure could no longer be satisfied, then the love of ease and luxury, of gayety and amusement, became uppermost in his nature.

"To hear that old man talk took me back to the voyages of Champlain and De Guast. No doubt some of Rupert's ancestors sailed with them from France and helped swell the company of nobles, priests and adventurers who sought their future in the new world!"

"How romantic!" I retorted cruelly. "From what I have read they were more likely a rare bunch of gamblers, cutthroats, disreputable young blades of the court of Henry IV and thieves fleeing from the galleys. In which class do you tuck Rupert?"

"Poor old Rupert!" she sighed. "And his uncle thinks that he's been ruined by five hundred a year!"

We were late in getting back that winter, and Thanksgiving was over before we moved in from our Long Island country place. Vallon usually kept the feast with us, but we heard nothing from him and assumed that he was away hunting or duck shooting. Even after our town house had been opened Rupert did not put in an appearance.

Inquiry at the Stuyvesant Club elicited no information; and old Peter, the doorman, assured us that Mr. Vallon had been seen there only a few days in October and had then gone off somewhere; that his mail had been accumulating ever since, and that he had left no instructions about having it forwarded. Peter was plausible and convincing. So Clare had to look round for other gentlemen to balance her single ladies, and even the despised Wiggin was requisitioned in Vallon's place on more than one occasion.

Gray November had stretched into a raw and blustering December when one evening after dinner our butler came to the drawing room and announced a person to see me at the front door. The visitor had given no name, he said, but had stated that I would know him. A furious storm of sleet was drifting through the side streets, and the wind was shrieking and rattling at the French windows.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed to Clare. "Whoever it is must want to see me pretty badly! Even a beggar deserves something for coming out on a night like this."

So, cigar in mouth, I descended to the front hall. There, standing snow covered by the fireplace, holding a carriage umbrella nearly as big as himself, stood a little shriveled figure that I recognized with difficulty as Peter.

"Bless my soul, Peter! What are you doing out in this storm?" I cried in amazement. "Won't you have a glass of something hot?"

"No; thank you, sir," replied the old servant, who had stood at the door of the Stuyvesant Club ever since I was a boy. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but it's about Mr. Vallon—I think he's dying."

"Dying!" I felt a sudden remorse in which was mingled a certain incredulity. One could not imagine Rupert as dying. "But I thought he had gone away!" I added in feeble protest.

Peter glanced significantly at my butler, who was lingering within earshot.

"You may go, Merton!" said I, and he retired.

"That's what Mr. Rupert told me to say, sir," answered Peter miserably. "You see, him and me's been such good friends, sir—that is, as much as a servant can be to a gentleman. You didn't suspect he was poor, did you, sir? And he was too proud to let anybody know. Sometimes he hardly had enough to eat. And he wouldn't tell anybody where he lived. I was the only one who knew—just one little room in a furnished-room house, at four dollars a week. Why, I pay six for mine, sir! But he's a fine gentleman!

"Do you mind that three days' storm we had? Mr. Rupert didn't have a proper coat. He spent all his money on tips in Newport. I offered him one of Mr. Grosvenor's, who's gone to California and left it in the coatroom; but he wouldn't take it—not him! So he caught a shockin' cold, sir. I went over to see him and fetched him a doctor. 'Don't tell anybody I'm sick, Peter!' he says. 'Tell 'em I'm gone away.' So I did as he bid me.

"Then he got worse and the cold moved down into his lungs. All his food had to be brought in from outside—from a cheap restaurant. The doctor said he must go to a hospital—a free one; but Mr. Rupert refused to go on any account. I think he was afraid people might find out if he went there. That was ten days ago. And his room was terrible cold, sir—only a wretched gas stove, sir; and it leaked at that. Two days ago he developed pneumonia. And now he's dying!"

He wrung his wrinkled old hands, the tears trickling over his furrowed cheeks.

I rang the bell for Merton and directed him to order a taxi in a hurry. Then I dashed up the stairs three at a time and

You can shave in comfort anywhere

Put a tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream in your grip before you start. Then you can shave quickly and comfortably on the train or anywhere else and have a cool, smooth, refreshed face that will send you on your way rejoicing.

Mennen's Shaving Cream requires no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers and contains no free caustic. Hence, it saves both time and torture. You can shave in half your usual shaving time and need no lotion or other "soothers" and suffer no painful after-effects.

Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream and note how the thick, creamy lather softens the beard instantly so that even a razor that is slightly dull cuts easily and smoothly without pulling.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary, airtight tubes with handy hexagon screw tops. Mere words cannot describe its wonderfully soothing qualities. To know, you must *try it*

At all dealers—25 cents. Send 10 cents for a dem

Mennen's Shaving Cream

Trade Mark

Copr Life Pub Co

?

For the best title to this picture in 20 words or less

Life will pay $500

The word "best" will be interpreted to mean the title which the judges decide best fits the picture. In case of a tie, a prize identical with that tied for will be given to each tying contestant. The current issues of LIFE contain full information about the conditions of the contest. In order to compete, however, it is not necessary to be a subscriber.

SPECIAL OFFER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find [illegible] for [illegible] $1.13, [illegible] $1.26 Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers, no subscription renewed at this rate

LIFE, 70 West 31st Street, New York

One Year $5.00. (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04)

Single copies 10 cents. Every Tuesday. All news-stands

AJAX

SECOND YEAR

TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

FOR EMPLOYED CHAUFFEURS

$5,000 IN PRIZES

SO great was the success of the first Ajax tire mileage contest, recently concluded, that we are moved to repeat it, and to offer again 208 cash prizes totaling $5,000. Winners of the first thirty capital prizes in this initial contest averaged 10,323 miles, and the 208 prize-winning contestants averaged 6,906 miles. The higher *in-built* worth of "Ajax guaranteed in writing 5,000 miles" tires is thus demonstrated, and a full confidence is inspired.

How to Enter the Contest

It costs nothing to enter the Ajax Tire Mileage Contest. The simple requirements are that your car be equipped with an Ajax tire, and a separate entry blank, signed by your employer, for each individual Ajax tire be filled out. Entry blanks and final report blanks are to be had of our branches and Ajax dealers, or are mailed on request. Enter NOW and take advantage of the full time allotted to the contest. The contest is open to employed chauffeurs, and prizes will be awarded to those who realize highest mileage by the contest's close, March 31st, 1915. In case of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be given each tying contestant.

To the Chauffeur

Ajax tires are guaranteed in writing for 5,000 miles. This should be the **minimum** mileage, providing you give your tires the same care and attention you give to the car. Guard against under inflation. Give immediate and prompt attention to small cuts and bruises. Avoid running in car tracks. Use the throttle more and the brakes less, and conserve the mileage of tires.

To the Car Owner

The great proportion of tires which have short life come to their untimely end through lack of proper care. We are prompted to repeat our tire mileage contest, with $5,000 in prizes, because of the success met in the first contest, recently closed. Our own compensation comes in the satisfaction which every Ajax tire will give, and in the continued patronage of satisfied owners.

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities *Factories: Trenton, N. J.*

Guaranteed in writing 5,000 Miles

TIRES

told Clare to get into her wraps. Rupert dying! Good old Rupert! I might have known he would not have stayed away so long unless something was wrong.

It was a strange ride—the strangest Clare had ever had—that one to Rupert's lodgings; for old Peter sat inside between us pouring out his wretched old soul and apologizing every few moments for presuming to have the feelings of a human being. Clare sobbed quietly all the way.

It seemed hours before the taxi stopped in the middle of a shabby brownstone block west of Eighth Avenue, and when we arrived there an ambulance was already waiting at the door. We stumbled hurriedly up the three flights to what Peter said was Rupert's room. But others were before us and they were carrying something out—a man on a stretcher.

My heart failed me. A brisk, sharp-faced young man had hold of the front handles. He had the front handles of the whole situation.

"Are you friends of this man?" he demanded. I nodded. "Time you came!" he snapped. "He's got double pneumonia—bare chance if I get him to the hospital alive; and I'm taking him by main force. Stubborn as a mule, he was! But he's out of his head now and doesn't know. Give us a hand, will you?"

I grasped one pole of the stretcher, and I was shocked to find it feather light. I could not see Rupert's face, for the doctor had thrown his coat over the upper half of his body. God knows how we got him down the narrow stairs and down the steps. On the sidewalk I mustered courage to accost that steel trap of a doctor.

"Can't we take him to my house?" I asked. "We've only just found out. He was too proud to let us know. Why, we didn't even have his address!"

"You don't say!" answered the doctor more genially. "Queer case, all right. I never met such a man. Certainly the ambulance can take him there. And bless you!"

In the sunny hospital room at the top of our establishment Vallon lay for two days and nights struggling for life. Death came out of the closet and beckoned to him, but Rupert's vigorous constitution rallied to his defense and he fought the specter off.

The crisis came and passed. Weak, hollow cheeked and wan, he lay helplessly in the sunlight while Clare and Myra hovered over him and fed him with beef tea and chicken broth. With two such nurses his convalescence was rapid and in a week he was sitting up by the fire, almost his old self.

A strange and contradictory phase of the situation, however, was that while he had been utterly prostrated and confined to the bed he had seemed a different man from the Rupert we had known before. He had been grave, simple, direct—as though his true personality, long submerged in artificiality, had at last floated to the surface. But now that he was up again, in dressing gown and slippers, with his hair neatly parted, all the old mannerisms, the tricks of speech, the chronic smile had returned.

The man was slowly disappearing and the Pet Cat was coming back! And, delighted as I was that his life had been saved, I wondered—after I had gone downstairs into my library—whether in fact we had done Rupert Vallon a good turn or an ill in not letting him die as he had wished, with—as he supposed—his secret buried in his own breast, leaving behind only the reputation of a gallant gentleman.

We had spoiled all that; had cheated him out of his ending; had ruined his little tragedy with an anticlimax.

It was a queer world! I pitied Rupert from the bottom of my heart. For one reason or another he had preferred to watch the game rather than to play in it. He had carried the ladies' wraps and sat on the side lines. Had he been a coward—afraid to take his chance in the rough-and-tumble of life? Or merely a lover of luxury who fancied that there was nothing in existence but motors and yachts, dances, dinners, wine and cigars—who thought "the sovereign'st thing on earth was parmaceti for an inward bruise"? A little of both perhaps.

He had tried to play safe—to have his cake and eat it too; to make sure of his fun while he had the chance, before he had earned it. But is anything fun unless it is earned?

Poor old Rupert! He had sacrificed everything that makes life really worth living in order to grasp those superficial and

Skeleton Lined Oxfords—by actual test the practical way to make a low shoe for Summer comfort.

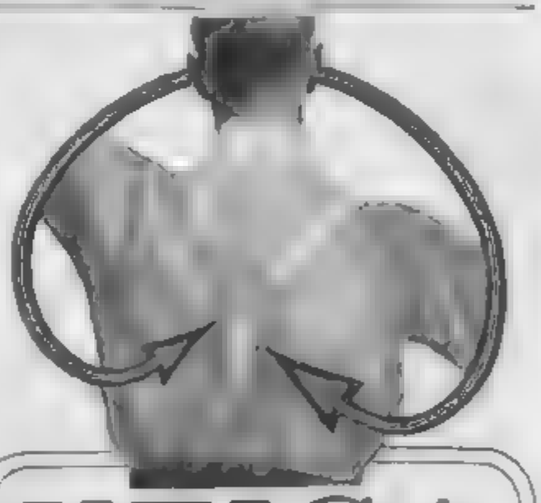
WHY wear leather lined oxfords when *every* Florsheim low shoe is Skeleton Lined? They keep your feet cool, fit better, wear longer—and no slipping at the heels. Made over "Natural Shape" lasts in 200 styles. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



UTICA
ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

25c the pair

Guaranteed for one whole year.

They are made to fit the shoulders *without binding*, to give perfect comfort and one year's service.

The cords, both back and front, slide easily and yield freely to every pose and movement of the body. The cords are solid woven Samson cords; they are double tested and will not break.

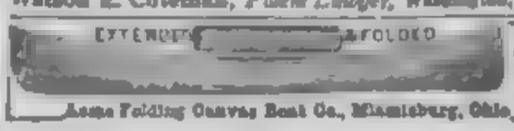
All the metal parts are *now* made from solid brass which prevents any possibility of them rusting; they are finished in the dull-gold finish just the same as the best kid-end suspenders.

UTICA ATHLETIC suspenders are made in *three weights*, and also in *three lengths*, and whether you are short, medium or tall, these suspenders will fit you just like the rest of your wearing apparel. While they are "Utica Made," they are really "Tailor Made," too.

Wear UTICA ATHLETIC suspenders and get double value for your money. If your dealer hasn't them we will send them to you on receipt of the price, and your dealer's name.

UTICA SUSPENDER COMPANY
UTICA, N. Y.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.



Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

We will pay cash to school teachers

IN June school closes. Ahead are from two to three months the teacher can employ just as he or she chooses. If your profession is teaching and if you *choose* to do so, you can earn over *One Hundred Dollars* a month by representing the Curtis publications. About a hundred of our teacher-representatives earned over two hundred dollars a month last summer. We will work with you and advise you. You cannot help making money even if you work but a few hours a week and you can make the total as large as you wish. Write us a letter of inquiry. We'll tell you about our plan.

Address Box 5B THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pa.*

New-Skin, for cuts—

to prevent infection

Carry it with you as you used to carry court-plaster.

New-Skin is antiseptic and germ-killing. It protects the wound and keeps it clean while it heals. It is a liquid,—when applied it dries and forms a coating that is transparent, flexible and waterproof.

Buy it to-day!

10c. and 25c. sizes. At druggists. Red and gold box with glass bottle inside. Be sure to look for the name "New-Skin". 25c. size sent by mail post-paid. Stamps taken. Address Department "A".

NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK

Since 1881 the Faultless man-and-candle trademark has stood for

Faultless
Pajamas Night Shirts
SINCE 1881

—the nightwear that has held undisputed leadership for faultless comfort, style, and quality for more than 30 years.

E Rosenfeld & Co
Baltimore and New York

Do Your Printing!

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, samples. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

momentary pleasures that are as unsatisfying and ephemeral as smoke rings!

Rupert had no home except his club, nowhere to lay his head but a bedroom in a furnished-room house; he had no wife to share his pleasures or disappointments, no one to whom he could turn in hours of sadness or regret; no children to love or teach the lessons he had so hardly learned himself, to care for him in his old age or keep that old age young.

He had no real friends, bound to him by ties of mutual endeavor toward right living; nothing to give an edge to the only life that he would ever lead; no aspirations toward anything higher than a visit to Newport or a trip to Havre-de-Grace after ducks; no dangers or chances save that he might lose a dinner at a millionaire's table, no ambition but to be invited again, and no zest for the dinner itself.

The love of woman, the warmth of genuine friendship, the fierce thrill of competition and of struggle, the glow of achievement, the exultation of success, the satisfaction in work well done or of doing one's best even when one has failed, even the bitterness of sorrow—he had lost them all!

Did he know? Was he conscious that he had played too safe? Did he see himself as he really was—a straw man?—a human being with legs and arms and a stomach, but filled with sawdust instead of red blood? A "little brother to the rich" who paid for life with a debased coinage supplied by others who held the purse-strings? A fool!

Rupert continued to improve. His color returned; daily he put on more flesh. Soon he was the identical Rupert we had always known. And he also continued to remain our guest, sitting in the sun in my silk dressing gown and smoking my cigars, fussed over and read to by my wife and Myra.

Once he may have felt the undertone of disapproval in my conversation, for he cracked a feeble joke about soon being with Street & Walker—and being able to get a job. A job? Did he really mean it? Was it possible that his recent experience had given him a new vision of his responsibilities, of the meaning of life, of all that he had lost?

But my wife laughed when I repeated this threat to her.

"Rupert get a job!" she said. "Why, what use would he be to anybody? He can't help being what he is. And why should he? After all, he's a dear, sweet fellow—just as I've always said. I wish there were a lot more men in the world like him!"

"I don't see anything to admire in a Pet Cat," I demurred, "a fellow who doesn't even dare to fall in love for fear he'll have to go to work and support a wife!"

"It takes a great many different sorts of people to make a world," answered Clare. "Perhaps we need a few cheery souls like Rupert who are only fitted for the task of telling you the sun is shining."

"That's a devil of a job for a grown man!" I grunted.

"Do you remember Emerson's Essay on Manners"? she asked. "I was reading it today. He says: 'It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad; has much that is necessary and much that is absurd. Too good for banning, too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Jove, one day," said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth. He said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blurred or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad they would appear so; if you called them good they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl—much more all Olympus—to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good." ' "

I took a long pull on my cigar. I did not pretend to be any philosopher. I liked Rupert and I did not deny his attractions, but I did not understand the reason for my wife's defense. So I tried an *argumentum ad hominem*.

"Anyhow, you wouldn't want him to marry Myra!" I announced conclusively.

A curious expression came over my wife's face—one that I had never seen there before.

"He is going to marry Myra!" she said.

"Well That's Fine!!"

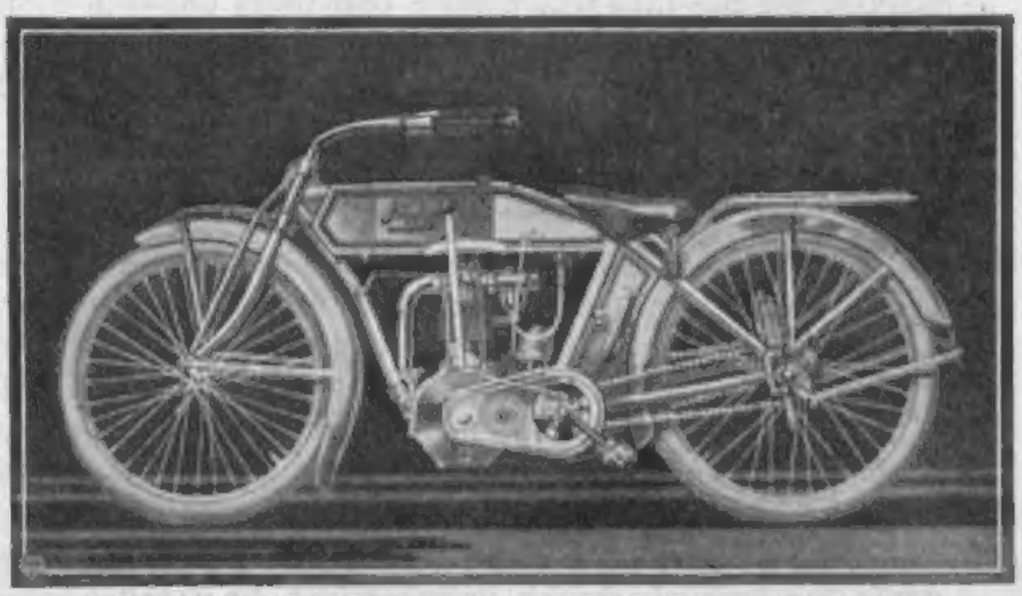
TIME is an important factor with busy self-shavers, and many a missed car and lost train can be credited to a poor or indifferent shave. You catch the car or train easily if you use a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR with a Gem Damaskeene Blade, for it assures both speed and safety, with the preservation of serene temper. Every *satisfied* self-shaver is using a GEM.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with *7 Gem Damaskeene Blades*, in genuine morocco leather case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.

Ask your dealer to show you different makes of safety razors — compare them with the Gem — you'll buy the Gem.

One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



Pope Model M-14. 3 h. p.; Renold imported chain drive; high tension magneto; Eclipse clutch; Pope famous overhead valve power plant and celebrated resisting suspension; twin stem handle bars; double operated brake; comfortable foot boards; extremely low saddle position. Price $215.

Lighten your work and double your pleasures

If you work indoors ride there and back on a Pope Motorcycle. If you have an outdoor job the Pope will make your work easy and save you time, strength and money.

Spend your holidays on a Pope and make the most of them in health and enjoyment.

The Pope Model M-14 will give you the maximum service—and the most fun. Today it is a model of convenience, efficiency and reliability.

The Pope Model M-14 holds the road like a six-cylinder automobile. The famous Pope rear spring suspension insulates frame, motor and rider from road shocks and insures a steady, forward motion. It is as nearly "jarless" as a motorcycle can be made and perfectly balanced—a wonderfully comfortable machine to ride.

The results of many contests prove Pope's superiority. Pope *stock* Motorcycle smashed World's Dirt Track Records, Bakersfield, Cal. Mile, 51 seconds. Hour's distance, 67 miles, 4500 feet—March, 1914.

Model H is built for the man who wants a light, reliable machine. Costs practically nothing to maintain. It has a speed range up to 45 miles an hour. Easy to drive as a horse but with four times the power.

Other Pope Models: $150, $200, $250 and $285. Write for catalog.

Pope Bicycles have been the standard of quality and reliability since 1877—the pioneers and leaders in the field. Today there are 50 distinct models, suiting every taste and meeting every requirement. Write for catalog.

Pope Quality Has Never Been Questioned

Pope Motorcycles and Bicycles have the benefit of 36 years' extensive and continuously successful experience in making motive vehicles. Pope construction is a guarantee of value.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO., 14 Cycle Street, Westfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Note how many Cars have No-Rim-Cut Tires with This Matchless All-Weather Tread

Goodyear Prices
What They Buy

At Goodyear prices, this is what you get today in an automobile tire:

The tire which—starting from a tiny factor—won against some scores of rivals the topmost place in Tiredom.

The tire of which more than three million have been put to the test of use. And which this year—after those millions of mileage comparisons—has jumped 55 per cent in sales over last year.

The tire which scores of experts—working in laboratories—have spent years and years in perfecting. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to learn how to better this one. In these ways they have spent $100,000 yearly to attain the farthest limit in low cost per mile. And all their achievements are embodied today in this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

You get the tires which once cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. They retain the same costly features. And today—as then—No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which have them.

Four Exclusive Features

Our No-Rim-Cut feature is found in these tires alone. That completely stopped rim-cutting, the major cause of tire ruin. And it brought you this saving in a feasible, faultless way.

Our "On-Air" cure is employed in no other tire. It adds $1,500 per day to our tire cost. But it saves our users the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions.

Our rubber rivets are created in these tires only. Hundreds are formed, during vulcanization, to combat loose treads. Thus we lessen this danger by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads are exclusive to Goodyears. These are double-thick, tough anti-skids. They are flat so they run like a plain tread, yet they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Note again those four exclusive features. Mark that they cover the four greatest tire troubles. Together they have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in the world. They've saved motorists millions of dollars. And no other tire, whatever its price, offers you one of them—or anything that fairly compares with them. **You get them all in No-Rim-Cut tires, and you get them at Goodyear prices.**

Higher Prices
How They Come

Now comes a condition where 16 makes are being sold above these Goodyear prices.

Some are nearly one-half higher. Numerous makers charge for three tires as much as four Goodyears cost. Tires which once undersold No-Rim-Cuts now cost you $4 to $15 more than these per tire.

It has come about in this way:

In the past few years No-Rim-Cut prices have been cut in two. Last year alone these prices dropped 28 per cent.

Other makers shared our lower cost for rubber. But we made other savings. We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented and built money-saving machines. We employed efficiency experts.

Our output doubled over and over, until it lately exceeded 10,000 motor tires in a day. Our overhead cost dropped 30 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. All because of this matchless output.

Profit Down to 6½ Per Cent

With multiplied output came the need for less profit. Last year we brought the average down to 6½ per cent.

The result of all is this year's Goodyear prices. They have come down so fast and far of late that most others have ceased to follow. And the paramount question in Tiredom today is this question of extra price.

The self-evident truth is this:

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire. Their place and prestige prove that. Their amazing sales, after years of comparison, show what men have proved about them.

You get in Goodyears four great features which no other maker offers. Each adds to our cost but reduces your upkeep. And no extra price can buy one of them.

As for "quality" in a tire—that can mean only minimum cost per mile. And all our tests show that we have that. Any item of "quality" which means higher cost per mile is something no user wants.

It is folly to add to your tire cost. Get Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices. Almost any dealer will supply them.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere — **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities** — **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

(1576)

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR SAY MUNSINGWEAR

MUNSING UNION SUITS for Men, Women and Children

THERE'S A SATISFACTORY MUNSINGWEAR GARMENT FOR YOU

For Samples of Fabrics, Style Illustrations and name of Munsingwear Dealer in your town, address

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

How much difference "little things" make in one's comfort and happiness!

The metal cap, for instance, in which Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is securely fastened, which forms a holder and enables you to use the Shaving Stick until the last available bit is gone; or that peculiar creaminess and the soothing, durable lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps are little things but they add immeasurably to your comfort and satisfaction while shaving and afterwards.

STICK POWDER CREAM

Send 4 Cents in Stamps

for a miniature trial package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream, or **10** cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

Address
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Jersey Cream Soap, and our extensive line of high grade Toilet Soaps, have the same creamlike, delightful qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps famous. Ask your dealer for them

Talc Powder

That Williams' Talc Powder is prepared by the makers of Williams' famous Shaving Soaps guarantees the "Williams quality." It has been one of the most popular Talc Powders for many years and is constantly growing in favor with discriminating people.

THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TODAY

finds it a convenience to have in her pocket or chatelaine bag a little Talc Powder and mirror.

A Williams' Vanity Box supplies just what she needs. It is heavily silver-plated, fitted with powder puff and mirror, and is a little gem.

You will be surprised that so attractive an article can be had for so trifling an outlay.

Send 14 Cents in Stamps

for this Vanity Box or **16** cents in stamps for the Vanity Box and a miniature can of Williams' Talc Powder, either odor.

Address
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Talc Dept., Glastonbury, Conn.